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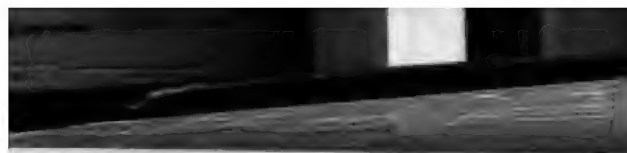
LETTERS  
OF  
THOMAS CARLYLE



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1888

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HOUSE AT CRAIGENPUTTOCK. (*From a Photograph taken about 1887.*)

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OF  
THOMAS CARLYLE

1826—1836

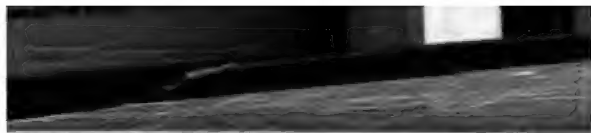
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## PREFATORY NOTE

THE letters contained in this volume have been selected from a great mass mainly addressed to the various members of Carlyle's family. In the years in which they were written he had few important correspondents in the outer world. The letters as here given afford a tolerably continuous account of his life from his marriage to the period when his fame was about to be established by the publication of his *French Revolution*.

Many interesting letters of these years appear in Mr. Froude's *Life of Carlyle*; but they are printed with what in the work of any other editor would be surprising indifference to correctness, while the inferences drawn from them in Mr. Froude's narrative

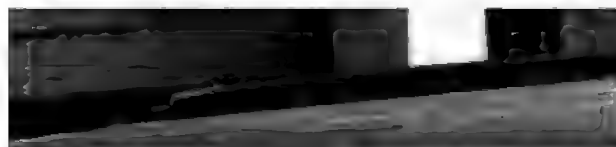


are sometimes open to question, sometimes unwarranted.

In the editing of this series of letters, as in preceding volumes, I have been greatly assisted by Mrs. Alexander Carlyle. A small part of her share in the work is indicated by her initials affixed to some of the footnotes.

C. E. N.

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS,  
10th September 1888.



sent a message to her. She is a quick-tempered, indeed quick-minded, methodical, truthful little creature; and my tale that besting with tolerable hope. — And so our mother will be left solitary; and rapid time will have brought another change. But fear not: our brave mother will tell it well; and with the heart she has never been left desolate. Semm's wife and she seemed to go very heartily, and she has the rest about her. Her house too, on which her income depends, was like to get into a better train: Becker Park, a very shrewd man, was about beginning for the large house next year, and perhaps even taking the whole set of them under his own charge. That village of Eekelpechen, which I predicted this, one or twice, gave me the strongest uneasy feeling; very sad, very ugly, yet not without a grandeur even a sanctity in the midst of such requests. That is Elend Rome, Jesus slow, or Margaret truly, but a temporary set of ghasts and halitations, when King begins, and is, and then is ~~nothing~~ <sup>nothing</sup>. How all women, now, so fully words & like my <sup>unwillingness</sup> of success were one. We would walk together, to Hampstead, to Dulwich, to old places; and be happy in the thing sunshine. Let us wait, and hope. — Still, new Rivers making small way, they have purchased the

From a letter to J<sup>r</sup> Carlyle, Munich.

23<sup>rd</sup> Feb 1836.

LETTERS  
OF  
THOMAS CARLYLE

I.—To his MOTHER, Scotsbrig, Ecclefechan.

21 COMLEY BANK [Thursday],  
19th October 1826.<sup>1</sup>

MY DEAR MOTHER—Had it not been that I engaged to let you hear of me on Saturday, I should not have been tempted to "put pen to paper this night"; for I am still dreadfully confused, still far from being at home in my new situation, inviting and hopeful as in all points it appears. But I know your motherly anxieties, I felt in my heart the suppressed tears that you did *not* shed before my departure, and I write at present to tell you that you are not to shed any more.

Jane has run upstairs for a few minutes to unpack the last remnants of our household luggage: I have but a few minutes to spare, and must give you matters in the lump.

Jack would tell you of our being wedded after the most doleful ride (on his and my part) thither; and then rolled off in the Coach towards Edinburgh on Tuesday morning. . . .

<sup>1</sup> Carlyle's marriage had taken place on the 17th.

Our journey passed without incident, and we arrived here in safety about nine o'clock, where a blazing fire and covered table stood ready waiting to receive us.

On the whole I have reason to say that I have been mercifully dealt with; and if an outward man worn with continual harassments and spirits wasted with so many agitations would let me see it, that when once recovered into my usual tone of health, I may fairly calculate on being far happier than I have ever been. The house is a perfect model of a house, furnished with every accommodation that heart could desire; and for my wife I may say in my heart that she is far better than any other wife, and loves me with a devotedness, which it is a mystery to me how I have ever deserved. She is gay and happy as a lark, and looks with such soft cheerfulness into my gloomy countenance, that new hope passes over into me every time I meet her eye. You yourself (and that is saying much) could not have nursed and watched over me with kinder affection, wrecked as I am, by my movements and counter-movements; all my despondency cannot make her despond, she seems happy enough if she can but see me, and minister to me.

For in truth I was very sullen yesterday, sick with sleeplessness, quite nervous, *billus*, splenetic and all the rest of it. Good Jane! I feel that she will be all to me that heart could wish; for she loves me in her soul, one

of the warmest and truest souls that ever animated any human being. . . . Yesterday and to-day we have spent in sorting and arranging our household goods, and projecting our household economy. She calculates at the moderate scale of £2 per week: I am to give her two pound notes every Saturday morning, and with this she undertakes to meet all charges. At this rate, which astonishes myself far more than her, there can be no fear. She seems Thrift itself as well as Goodness.

Of men or women we have yet seen none except the maid, a neat tidy damsel; so of Tait or any other business I cannot speak one word.

. . . You *may* send the butter and the cheese, and a *firkin* (by and by I think) of your best oatmeal. . . .

Jane would not look at this letter, for I told her you so wished it. She sends her warmest love to you all. Is not mine still with you? I have told her all that you said and looked that morning I went away, and she loves you all, along with me, and sorrows with me for your absence. My prayers and affection are with you all, from little Jenny upwards to the head of the house. Remember me to my Brothers, my trusty Alick (Jack must write) and all the rest. Mag and her sisters are not forgotten either. I will write again, when *I have recovered my senses*. Good-night, my dear Mother. . . . Jane will write to you soon, so also will I; you shall not want for letters; or for love while there is life in me. Again I say



I will write when I have recovered [from] my bewilderment. Tell Jack to write to us in the meanwhile; and fear nothing.—I am, forever your affectionate Son,  
T. CARLYLE.<sup>1</sup>

II.—To Dr. CARLYLE, Scotsbrig.

21 COMLEY BANK, *Tuesday night*  
[24th October 1826].

MY DEAR BROTHER—I write this to-night for two reasons. The first is: I have made Tait pay me £50 of my stipulated money,<sup>2</sup> which sum I forthwith delivered in to the Commercial Bank, with directions that it should there be delivered out again to "Mr. Alexander Carlyle." Scott will have word to that effect to-morrow morning; and Alick, directly after that, will have nothing more to do but show his trusty face at the office, and be repaid his magnanimous advance to me, the nature of which I never think of without affectionate regret. Tell him not to delay in this (you yourself know from experience the way of managing it); then to write to me very largely soon, as he promised; and to believe that I am his true brother, while I live in this world.

<sup>1</sup> Some parts of this, and of the next letter, are given in patchwork by Mr. Froude, in his *Life of Carlyle* (i. 368, 369). The omissions and changes made by him are not indicated, but the tone of the letters is more or less affected by them, and his comment is misleading. As usual, the passages printed by him are defaced by errors of transcription.

<sup>2</sup> A payment on account, for *Specimens of German Romance*, published by Tait.

My second reason is : that I would give sixpence to see you here yourself at this very moment. I want to speak with you about many things, *ut cum fratre, ut cum medico*. When will you come? Jane will be delighted to see you ; and for me your presence would be as a lamp in a dark place. Little *Jean* she does not want for some weeks yet : but there is room enough and to spare for both. You perhaps might walk for economy's sake, and Jane could come in the coach.

To this hour I dare not let myself out about my matrimonial views ; for I am yet all in a maze, scarce knowing the right hand from the left in the path I have to walk. To complete the matter I am still *billus*, and imperfectly supplied with sleep : no wonder therefore that my sky should be tinged with gloom. I cannot explain matters yet ; but by and by I doubt not I shall see it all. Meanwhile tell my Mother that I do believe I shall get *hefted*<sup>1</sup> to my new situation, and then be one of the happiest men alive. Tell her also that by Jane's express request I am to read a Sermon, and a Chapter with commentary, at least every Sabbath evening to my household ! Also that we are taking seats in church, and design to live soberly and devoutly as beseems us. Our Mother also, Jane says, is to come and see us, and we are not to be divided in heart, though separated in place. On the whole this wife of mine surpasses my hopes : she is so tolerant,

<sup>1</sup> Habituated.



so kind, so cheerful, so devoted to me! O that I were worthy of her!

Why am I not happy then? Alas, Jack, *I am billus*: I have to swallow salts and oil; the physic leaves me pensive yet quiet in heart and on the whole happy enough; but next day comes a burning stomach, and a heart full of bitterness and gloom; for I feel well that with health far more than ever my happiness is connected. Will you come and see me, and let us take counsel together? My little wife will do everything and all; and surely through the strength of Heaven something reasonable, right and happy may be made out by proper regulation among us. Certainly at this moment I should be among the happiest of men, if I were not among the unhealthiest.

In addition to all this, I made a vow some days ago to give up my tobacco for three weeks, a piece of abstinence that afflicts me not a little, and of course still further darkens my views.

Here are Murray and Mitchell come to drink tea with us, and Jane and they are *struggling* for talk. I cannot say another word. Come if you can—riding or walking. May the Great Father bless you all every one with His own blessing! Fear not for me; for I shall soon feel otherwise. Come, or tell me at least whether you are coming. O Murray, Murray!

Good-night, Jack!—I am ever thy Brother,  
T. CARLYLE.

Tait's Book and mine is to be out in a month—*without* any further addition at all. He knocked under when I saw him, and seemed to admit that in very truth he knew nothing either about Goethe or Richter, or anything connected with them. He is keen for new engagements.

If you cannot come pretty soon, write to me when you are coming. After all it makes little matter; only the sooner you come I think it will be as well, and I shall be the gladder to see you. Adieu. I am in better spirits already, and shall be still better to-morrow.

### III.—To his MOTHER, Scotsbrig.

21 COMLEY BANK, 16th November 1826.

MY DEAR MOTHER— . . . To-day I have taken Time by the forelock, and begun writing directly after breakfast; and now mindful of your oft-repeated injunction, I will tell you truly how I am, and not hide from you "the very worst."

The chief thing I have to complain of is uncertainty. As usually happens with me, in all changes, this greatest and most important I have ever made has overset all my accustomed habitudes, and so driven me a good deal to leeward in my whole procedure: and though this is now the fourth week of my marriage, I am by no means "come to,"<sup>1</sup> as you would say, or yet "hefted" to my new *gang*.<sup>2</sup> The con-

<sup>1</sup> Come to myself, recovered.

<sup>2</sup> Settled in my new course; said of sheep or cattle, accustomed to the new place of pasturage.

sequence is considerable irregularity in regard to health, and of course to spirits and life generally. I have not yet learned to exist here without drugs; and this to you will express the whole essence of my situation. . . . Surely, surely there is nothing so untoward and unmanageable in my circumstances as to excite despair of regulating them into happiness and order! Except this one consideration of drug-taking, I have positively nothing in the world to complain of. My good little wife is the best of all wives: I declare I am astonished at the affection she bears me, and the patience with which she listens to my doleful forebodings and turns them all into gay hopes. In *every* thing great and little she gives me entirely my own way; asking, as it seems, nothing more whatever of her destiny, but that in any way she could make me happy. Good little girl! Sometimes too we *are* very happy; in our trim quiet house, sitting by our own tea, with a good book in my hand, and a clear fire on the hearth, I feel as if all would be well, and far better than my best expectations. From her I can anticipate no hindrance in any arrangement of my life I may see good to adopt: I firmly believe, in the poorest cottage of Scotland, with me happy beside her, she would be the blithest wife in Scotland too. Courage, therefore, I say to myself: one way or other, it must and shall be ordered for good! Give me a little time to sift it and settle it all, and then to fasten on it with rigid

perseverance, and the evils of my lot will at length lie beneath my feet! On the whole I ought to be ashamed of complaint: a hundred times in my life I have been far worse in health than I am, and never half so well in all other particulars. In spite of my drugs, I sleep quite passably in our giant bed; and were it not that I am so over-anxious to be *well* I should not let my *illness* discompose me.<sup>1</sup>

Now this, my dear Mother, is the worst and the very worst; and so having told it you, my conscience is at rest, and I beg very earnestly that your *imagination* would be kind enough to exaggerate no whit of it, for in very truth if you saw me you would think far *less* evil of me than this letter will give rise to. Fear nothing, my dear Mother! We are all living and life-like, and honest and true, having injured no man, fearing or hating no man, and owing no man anything but love. By and by it will all be right and well, one way or other; for I feel within me strength to

<sup>1</sup> These minute details as to his health were naturally and kindly given by Carlyle to still his Mother's anxieties. She was extravagantly apprehensive and pitying, and always full of needless solicitude concerning her absent children. On a wet night, she would give a sigh and say "*Sirs*, what a night! What will become of poor *so and so*?" and if her children were all safe within doors, and she knew of no person likely to get wet, she would begin to compassionate the cattle and worry her heart about them.—This disposition of his Mother's had undoubtedly an ill-effect on Carlyle in confirming his tendency to dwell on the conditions of his health.



regulate a destiny twenty times as complex and perverse, when once I have seen clearly *what it is*.

Of my employments I can tell you little: sometimes I read, sometimes I write a little (generally burning it in disgust soon after), often I walk; for they are on the starving system with me, and in truth I find it better than any other. . . .

The Book is not yet published, though I have nothing more to do with it. Tait does not seem to have made up his mind completely as to the time, though I suppose it will be shortly. You shall have a copy by the earliest conveyance. When it is published I purpose sending copies of it to some of the *literati* here, and perhaps procuring their acquaintance. I have more than one scheme of employment; but I suppose none can take effect till after the "German Romance" is out. Tait is very fond of a Literary Newspaper [project], but I have given him small encouragement. Brewster is not yet come to Town. Of other visitors we have not wanted plenty; but except news from James Johnstone (who seems to be doing very well), they have told us nothing of any moment.

I despair of getting from my Mother any as satisfactory account of her affairs as this I have now sent of mine. Will you make Alick write. . . . But I must end: I promised Jane a post-script, and you see how little room is left. Good-bye, then, my dear Mother; consider

this as a *bilious* letter, and you will find the purport of it not *black* but *whitish*.—I am forever, your affectionate Son, T. CARLYLE.

(We go to church, and read a sermon to the household every Sabbath.)

[Postscript by Mrs. Carlyle.]

MY DEAR NEW MOTHER—Every day since we came here I have purposed writing to you, and every day have put off till a better morrow. I wished to send you glad tidings of great joy; that your Son was well and happy beside me, and that we had got all the burble of this life unravelled and adjusted. But alas! Man proposeth, God disposeth, and we are still, some of us, in the Slough of Despond. Nevertheless you must not let your kind heart be troubled, for with all its drawbacks, our lot is far from unhappy. We love each other, have done ill to no one, and one of us at least is full of hope. How few in this vale of tears have it in their power to say as much. After all, then, there is really nothing to complain of; and it is not impossible, nay highly probable, that we shall yet have great cause to rejoice. Hope with *me* then that all will ultimately be well. And love me as your own Daughter, which I [now am]. JANE CARLYLE.

#### IV.—To his MOTHER, Scotsbrig.

COMLEY BANK, 9th December 1826.

MY DEAR MOTHER— . . . I am getting more and more habituated to my new condition of

life, and discovering more and more how much reason I have to be thankful that my lines have fallen to me in such happy places. My health, which for the first few weeks had suffered considerably by the agitations and disquietudes of such a change, seems now to be restored to something like its former state; at least to a state quite as good. . . . Doubt not, my dear Mother, that all will yet be for the best, and that the good purposes of Providence shall not fail to be fulfilled in me. I feel as if I had much to do in this world; not in the vain pursuit of wealth and worldly honours, which are fleeting as the breath that can bestow them; but in the search and declaration of Truth, in such measure as the All-wise shall see meet to impart it to me, and give me means of showing it to others. With such views of my vocation, I have good reason to rejoice in it, and often instead of envying the blind slothful comfort of the men of the world, I bless Heaven that I have had strength to see and make choice of the better part. Why should we be troubled about many things, when there is but one thing needful? This *one thing* you and I call by different names perhaps; but the meaning of both, I have always asserted, is the same.

Jane continues generally well, and we live in peace and unity, so that it were a pleasure for you to behold us. . . .

We have had immense quantities of visitors here, all calling down upon us with one accord the most unexampled blessings of Heaven:

some of them are agreeable persons, and with these we purpose keeping up some little quiet intercourse; the rest are of the butterfly tribe, and these we dismiss with fair speeches to flutter forth into some more genial climate. Dr. Brewster I have seen more than once; he and his wife were even civil enough to call for us here. The Doctor is in the blackest humour about the "badness of the times"; as in truth he has some reason to be, being involved in lawsuits with his booksellers, perplexed with delays in his Encyclopædia, and finding publishers so shy of embarking in any of his schemes. These things do not distress me very much: when I hear people mourning over the gloom and misery of the times, I think: Poor fellows, there is a far more pitiable stock of material within ourselves than in the *times*; of which so long as we get food and raiment, we have no right to complain. Is there not "aye life for a living body"?

In fact, however, I am rather ill off for something to do at present, and I feel convinced clearly enough that this is the great evil I have at present to complain of. I read and study, and keep myself from being idle; but this is not the kind of thing I want; and to *do* what I want, or even to commence it, I find to be no easy enterprise. Tait also encumbers me a little: the body lingers and hangs off in publishing this Book, which is now quite ready, and waiting only for those everlasting "better times"; and till it come out there are several



of my projected enterprises that cannot take effect. However I suppose he *must* move in a little while ; and then I shall move too. Perhaps it is better as it is : for if I could heartily commence some *book of my own*, of the sort I wished, it would do far more for me than any mere publishing or editorial engagement, how promising soever. Brewster still talks of his Literary Newspaper ; but I somehow feel as if it would never take effect. I have two or three other things in my eye : of these you may hear more as they assume a clearer shape to myself. . . .

[Postscript by Mrs. Carlyle.]

MY DEAR MOTHER — I must not let this letter go without adding *my* "be of good cheer." You would rejoice to see how much better my Husband is, than when we came hither. And we are really very happy ; when he falls upon some work we shall be still happier. Indeed I should be very stupid or very thankless, if I did not congratulate myself every hour of the day, on the lot which it has pleased Providence to assign me : my Husband is so kind ! so, in all respects, after my own heart ! I was sick one day, and he nursed me as well as my own Mother could have done, and he never says a hard word to me—unless I richly deserve it. We see great numbers of people here, but are always most content alone. My Husband reads then, and I read, or work, or just sit and look at him, which I really find as profitable an employment as any other.

God bless you, and my little Jane whom I hope to see at no very distant date.—Ever affectionately yours, JANE B. WELSH<sup>1</sup> [*sic*].

V.—TO ALEXANDER CARLYLE, Scotsbrig.

EDINBURGH, 21 COMLEY BANK,  
11th January 1827.

MY DEAR ALICK—I stand indebted to you for two Letters, to say nothing of the ample supply of kitchen ware which attended the last, and of which we have all this very day been enjoying portion. The tardy resolution of Mr. Tait at length enables me to acknowledge your claims: our wavering Bookseller has determined on publishing on the 15th January; the Books are all shipped for London, and I have brought over one to-day to send down for the amusement of your Winter evenings at Scotsbrig. My sincere wish is that you may find in it twenty times the satisfaction its intrinsic worth can give you; of the writer, I know, you will not fail to think with all the favour he can desire. . . .

Of my own proceedings here I have little that can be considered definite to tell you. I am not unwell, not worse than I used to be in health; and my good helpmate is all to me that I could wish. But as yet I have no occupation! There lies the rub: and truly if you heard the Bookselling tribe talk about the

<sup>1</sup> This postscript by Mrs. Carlyle is printed in Froude's *Life*, i. 377.

"badness of the times," you would think there was never more to be any occupation for literary men in this world. . . . Nevertheless I am not a whit downcast in spirit: employment I firmly believe will come some time; in the meanwhile I study *not to idle*, and determine like a wise Christian man, to cut my coat according to the cloth; and hard it will go with us, if even from this scanty web sufficient covering for all *real* uses cannot be found. In a general way I am comparatively very much at my ease here; when *billusness* allows me a respite I am even happy. For I have long learned to cease expecting what I once thought *happiness* on this earthly ball; long known that there is a root of bitterness in the bottom of our cup which all the honey in the Earth cannot hide from the experienced palate. Happy he who learns to drink it without wincing! Happier and wiser who can see that in this very bitterness there is a medicine for his Soul, far better than the bitterness of gentian or bark or any of Jack's many bitters for his body! There is much true philosophy in Dermot's remark to his unruly neighbour: "I say, Paddy Blane, *will* ye compose yourself to your *pratees* there!"

Such is a sketch of my philosophy of life! But could you not come up hither some frosty week, and learn it all far better by word of mouth? I assure you we could accommodate you very prettily, and depend on it, your new Sister would give you the heartiest welcome.

Positively there is a spare bed here! And you would see Edinburgh, and Macwhirter and all of us, and might stay at Hawick the first night, and walk hither so neatly before the next. Really if you are doing nothing for a week, what might hinder you? And I and all of us would find it so pleasant. Think of it before the Spring, and the busy seed-time when you cannot come. . . .

I have many things to ask, far too many for the *selvage* of a sheet. Have you sold Larry yet? There is a horse I often meet here which recalls the wild beast to memory. And is Keevil<sup>1</sup> still with you? I positively intended buying him some snuff, but feared lest it might interfere with the other wares in the parcel. Will you give this half-crown instead, secretly, as a new-year's gift from me to the trusty marine; to buy him awls and darning needles, and otherwise keep his pocket? His heart would rejoice in the prospect of war; but there is to be none. Do you get the newspaper regularly? It is meant to come to you on Monday morning.—Up to this night I purposed to give *you* this Book, my dear Alick; but recollecting that our Father had never got aught of the sort from me, I seemed to feel it my duty to give it to *him*. He will not read it, I know,

<sup>1</sup> "Richard Keevil, a wandering, innocent creature from the Gloucester cloth-countries latterly, who came to my Father's in a starving state, and managed gently to stay five or six months,—a favourite and study with us younger ones."—*Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle*, i. 97 note.



but others of you will, and he will like better to see it. For a new-year's gift *you*, therefore, have nothing, my dear Brother, but a new assurance of my love. But this I know you will not reject. Be content with it; come and see us if you can; and believe me always, your true Brother,

T. CARLYLE.

The *Ham* seems to be of the very best Dumfriesshire species; we have hung it up to dry. The meal also is excellent: many thanks for all! The *ham* really *ornaments* the pantry.

VI.—TO ALEXANDER CARLYLE, Scotsbrig.

21 COMLEY BANK, 3d February 1827.

MY DEAR ALICK—My conscience had begun to reproach me for my long silence, and I was about to write this day, without regard to the commercial principle of Debtor and Creditor, well knowing your bustle about this season, when to quicken my resolve your gratifying Letter came to hand. . . .

Jane said, "How cleverly that Alick writes; but I suppose he must have learned from you." Thus I get the credit to myself, which belongs to Nature. But do you never mind whether you write "cleverly" or not; but continue to tell me of all and sundry in the old style; remembering that it is not the cleverness but the copiousness of your intelligence that chiefly concerns me. Word that all is well in Annandale, though written with the end of a burnt stick, is better to me than all the wit of Poets. . . .

Next Letter you must tell me what you are ploughing and sowing, building and pulling down, what you have bought and sold; in short, give me a full-length picture of Scotsbrig as it is. My Mother cannot write currently, or I am sure she has a hundred things to say. But tell her there is a good time coming, and Summer will give us all full tidings of each other. Are you sure she is as well and comfortable as of old? Does Mary still mind her with the same steadfast fidelity? Tell that kindest, *glegest*,<sup>1</sup> and shortest-tempered of Nurses that I shall owe her a *buckling-kame*<sup>2</sup> of the best quality, if she prove true till I come down. Poor thing! I know she needs no bribe to be so; for a truer-hearted soul never breathed in this Earth; and to me her short temper was many times converted into singular patience and long-suffering.—I heard some talk of Jane's coming up hither, as was long since arranged: but the "sister" will write a postscript herself.

Our situation here at Comley Bank continues to be unexceptionable, nay, in many points truly enviable. Ill health is not harder on us than usual, and *all* other things are almost as one could wish them. It is strange too how one gets habituated to sickness: I bear my pain as Christian did his pack in the *Pilgrim's Progress*, strapped on too tightly for throwing off; but the straps do not gall me as

<sup>1</sup> *Gleg*, acute, alert.

<sup>2</sup> A *back-comb*, for fastening up the hair.

they once did, and I wander on, enjoying in my walk the beauties of the road, like any other green-wallet. In fact I believe I am rather better, and certainly I have not been happier for many a year. Last week, too, I fairly began—a Book! Heaven only knows what it will turn to; but I have sworn to finish it; and I hope it will be something praiseworthy at last, and though only a *novell* may be one of those that are read by “Some in Middlebie Parishin.” You shall hear about it as it proceeds; but as yet we are only got through the first chapter. You would wonder how much happier steady occupation makes us, and how smoothly we all get along. Directly after breakfast, the “Goodwife” and the Doctor evacuate this apartment, and retire upstairs to the drawing-room, a little place all fitted up like a lady’s work-box; where a “spunk of fire” is lit for the forenoon; and I meanwhile sit scribbling and meditating, and wrestling with the powers of Dulness, till one or two o’clock, when I sally forth into the city, or towards the sea-shore, taking care only to be home for the important purpose of consuming my mutton-chop at four. After dinner, we all read learned languages till coffee (which we now often take at night instead of tea), and so on till bed-time, only that Jane often sews; and the Doctor goes up to the celestial globe studying the fixed stars, through an upshoved window, and generally comes down to his porridge about ten, with a nose dropping at

the extremity, and red as a blood-pudding. Thus pass our days in our trim little cottage, far from all the uproar, and putrescence (material and spiritual) of the reeky town, the sound of which we hear not, and only see over the knowe the reflection of its gas-lights against the dusky sky, and bless ourselves that we have neither part nor lot in the matter. I assure you many a time on a soft mild night, I smoke my pipe in our little flower-garden, and look upon all this, and think of all absent and present friends, and feel that I *have* good reason to "be thankful that I am not in Purgatory."<sup>1</sup>

Of society we might have abundance, People come on foot, on horseback, and even in wheeled carriages to see us; most of whom Jane receives upstairs, and gladly despatches with assurances that the weather is good, bad or indifferent, and hints that their friendship passes the love of women. We receive invitations to dinner also; but Jane has a *Circular*, or rather two *Circulars*, one for those she values, and one for those she does not value; and one or other of these she sends in excuse. Thus we give no dinners and take none; and by the blessing of Heaven design to persist in this course so long as we shall see it to be best. Only to some three or four chosen people we give notice that on Wednesday nights, we shall *always* be at home, and glad if they will call and talk for two hours with no other

<sup>1</sup> Richard Keevil's advice to persons complaining of trivial vexations.—M. C.



entertainment but a cordial welcome and a cup of innocent tea. Few Wednesday evenings, accordingly, when some decent soul or other does not step in, and take his place among us; and here we converse, and really I think enjoy ourselves far more than I have witnessed at any beef-eating and wine-bibing convention which I have been *trysted*<sup>1</sup> with attending.<sup>2</sup> . . .

I had almost forgot to tell you that I have in my pocket a Letter of introduction to Jeffrey of the *Edinburgh Review*: it was sent to me from Procter of London; one of these days I design presenting it, and you shall hear the result. . . . —Believe me ever (my dear Alick),  
your affectionate Brother, T. CARLYLE.

VII.—To his MOTHER, Scotsbrig.

21 COMLEY BANK, *Saturday*,  
16th February 1827.

. . . I told Sandy that I had a letter to Jeffrey the Advocate. Last week I went up one evening and delivered it. The little man received me in his kindest style; talked with me for an hour, though very busy, on all possible things; and really proved himself by much the most agreeable citizen of Edinburgh that I had ever met with. I am sorry the man is so immersed in Law; otherwise it is possible enough we might even become *friends*. He

<sup>1</sup> Afflicted.

<sup>2</sup> The last two paragraphs are given in Froude's *Life of Carlyle*, i. 379; incorrectly.

invited me repeatedly to come to the "Court" any morning, and he would introduce me to various people, among others to Sir Walter Scott. I have not gone yet, being little careful of such introductions. He also spoke about writing in his Review; but I told him he must first read the *German Romance* to see what manner of man I was, and then we might determine if I could suit him. We parted in the friendliest style, mutually tolerant of each other. In a week or two, we may perhaps meet again.<sup>1</sup>—The German Book is getting praise rather than censure: I was about sending Alick a copy of the last Examiner Newspaper, where it was rather sensibly criticised. The man praises me for this or that: but then, it seems, I am terribly to blame for condemning Voltaire and the Sceptics! This is exactly as it should be. But what care I for their reviews? I have begun another Book, which if I had rightly finished I would not give a fig for them all! It is to be a curious book this; but I hope a good and even moral one! It proceeds slowly, yet constantly day after day.—Now, my dear Mother, I really *must* stop: I have not room to write one half of the questions I would put to you about your health and habits and welfare. Is there *any* thing that I could do for you? I know you will answer Nothing; and yet it is

<sup>1</sup> It is of interest to compare this contemporary account of Carlyle's first acquaintance with Jeffrey, with that given by him forty years afterwards in his *Reminiscences*, ii. 235.

not so; but till Summer I shall hardly see.—  
My kindest affection to all, from my Father  
down to Jenny, name by name, for even now I  
recollect them *all*. If Alick do not write soon,  
I will write again. The selvage as usual be-  
longs to Jack.<sup>1</sup> Good-night, my dear Mother;  
I am ever your affectionate and grateful Son,  
T. CARLYLE.

VIII.—To his FATHER, Scotsbrig.

21 COMLEY BANK, *Tuesday*  
[*End of March, 1827*].

MY DEAR FATHER—I need not say how  
gratified I was to see your handwriting, after  
so long an interval, and communicating such  
pleasing intelligence as your little letter brought  
us. Let us all be thankful that we are still  
spared in the land of the living, to be a comfort  
to one another in our pilgrimage, where so  
many, perhaps more deserving than we, are left  
desolate and friendless! While we are preserved  
in health and peace, and food and raiment con-  
venient for us is provided, with kind friends to  
love us and be loved, what more have we to ask?

I should have a long string of news to send  
you, for it is a great while (too great, had I not  
been so busy and uncertain) since I wrote: but  
by this time, as I calculate, Jack must be in the  
midst of you, explaining everything by word of  
mouth much more satisfactorily than it could  
be done by pen and paper. To his tidings I

<sup>1</sup> *i.e.* Jack is to fill up the margins of the paper.

have only to add, bringing them down some thirty hours later, that we are still all well, and going on exactly in the same style. He will have told you of a notable project we have formed of coming down to live in Dumfriesshire by and by ; not frightened by the wildness of the Dunscore moors, but preferring the free life of the country, on any terms, to the cage-like existence of the city, even here on its outskirts. Both Jane and I are very fond of the project ;<sup>1</sup> and if Alick dare venture going with us, I think the whole affair may be most *beautifully* adjusted. Jack we would set up as a doctor in Dumsfries ; the rest of us would farm, and write, and labour each in his sphere ; peaceable and well, and living almost in sight of one another, at least (allowing fleet horses) within half a day's riding of each other. If all this take effect, I shall have cause to bless this application of the London Booksellers to me as one of the most providential occurrences in my life. For though not positively *ill* in this place, I can rationally entertain very little hope of ever getting completely *well* ; and Pain, however one may learn to bear it quietly, is no such desirable companion that one should not long in any honest way to be rid of it. I am waiting, with considerable hope, to hear more definitely from these London men, to consult the landlady of Craigenputtock, and settle a great many other *etceteras*, in preparation for this enterprise. The whole, I think,

<sup>1</sup> "To his wife he did recognise that the experiment would be unwelcome," says Mr. Froude, *Life*, i. 386.



looks *pretty fairish*, as Keevil says : but so soon as anything definite is done, you shall hear from me again.

Meanwhile it is comfortable to think that we are all going on so tolerably, even without any change. Happy that you are now free of General Sharpe,<sup>1</sup> and independent of all men ! The gallant General has poured out the whole vials of his wrath, and this same whole amounts to very little. For my own share, I have only to pray that Heaven would be kind to both him and me, and give us both some increase to our little fraction of wisdom, which, in the one case as in the other, does really seem too small.

I expect from Jack a long narrative of all that is going on at Scotsbrig ; of your ploughing and your sowing ; the sheds you are to build, and the whole import of your proceedings there. The Corn Bill, it would seem, is to do you no ill ; and certainly, taking one thing with another, there is every reason to hope that henceforth you will get along as comfortably in that concern as you have done in any other. With myself too, I am confident the worst is past, let things turn as they may. My little wife truly loves me, and will be happy sharing *any* fortune at my side ; a blessing, when I consider it, which may pass almost for the half of the whole matter of life ; and certainly with-

<sup>1</sup> See *Reminiscences*, i. 49. General Sharpe, of Hoddam, afterwards M.P. for the Dumfries Burghs, had shown himself an unreasonable landlord in dealings relating to the lease of Hoddam Hill.

out which no comfortable life would be possible. She thanks you for your blessing, and returns it with hearty sincerity. By and by I hope we shall all be acquainted, and united, and far happier than we could ever have expected.—My paper is done: my truest love to *all*, from Alick to Jenny!—I remain, my dear Father, your affectionate Son, T. CARLYLE.

IX.—TO ALEXANDER CARLYLE, Scotsbrig.

21 COMLEY BANK, 29th March 1827.

MY DEAR ALICK—It is long that I have partly been owing you a Letter; and last time when Farries<sup>1</sup> was here, with his eggs and hen, we had so short an allowance of time, that except two little notes to my more immediate creditors (which with one from Jane to Mag, and a small cubical junk of some less intellectual substance, I hope you properly received), I could not afford my valued husbandman a single word. It was the less necessary, as Jack was proceeding homewards, or rather had arrived at home, and so could communicate to you all our ordinary news, as well as some other schemes of ours, which required your more special deliberation. I am now to write to you farther on the same subject.

We have had a Letter from the Hunts<sup>2</sup> in London since Jack left us; and this of a much less promising texture than its prede-

<sup>1</sup> The carrier between Ecclefechan and Edinburgh.

<sup>2</sup> The London publishers who had made overtures to Carlyle.



cessor ; for the people now talk of risks, and great sales that will be necessary to "cover their outlay," and seem to indicate that for six months at least they would not only not wish to "undertake," as they call it, but also not even to make a formal bargain of any sort. This, I have written to them, will by no means answer me, who desire to put pen to paper forthwith ; and accordingly, I have stated that I would wait *other ten days* before coming to any conclusion ; but that, if within this period, it was not settled at least that there *was* to be a bargain betwixt us, I should hold myself no longer bound to them, but at liberty to accept or reject any future offer of theirs, as they were at liberty to make or withhold it. Next week, about Friday or Saturday, I expect to hear from them again, or to infer by their silence that nothing, for the present at least, is to come of their speculation ; which latter result I cannot but reckon as probable as any other.

Thus then, so far as aid could come from Covent-Garden, our notable project of deliverance from city imprisonment, into mountain freedom, were at a stand-still, or perhaps as good as upset ; and the hope of cultivating the *Craig o' Putto* must be left to other hands. But there has come help from another quarter ; and we are now at liberty to deliberate that scheme on more certain grounds. Jane's Mother, whom Jack must have met journeying towards us at Noblehouse, not only warmly approves of our project, but has also offered to

procure for us (which she can do without much difficulty) the sum necessary for starting it under fair auspices. The present Tenant, it appears, has paid *no* rent, and is like to pay little for some time ; neither has there any *Tack*<sup>1</sup> been signed in regard to the place ; so that his hold on it is extremely slender. Let us now consider, therefore, what is to be done.

For my own part and the "goodwife's," we are very strongly bent indeed upon the scheme. Town-life, though it is without many of its annoyances here, is still extremely little to my mind ; and many a time do I regret the liberty and safe seclusion which the country affords one, under many attainable forms of it ; nay, which I had attained not so long ago on the top of Repentance Hill, tyrannical Squirelets, and unjust stewards to the contrary notwithstanding. Indeed it seems plain enough that I have very little chance of ever getting completely well here ; and though I bear a hand, and try to stave off the Devil as I best may, and sometimes not without considerable success, my whole hopes and wishes point to a life in the country as the only scene where I might by and by get delivered from disease, and so have room for my strength, any little fraction of strength that I have. Craigenputtock is wild enough ; but the house could be brushed up and rendered water-tight, and elegantly furnished (with the ware we have here), and for the land itself much might be done. At all events, it is the country,

<sup>1</sup> Lease.

and *our own*, which latter point in itself might overbalance twenty others. As for Jane, I think there is little fear that her tolerance would be less than mine : in good sooth, she is a *true* wife, and would murmur at no scene or fortune which she shared along with me.

Now the next thing is for you, Alick, to ask yourself, whether you could think of pitching your tent there, and durst undertake the tenanting of these stern moors beside us? If you answered yes, there were nothing to hinder us from beginning to calculate the details of our enterprise forthwith ; nay, for aught I know, it might not be impossible for *you* to take possession of the place the very *first* Whitsunday, and so having it all ready for us the *next* ! Of the terms we could live together on, I shall say nothing : you recollect The Hill,<sup>1</sup> and how quietly and amicably all was managed there, without ever a jarring word ; a result in which many times since, I have had reason to admire your prudence and tolerant conduct, often much wiser than we fully gave it credit for being. All the farm-produce that we would need, horse-keep and hen-keep, etc. etc., would be easy to manage. If you continued *single*, you might live with us, and the kitchen and back-parlour would be your own sphere and domain ; or if you thought of wedding (in which, however, I need not tell you, it is good to look before you leap), you might have a house of your own, either the one at the road, or some other that

<sup>1</sup> Hoddam Hill.

we might contrive for you nearer the offices. Jane and R——<sup>1</sup> could live near each other, I do believe, on a very comfortable footing. And then we should so improve those bogs, and clear out those plantations, and form hedge-rows and cabbage-gardens, and live under the shadow of our own beech-trees, and none to put us in fear!

I desire you to consider all this matter with your calmest judgment, and if you are inclined to engage with it, say : Done ! Yet let not my eagerness sway you, for I can only estimate for myself ; and on you would lie a responsibility, which I cannot pretend to direct you in. I confess, however, I am very fond of it ; and not the smallest of my reasons is that in this manner the whole of us might still be *kept together*. From all that I have learned, there seems to be a fair opening for our Body-curer<sup>2</sup> in Dumfries ; nay, I think he has a *good* chance to succeed, if he tried it rightly ; and then do but think how pleasant to be all planted down within sight of each other ; our Father and Mother and all that we cared for in the world within a half-day's journey !

As I am only scheming this business afar off, I cannot propose to you any definite arrangement ; not till I have first heard your general feeling, and whether you think it feasible or not. You might cast up in your mind what

<sup>1</sup> This initial stands for the name of a girl in whom Alick Carlyle was interested at this time.

<sup>2</sup> Dr. Carlyle.



sum it would take to put *you* down there, in addition to the stock you have already (for repairing of the house, and settling our *plenishing* in it, I have reckoned about £100); what rent, deducting pony-grass, etc. etc.; and above all, whether you would care to let the Lady-Wells stand for this season, and take as a grass-farm, to "keep your stock together," those "excellent pasturages" at the Craig o' Putto. In the latter case, as perhaps in any case, it would be better for me to come down, and settle all by word of mouth. You will write to me frankly and at large, as soon as you possibly can. . . .

Of my Mother I must not begin to talk: I am sure she will rejoice in this prospect of having me near her, and drinking tea and consuming tobacco-smoke beside me as in times gone. Tell her that I am not ill at present, and shall certainly one way or other get completely well. I have not abandoned the *Book*, which has long ago been christened "Wotton Reinfred": only these Hunt people have knocked me sadly ajar ever since they started their scheme, and poor Reinfred has been living not growing for the last three weeks. Nevertheless, I spend my forenoons, till two o'clock over him; and Jane reads my writing when I have gone out to walk; and you will be happy to learn, *always* "approves of the Essay." If these Hunts do not give me their Translation, I expect to have Wotton in print before quitting Edinburgh; and that will be as well or better. . . .

[Postscript by Mrs. Carlyle.]

Meditate all this in the profoundest silence ;  
if our scheme get wind before the time the  
man<sup>1</sup> will be "*gey ill to deal wi*."<sup>2</sup>

X.—To his WIFE, Edinburgh.

SCOTSBRIG, *Saturday night*  
[16th April 1827].

DEAREST WIFE—What strange magic is in that word, now that for the first time I write it to you ! I promised that I would think of you *sometimes* ; which truly I have done many times, or rather all times, with a singular feeling of astonishment, as if a new light had risen upon me since we parted, as if till now I had never known how precious my own dearest little Goody was to me, and what a real angel of a creature she was ! I could bet a sovereign that *you* love me twice as well as ever you did ; for experience in this matter has given me insight. Would I were back to you. . . .

But I have no leisure for investigating these

<sup>1</sup> The tenant of Craigenputtock.

<sup>2</sup> "'Thou's gey' (pretty, pronounced *gyet*) 'ill to deal wi' '—Mother's allusion to me once, in some unreasonable moment of mine," is Carlyle's note on this phrase (which, indeed, is an old-fashioned country formula), cited by his wife in a letter to his mother in December 1835 (letter printed as No. 11 in *Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle*). The readers of Mr. Froude's *Life of Carlyle* will remember that he harps upon this phrase, using it as a sort of refrain, but always with the significant change of the word "deal" to "*live*"—"gey ill to *live* wi'." At least six times in the course of his narrative does he repeat it in this form.



*égaremens du cœur*, which may be discussed much better by word of mouth. The house is smoking, and I am tired to death; having slept only four hours since Alick and I returned from Craigenputtock, this morning between three and four o'clock; our cattle and ourselves uninjured indeed by a ride of 70 miles, but all heartily saddle-sick.—“Well, Sir, and what did you see at Craigenputtock?”—I saw green fields far greener than I had anticipated; Nature doing her part to maintain her children; and such a scene of human sloth and squalor as I scarcely think could be paralleled within the county. Mr. Blacklock we did not see: he was down on a pleasure excursion to [Glenessland] Distillery, with certain of his womankind mounted on two shelties! Better, I thought, if he had taken a rake and scraped away a little of the filth and *glar* with which all parts of his premises, from the cow-stall to the parlour (literally) were undated; better if he had been thatching his stript mill-shed, or mending one of the many holes and gaps in his stone dikes! In fact, Jeannie, I must rejoice particularly that I have taken this journey; for I came upon the people unawares, and all the nakedness of the land was revealed to me. It is my decided opinion that this Blacklock will *never* pay any proper rent; and if the Craig o' Putto were mine, I really think I would almost rather build a ring-fence round it, and leave it gratis to the *tee wheels*,<sup>1</sup> than allow such an unprincipled (I fear this is the

<sup>1</sup> Lapwings.

word, unprincipled) sloven to farm it for money. I spoke of thinning the plantations! By Jove, they have rather need of thickening: at every gap in the dikes you find somewhere between a dozen and a score of young trees cut down as if they were so many broom twigs, and carelessly dashed in to stop the gap, in place of building in the stones! Nay, Alick and I computed some two hundred yards of wattle-work (vulgarly called stake and rice<sup>1</sup>) absolutely formed entirely of young firs, some of which were as thick as my leg at the butt: the whole number of them we reckoned between two and three thousand. I should add, however, that *most* of this must have been the work of Tom Macqueen; only some twenty or thirty yards seemed to have been repaired (with rather thicker trees, I thought) by Blacklock. But what totally took away from me all pity for the man, and made me use the harsh word *unprincipled*, was this fact, palpable beyond discussion, that the scoundrel had actually wintered his cattle (I mean had them lying over night through winter) in the heart of that long strip of planting that runs transversely from the height down towards the water! The fence had been broken down; and there had the kyloes been ranging and rubbing, and eating and breaking! Had he taken a furnished house in Herriot-row and driven in his cow to eat her draff and dreg on the Brussels carpet of the drawing-room, I could sooner have forgiven him. It was alto-

<sup>1</sup> Brushwood.

gether damnable. We tried to ascertain by inspection whether the gaps by which his bullocks had found access to this comfortable shelter had been accidental or intentional: one of the places was half and the other three-fourths filled up; so that we could judge but vaguely; and all the charity we had corroborated the evidence for the milder hypothesis. The damage done extended indeed only to a score or two of yards; for the cattle had been of Christian spirit: but the spirit of their owner was too well marked by it.—But why dilate on these things? The man is an utter and arrant sloven; and had simply gone upon the principle that most probably no mortal concerned in the farm would ever see it during the lease. . . .

Old Nanny came and pressingly entreated us to have some tea; nay, attempted to allure us with the offer of *clean blankets*,<sup>1</sup> and excellent horse provender, to tarry with her all night. She sent you and your mother about a hundred sets of compliments, and inquired again and again if she was not to see *you* before Whitsunday? Poor Nanny has been ordered to flit, it seems; and "'tweel,"<sup>2</sup> says she, "I'll be very wae." She walked with us to the gate; insisting much on the propriety of seeing everything with one's own eyes, and of the greater and *greater* propriety one would find in it the longer one looked; and hinting at last with much

<sup>1</sup> *Sheets* are even now an almost unthought-of luxury amongst the Scotch peasants.—M. C.

<sup>2</sup> *'Tweel* (*that well*), indeed.

circumspection that all was not as it should be with Blacklock ; "and wiser folks than me will be cheated," said she, "if *he* can do any good in it." We cut short poor Nanny's innuendoes ; and with great cordiality wished her a thousand good-nights, the voice of her "compliments" still sounding "over the heath," when herself was out of sight.

Now *queretur*: what is to be done? I think, on all accounts, even if it were not on our own, these men are to be got out ; nay, if they will not go peaceably, packed out. . . .

You will write on Tuesday night "to lie till called for"; and tell me all you think and feel and know. On Wednesday you send the *Examiner* hither, where it is too likely it may still find me. . . .

I scarcely know what I have written ; for my eyes are half-blind ; and I am wearied and fond and wae, and bewitched and bedivelled, and "feel a kind of inclination *to bark*."<sup>1</sup>—Good-night, good-night, my darling wife, my dear wee wife ! . . . Be sure to write. *A Dieu !*

XI.—To Mrs. WELSH, Comley Bank, Edinburgh.

SCOTSBRIG, Thursday, 19th April [1827].

MY DEAR MOTHER—Had there been a moment of time left me last night, I would have written to you from Dumfries, and informed you four and twenty hours sooner of the happy issue of our tedious negotiation :

<sup>1</sup> *Letters and Memorials*, ii. 322.



but it was towards eleven at night before the higgling ceased and the papers were fairly signed; and then Alick and I had nineteen rough miles to ride, and moreover were afraid of being robbed by rascally Irishmen in the Trench<sup>1</sup> of Lochar Moss, for we were carrying money in our pockets.

The two Blacklocks were at their post waiting for us; and after between eight and nine hours of incessant discussion, varying through all stages, from "An' please your Honour" to "Damn it, Sir!" we settled with them, and they are to travel at Whitsunday *first*, on what I conceive to be pretty equitable principles for all parties. . . .

On the whole, I feel much mollified to these Blacklocks: the William one in particular (him of the *trees*) I absolutely pardoned, nay at one period felt a real pity for. A poor innocent, timid, underfoot body, that could not hurt a fly! He winded and twisted under my accusations; and at last all that could be brought home upon him was that he had little money, little wit, less malice, and was nowise fit for farming Craigenputtock. I declare, my heart warms yet to the poor soul when I think of his long nose and cowering attitude and meek submissive aspect. Nay, towards Ready-Money Jack himself, though he shifted first from *nothing* to a *hundred guineas*, and then to *sixty pounds*, I bear no sort of spleen: on the contrary, I think him a most stout sufficient fellow

<sup>1</sup> A squalid hamlet, near Dumfries.—M. C.

(who would have farmed your land well had he resided there himself), and for a cattle-dealer, honest and direct. We all parted in fair spirits, and fine fellowship, with cordial shaking of hands: your health was drunk in fiery punch, and I upbraided for my *whiggism* because I joined not beyond tea-spoonfuls in that noxious beverage. We left them drinking lustily with another man from Closeburn, heedless of the "lang Scots miles": "I was fu' when I got it," said Jack; "and by — I'se be as fu' when I *quint* it!"—The crop business (the only knotty point of the arbitration) can hardly be more than a matter of £30 or so; and really I think if the judges do *not* give it against us, we ought almost to give it (or the value of it) *against ourselves*, that is, in case the Drovers behave themselves, for really they have had a poor year.

And now, my dear Mother, let me congratulate the whole household on this auspicious result, which I hope in God will be good for us all. To me it gives the fairest chance of recovering health, the *only* thing I want for being the happiest man this sun shines on: my dear wife's happiness is bound up in mine, and yours in that of us both. To thank you for your care of us would be but useless: the temper of mind it displays was not unexpected, but is still infinitely precious to me; and for the present I shall only say that it shall go *very* hard with me, if you have ever reason to repent of what you did. May God bless us all, and keep us all united in affection and true conduct to the



end!—But I must not grow too serious here : besides I am encroaching on poor Goody's sheet, which is but *tirling the kirk to thee the choir* :<sup>1</sup> I will not tell *you* but *her* when I am coming ; but I daresay you will work the secret out of her by and by.—I am ever your affectionate Son,  
THOMAS CARLYLE.

To the WIFE.<sup>2</sup>

Not unlike what the drop of water from Lazarus's finger might have been to Dives in the flame, was my dearest Goody's letter to her Husband yesterday afternoon. Blacklock had retired to the Bank for fifteen minutes ; the whirlwind was sleeping for that brief season, and I smoking my pipe in grim repose, when Alick came back with your messenger. No, I do not love you in the least ; only a little *sympathy* and *admiration*, and a certain *esteem* ; nothing more!—O my dear best wee woman ! —But I will not say a word of all this, till I whisper it in your ear with my arms round you.

Such a day I never had in my life ; but it is all over and well ; and now " Home, Brothers ! Home ! "—I have meditated all this morning whether I could get back on Saturday, by galloping up to Beattock to catch the Mail ; but at last I have decided that it will not do. So many things are to settle with all parties ; even William Graham I cannot see till to-

<sup>1</sup> A Scotch proverb, stripping the church to roof the choir.

<sup>2</sup> Part of this letter, written on the same sheet as the preceding, is printed in Froude's *Life*, i. 390.

morrow evening, and Alick and I have yet agreed, indeed I may say talked, on nothing specific. So I have settled that Jack and I are to ride off to Templand on Monday morning (Jack talks of proceeding farther on a visit to Kirkchrist), and on Tuesday evening I will bring you news! This night I am sending off a letter for that purpose to little Auntie.<sup>1</sup> Grandfather too I may front, now that the whole business is adjusted.

O Jeannie! How happy shall we be in this Craig o' Putto! Not that I look for an Arcadia or a Lubberland there: but we shall sit under our bramble and our saugh-tree<sup>2</sup> and none to make us afraid; and my little wife will be there forever beside me, and I shall be well and blessed, and the latter end of that man will be better than the beginning. Surely I shall learn at length to prize the pearl of great price which God has given to me unworthy; surely I already know that to me the richest treasure of this sublunary life has been awarded, the heart of my own noble Jane! Shame on me for complaining, sick and wretched though I be! Bourbon and Braganza, when I think of it, are but poor men to me. O Jeannie, O my wife, we will never part; never through Eternity itself! But I will love thee and keep thee in my heart of hearts!—That is, unless I grow a very great fool—which indeed this talk doth somewhat betoken.

<sup>1</sup> Miss Jeannie Welsh, living with her father at Templand, "so lovable to both of us."—*Reminiscences*, i. 157.    <sup>2</sup> Willow-tree.

For thou see'st, Goody, I am at the bottom of my paper, and there is no room for any sentiment whatever. Well, I come on Tuesday night and tell you all. The kettle will be sighing wistfully on the brazen *winter*, and tea of choicest flavour, and kisses sweeter than ambrosia will greet my arrival! Unless—the coach be full! But do not let this disturb you; I will come next night; and that is “all the same”:<sup>1</sup> is it not? No, nothing like the same, Sir!—*Be good bairns till my arrival*. Let the needlework be ready: would I were there to see it! God bless thee!—Ever, ever thine,  
T. CARLYLE.

Jack is dunning me fiercely to get ready for drinking tea with Dr. Arnott, my neighbour, the Doctor that got Napoleon's snuff-box;<sup>2</sup> a man whom you and Mother may see soon, and both like.—Alas! Alas! Poor Gilbert Burns!<sup>3</sup> Are not our houses built on ice?—My Mother has come up with best wishes from all and sundry.

XII.—To ALEXANDER CARLYLE, Scotsbrig.

21 COMLEY BANK, 10th May 1827.

MY DEAR ALICK— . . . The most important part of my present commission is to direct you to call at Annan on Thursday for Fifty Pounds

<sup>1</sup> A phrase sometimes used by Dr. Carlyle, but generally when it was “all quite different.”—M. C.

<sup>2</sup> Dr. Archibald Arnott, of Kirkconnell Hall, had been Napoleon's physician at St. Helena.—M. C.

<sup>3</sup> Died 8th April 1827. Mrs. Carlyle had mentioned his death in the letter, to which this is an answer.

which I this day paid into the Commercial Bank for your use,<sup>1</sup> the further supplies not being ready yet for a few days. . . .

I know not whether you immediately require a larger sum ; but if you do you have only to speak ; for after Monday £100 will be lying at our disposal here : Tait having paid me the residue of my debt, by a Bill convertible (at his expense) into Cash in the course of four days. I was not bound to take a Bill at all, but hard money, the sum being due on the 15th of April ; but the poor man put on such a rueful countenance, that I could not in common charity refuse him. My assent to this harmless measure seemed to roll a millstone off his heart ; and in the excess of his gratitude he even made me a present of another Copy of the *German Romance*, which I am about sending off to Mr. Robinson<sup>2</sup> of London, who had right to expect one of me. I hope, with this, therefore, that for the present I have done with Tait, and that my next Bookseller may be not worse but better than he. . . .

My pen is very bad ; I am in a hurry too, and can write to no purpose, except as Dr. Ritchie said, "on the point—and the bare point." I have not told you of my journey, which was tedious but safe, and brought me

<sup>1</sup> In stocking the farm of Craigenputtock ; Alick Carlyle (having taken a lease of it) went, along with his sister Mary, to reside there at Whitsuntide.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Crabb Robinson, one of the few Englishmen who at this time had some acquaintance with German literature.



to this "*bit hadding o' my ain, fra that*"<sup>1</sup> before late night. Since then my days have flowed along as quietly as heretofore ; after rather too large an allowance of idleness, I again betook me to my Book ; in which though making but sorry progress, I am *determined* to persevere to a conclusion in spite (to use the words of Landalls) "in spite of the Devil and all his Angels" (Bile included), who I cannot but suppose must naturally be rather anxious, for their own sake, to stop my progress. Of adventures with men or things I have had none worth mentioning : indeed often enough I visit not the town all day ; but turn my steps in the opposite direction towards the Frith, where I have already bathed four times, with great brevity ; and I hope more profit than pleasure. I wish to Heaven only, I were not such a blockhead, but could either write better at my task, or be satisfied with worse. In the meantime we must just do the best we can, boy.

. . . Tell my Mother that we will certainly come and see her, whether the *reek* is cured or not, though surely it would be no worse if it were. Tell her also that she *must* be prepared to spin socks at the Craig, otherwise things will not do. Meanwhile I am going to ask her for a box from Scotsbrig the first time Farries travels hither. For she must know our oatmeal went done last night, and there is nothing here of that sort to be compared with yours.

<sup>1</sup> "*Bit dwelling of my own, for all that.*"

. . . Jane sends her best regards to one and all: tell my Mother that she had actually made me a *waistcoat* (I have it on even now) during my absence, and the prettiest in my possession. Good-night, my dear Alick!—I am ever your affectionate Brother,

T. CARLYLE.

XIII.—To Dr. CARLYLE, Scotsbrig.

21 COMLEY BANK, 4th June 1827.

MY DEAR JACK— . . . Of my own history here since I wrote last I need mention only one or two particulars. Everything goes its course; I fight with dulness and bile in the forenoons as of old; I still walk forth diligently; talk *de omni scibili*, when I can find fit or unfit audience; and so live on in the old light-and-shadow fashion, much as you knew me before, only with rather more comfort and hope than with less. Jane too is well and good as ever; and within these few days has set to studying German *in earnest*. Mrs. Welsh is still with us; but about to depart, the pleasures of Edinburgh being indeed evidently exhausted for her at present. Our evening parties still continue their modest existence. . . .

Poor Wotton<sup>1</sup> has prospered but indifferently since I saw you; though daily on the anvil;

<sup>1</sup> The hero of the novel then in hand; "the work proved to be a dreary *zero*, and went wholly to the fire."—T. C., in an unpublished manuscript, written in 1869, intended for an introduction to the *Letters and Memorials* of Mrs. Carlyle.



the metal is too unmalleable, often indeed quite cold, and the arm and the hammer have so little pith! At present his further history is altogether stopped by a new enterprise. One day I resolutely buckled myself up, and set forth to the Parliament House, for the purpose of seeing our Reviewer.<sup>1</sup> The little jewel of Advocates was at his post; I accosted him, and with a little explanation, was cheerfully recognised. "The Article? Where is the Article?" seemed to be the gist of his talk to me; for he was to all appearance anxious that I would undertake the task of Germanising the public, and ready even to let me do it "*con amore*," so I did not treat the whole Earth not yet Germanised as a "parcel of blockheads;" which surely seemed a fair enough request. We walked on to his lodging together; discussing these matters. Two days after, having revolved the thing, I met him again, with notice that I would "undertake." The next Number of the *Review*, it appeared, was actually in the press, and to be printed off before the end of June; so that no large Article could find place there, till the succeeding quarter. However I engaged, as it were for paving the way, to give him in this present publication some little short paper; I think on the subject of Jean Paul, though that is not quite settled with myself yet: and thus, O Jack, thou see'st me busily occupied with a new trade! On the whole I am rather glad of this adventure; for

<sup>1</sup> Jeffrey.

I think it promises to be the means of a pleasant connection: certainly Jeffrey is by much the most lovable of all the literary men I have seen; and he seemed ready, nay, desirous, if time would but permit, to cultivate a further intimacy. We were to discourse together at large some day, he projected, at Craigcrook;<sup>1</sup> and I was to call on *him*, as (depend upon it) I had more time than he. *Es ist ein gutiges Wesen*. But enough of him for once.

To-day I had such a packet of letters all in a rush! A letter from Mrs. Montagu; and enclosed in the same frank, a sublime note from Edward Irving, full of praise and thanks expressed in the most wondrous dialect; and last, or rather first, for that was the paper we pounced on most eagerly, a dainty little letter from—Weimar! The good man has Knighted me too! Did you ever see so polite, true-hearted, altogether graceful a note? At the same time there is a naïve brevity in it which, in admiring, almost makes me laugh. Read and wonder. [Here followed a copy of Goethe's letter of 17th May.]

And now we are all impatient to know what that *paquet* that is coming "over Hamburg" will bring us. You shall know so soon as the new-made Knight or Baronet receives it. "With the truest wishes *recommending* myself!"

<sup>1</sup> Jeffrey's delightful summer home, "one of the prettiest places in the world." "Craigcrook was within a mile and a half on our own side of Edinburgh: always humanly *open* when one liked."—T. C., *MS.* 1869.

[Postscript by Mrs. Carlyle.]

BELOVED DOCTOR—Sir Thomas has left me but little space for a postscript, knowing that this was the *second* day of a nice plum-pudding and my condition of course such as to *you* I need not explain—very unfit for writing to any purpose. Why do you not keep your word with me? I have been long waiting the promised letter, but I suppose every time you take out your paper and pens, you bethink yourself of the furious quarrel about the roses, etc. etc., and resolve anew that you will have nothing to say to so cross-tempered a creature. But I am greatly improved in that item, as you will soon have an opportunity of convincing yourself,—so soon as this article is off *our* hands. Poor Wotton. Dear Wotton! He was growing such an angel of a Hero. But Sir Thomas has given me his hand that "*it shall be done.*" You will observe we are all getting titles now, my dear Moon.—Evermore yours, J. W. C.

XIV.—To ALEXANDER CARLYLE, Craigenputtock.

21 COMLEY BANK, Tuesday  
[20th June 1827].

MY DEAR ALICK—Not without some difficulty I have contrived to raise the wind; and here you have a receipt for another Hundred Pounds, which as I understand it, you have only to present at the office of the British Linen Company Bank, and indorse (I suppose with your own name, but they will direct you

at the Bank, for perhaps there is *no* indorsation needed), in order to get the cash paid down to you. . . . On the whole the place must before all things be *stocked*; so I think you ought to proceed forthwith to the outlay (in cattle, etc.) of this sum; at least so soon as you see any right opportunity at Bucklivie or elsewhere. . . .

If you want a little more money for that purpose, I think I can still command it even on the spur of the instant: but unless these hills be a better bargain than I wot of, you will not need *much* more, I think, immediately.

I grieve to think that the House must be standing untouched, and the season so rapidly hastening away. I am making what speed I can; and I think by the end of next week I shall be about ready for meeting you, perhaps shall have already met you. . . .

I reckon myself about half done with this *Jean Paul Friedrich Richter*; which I regret to say, pleases me only indifferently the length it is gone. So soon as it is done I shall have nothing more to detain me; unless perhaps the correcting of the *proofs*, which however can be sent after me. This is not to be the *great* "Article"; which does not follow till next Number of the *Review*. We had a call from Jeffrey the other day, in person; one of the daintiest little fellows in this country. I will describe him at large when we meet. . . .

Will you write to me as soon as possible, and at full length: we shall want much to hear



from you before setting out for the South; and much is to be considered which I have no time for considering. Employ your own head and hand, my good Alick, and get us nicely through these entanglements. I think there is no danger of our speculation [not] prospering. I often wish I were at the Craig even now; for living here, I do not think I shall ever be healthy. Perhaps I shall never be healthy anywhere; but at all events I will *try all things*; never cease "though I should go to Jerusalem seeking health, and die by the road!"<sup>1</sup>—Courage! Courage!—Present my best brotherly affection to Mary, of whom I hear so much good; write to me the first hour you have leisure "a broad letter."<sup>2</sup>—Believe me always, your true Brother, T. CARLYLE.

XV.—To ALEXANDER CARLYLE, Craigenputtock.

21 COMLEY BANK, *Tuesday*  
[26th June 1827].

MY DEAR ALICK—You must not quarrel with this shortest of letters, for I am in the heat of a hurry; and this writing is to let you know that, for some time at least, no more writing will be needed.

I have got done with my Article, which is to be printed, I believe, this week; Jane and I are going out to Haddington, to arrange with

<sup>1</sup> A phrase of his father's changed for the occasion.—See *Reminiscences*, i. 49.

<sup>2</sup> Broad letter, pronounced thus in Border ballads.



Donaldson<sup>1</sup> about *moncys* (at least that is my errand); and on Monday morning first (we come from Haddington in a day) we set out for Templand, and the Craig o' Putto.

I know not what sort of a shop you keep there; but Jane as well as I must come and see. Did they send you a *bed* up from Templand? If not, never mind; our stay (or rather *her* stay) must only be the shorter. Do not discompose yourselves about this invasion: who cannot take such as you have, should apply elsewhere. But, indeed, I doubt not, as in most other cases, everything will be far better than it seemed through the medium of timorous imagination. Where you are with those that *love you*, if you cannot put up with all mere *wants* of comfort, you must be a very odd fellow. . . .

But the cream of the matter is this. Can you send two horses (of almost any kind) over to Templand on Tuesday first (this day week)? If not send me *one* on Monday night, and I will come over with it myself next day. I know not whether Larry is with you, or how to do in the arrangement of the thing. But you will see how it stands, and to your direction I will leave it. *One* horse to Templand on Monday night to bring me; or *two* on Tuesday night to bring us both.—Templand is within three bowshots of the Cample bridge (farther *down* it is) on the road between Thornhill and Dumfries,—some furlong or two from it.

<sup>1</sup> A lawyer, the Welshes' man of business.

Dear Alick, excuse this incoherence, for you have *no* idea how I am beaten about at present by haste. My kindest love to Mary; who, I know, *ariejoices*<sup>1</sup> at the thought of seeing me again. Tell the good soul that her Sister is no Lioness, and will not eat her, but likes her very well.

Appoint our Uncle John to come up when you please, according to these "regulations." We go to Scotsbrig after leaving you; perhaps we may *come* and *go* for a time. My soul is longing for the Country and Larry. I have written to Jack that I am coming. Adieu, my dear Brother!—Ever yours, T. CARLYLE.

XVI.—To Dr. CARLYLE, Scotsbrig.

COMLEY BANK, *Monday night*  
[27th August 1827].

MY DEAR JACK— . . . Almost the only really good thing I have ever done in this world was the helping you forward to knowledge; which, believe me, you will yet find to be no worthless or sorrowful attainment; for however human nature may cavil and complain in its impatience, this culture is and continues the one greatest blessing which can fall to the lot of any man. Nay, I may say, if we speak of true culture, which, however, does not always dwell in colleges nor is always excluded from poor moorland huts, it is the *only* blessing which an immortal mortal would strive for.

<sup>1</sup> A Scotch preacher, in a sermon which Carlyle had heard, so pronounced *rejoices*.—M. C.

But I must pause. The tidings of Alick's intention<sup>1</sup> do not surprise me much, and certainly do not grieve me in any wise. If it make himself happier, it will make the whole arrangement lighter to us all. Jane, too, is very glad at it; for the difficulty of settling Alick's manner of existing in the house had not a little perplexed her. I shall expect to hear from him, and soon to see him.

Of our ownselves expect nothing strange. All is as it should be, at least as it was. Jeffrey has sent me a note requesting the *Opus Majus* by the middle of *next* month, and enclosing a draft of twenty guineas for the article on Richter. You may conceive whether I am in a hurry, for I have not yet put pen to paper! I have merely been reading Horn, somewhat of Fichte, Schelling, etc., and have not yet shaped the thing into any form. Jeffrey is to call here one of these days: I saw him at Craigcrook for a few minutes, and found the little fellow friendlier than ever. I have written the *Erwiederung* to Weimar,<sup>2</sup> and by this time I suppose it is in the middle of the German Ocean, if not already at Cuxhaven.—You see I am over with it! Excuse abruptness, error, and even stupidity.—I am ever your affectionate Brother,

T. CARLYLE.

<sup>1</sup> Of marriage.

<sup>2</sup> See *Correspondence between Goethe and Carlyle*, p. 13.

## XVII.—To Dr. CARLYLE, Craigenputtock.

COMLEY BANK, 5th September 1827.

MY DEAR JACK— . . . Since all matters look so towardly, I think certainly you ought to go, and look at this Munich,<sup>1</sup> and acquire this Surgical Knowledge, the want of which forms such a "bar of obstruction" to your contented settlement in this country. I myself am by no means blind to the advantages likely to result from such a journey; and though I doubt not you very greatly overrate them, perhaps after all they may more than repay you. For one thing, you will return home with another sort of reputation than you can look for at present: a Doctor all the way from Bavaria, *jette poudre aux yeux*; for most people are not so convinced as I that the great school for learning both Medicine and every other thing is the brain itself of the learner. Unspeakably the greatest advantage I anticipate for you is the intercourse you are likely to have with cultivated men, and the improvement in regard to polish of manners and what the Germans call *Welt*, which you are almost sure to derive from such a society as Eichthal's must be. He himself seems one of the best bred persons extant. By all means, therefore, bestir yourself, and set forth *getrosten Muthes*. . . .

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Carlyle had been invited by Baron D'Eichthal (uncle of Gustave and Adolph D'Eichthal, the young St. Simonians, of Paris), whose acquaintance he had made some time previously, to come to Munich.



Of course you will not come to Edinburgh till you come *for good*, that is, I mean on your way Munichward. You will need a suit of clothes, unless you should prefer employing a German *Schneider*; with various other *etceteras*, the preparation of which will consume some time. Meanwhile would it not be highly useful to lay about you for some statistical books and histories, and other representations of the country you are going to; that so you may not visit it an entire *novice*, but in some degree prepared to expect what you see? I would have some History of Germany by hook or by crook; though in your case, I confess, I know not directly how it might be come by. Perhaps even Coxe's *History of Austria* is not at Annan. Do what you can: the best can do no more.

There is one consideration which must not be kept so in the background, but brought forward to the front of the stage, and rigidly overhauled: I mean the consideration of what in the English language is called *Money*. Sorry am I that than at this moment I was hardly ever poorer. Jeffrey's draft I have not yet discovered the proper bank for, that circumstance being omitted in the letter, and he himself having never showed face since. Were it not for that body of reserve, I believe about *seven pounds sterling* would exhaust nearly all the house could muster! . . . Nevertheless, surely, Jack, thou shalt not be *fast* among us all for such a sum as this. Tell me, after due com-



putation, how it all stands; and the sum must be raised one way or other. . . .

In fine, my dear Jack, I take my leave, in the deepest distress of body and mind because—tea is not yet come. Compose your agitated spirits, my dear Doil; and let me hear from you, with your first convenience.—Ever your faithful Brother,

T. CARLYLE.

XVIII.—TO ALEXANDER CARLYLE, Craigenputtock.

COMLEY BANK, 11th September 1827.

MY DEAR ALICK— . . . I suppose he [Jack] has mentioned to you that I had thoughts of starting as candidate for one of the London Professorships.<sup>1</sup> This must be kept among ourselves as much as may be; for it seems nearly certain that I shall actually make a trial; though the thing as yet is full of perplexity. *Rhetoric*, the class I once thought of applying for, has, I now find, as yet no existence; and I hang for the present divided between *English Literature* and *Moral Philosophy*; with a considerable leaning towards the latter. I wait for advice from Edward Irving, and Henry Duncan of Ruthwell, to both of whom I have written (Duncan's letter goes with yours), and both of whom know much more of the details than I do. For one or other of these classes, it is almost certain that I shall become a competitor.

<sup>1</sup> In the London University, recently established by Brougham and other Liberals who were now seeking for Professors.

Jeffrey, whom I talked with at large of the matter, seems to augur rather favourably of my success in Moral Philosophy: both Jane and I dined with him at a country place of his called Craigcrook last night, and had a really pleasant five hours of it in such fine society. Jeffrey evidently has a high opinion of me, and even seems to like me well; though he thinks I am a little extravagant or so; or, as he calls it, "too German." We shall see what comes of this; it is all to be settled in November.

If I go to London, the mansion of Craigenputtock and its silent moors are likely to see much less of us; only, at most, some two months yearly. On this, however, it were very rash to calculate at present; for that I shall *not* go is certainly by much the likelier issue of the business: indeed, the good and evil of the two are so very nearly balanced, that I really care very little whether I go or not: on healthier days, I am clear for going, and teaching all the Earth to be wise; but again on bilious days I care not one straw what becomes of it; for I think that in the wilderness of Craigenputtock I should be stronger in body, and I feel that the thing which lies in me *will* be spoken out, go whither I may. Surely, surely, it were good for a man to have some anchorage deeper than the quicksands of this world; for these drift to and fro so as to baffle all conjecture! We will leave the issue, as should ever be done, with the higher powers.

Meanwhile you do well to get forward with

that House on the Moor; and glad am I that the ticklish part of it has been got so softly over. It will be a home for us at least in all weathers, and a kind of grim stronghold, betide what may. I long to hear how it is all going on; how your crop stands these rough winds, what hay you have collected, how your peats have proved, and all other *etceteras*. Jean, I suppose, is with you by this time, and, as I suppose further, heartily satisfied with the Pleasures of Solitude, which thereabouts can be so plentifully commanded. My best love to her, and hopes of seeing her here ere long. . . .

Jack speaks of your coming in October by Langholm, and bringing Jean and our Mother with you. Do! Do! Our good Mother *must* see Edinburgh, and when can she do it so well? Of course you will *warn* us duly. Write if you have any leisure, though there should be "nothing" to say. Good-night, my dear Brother!—I am ever yours, T. CARLYLE.

XIX.—To his MOTHER, Scotsbrig.

21 COMLEY BANK, 20th October  
(Saturday) [1827].

MY OWN DEAR MOTHER—I know not that my month is yet expired, or you [are] expecting to hear from me: but I am well assured that you will be glad of this letter; for it brings you welcome news. Jack is arrived in Holland; has the dangers of the German Ocean behind him, and his broad foot on the fog<sup>1</sup> once more!

<sup>1</sup> Heath.

I had a letter from him two hours ago, which has travelled with, to me, an almost inconceivable rapidity, having been written in Rotterdam, only last Tuesday morning. The Doctor, it appears, had a roughish passage; was becalmed in the Frith here, lay four and twenty hours at anchor in Yarmouth Roads, and then was blown with a vengeance right over to Holland. On Saturday morning (only this day week), he saw the Dutch coast, "like whin-bushes rising over the edge of the sea"; then a pilot came on board, with a *petticoat* on, a little squat fellow, whose "voice was like lead-drops falling on a dry *wecht*";<sup>1</sup> and he, with his petticoat and *six* pairs of trousers beneath it, led them all safe into Rotterdam harbour on Monday morning. Doubtless I was very glad myself to hear of all this: for though I believe there was no special danger, I was not without my own anxiety.

I know not whether Alick told you that on board the packet Jack had met with an old class-fellow on his way to France, one Dr. Laing from this neighbourhood. They two were to set out on foot together as far as Leyden, where the Doctor expected to get *steam* to convey him on to Cologne, the regular boats from Rotterdam thither being all engaged for a week by the Queen of Wirtemberg and her train. I calculate that the Doctor is already far on his journey; and enjoying himself not a

<sup>1</sup> A farm implement made of dried *pell*, used for carrying grain; not unlike a large tambourine.—M. C.



little by the way : he was well furnished with letters of Introduction to people of consideration and kind feeling ; so that for the present we may dismiss him, with the hope, grounded on all sorts of probability, that he is well and doing well. He did not fail to send his most affectionate remembrances to all and every one of you. In a day or so I must write to him ; that a letter of welcome may be waiting for him at Munich when he arrives. . . .

I had some expectation myself of seeing you shortly ; but that is passed away now. Brougham is gone from Penrith to London ; and Jeffrey writes to me that he could get no certainty out of him about this Professorship ; on which, indeed, he did not like to press him, till Brougham should have seen more of my writings. I have accordingly sent off to him last night my last long Paper, which is to come out in the next *Edinburgh Review* ; but what effect it may have on the result of this business may still seem very uncertain. Jeffrey appears to think that for the present *no one* will be appointed ; but that the thing will be left open for months, perhaps for years, to take what turn circumstances may give it. I myself am half inclined to think so too ; and certainly it seems as if I had no right to put any great faith in it as it now looks. There is one great thing in my favour, however : I positively know not yet whether I should wish it or not wish it ! This is the simple truth ; so that equanimity



regarding it is easily enough preserved. But in two days I expect to see Jeffrey, who returns from Harrowgate to-morrow, and he will tell me more.

Meanwhile I am going to begin another *Paper* for a new London Review, also on a German subject; and after that, I purpose writing another on some Italian subject for Jeffrey. Money will come in, in this way, and my mind will be more and more spoken out. It is surprising to see how much stir these bits of writing cause here in Edinburgh: the people seem to think that I am a genius perhaps, but of what sort Heaven only knows. They will learn better by and by, if I be spared among them, either at Craigenputtock or anywhere above ground. In the meantime I am content enough; certainly no worse in health since you saw me; but on the contrary sometimes of opinion that I shall in the end get *quite well*; a result which I anticipate the more, the less I really care about its happening. O my dear Mother! it is not a healthy body that is the best, but a healthy soul: this I hope I more and more see into. Have we not all our crosses, each his burden in this pilgrimage; and is not the best blessing his who bears it most wisely? Often the whole thing seems to me a cloud and air-image, which in the eye of our immortal spirit will melt into nothingness, like the morning shadows before the Sun!

I am truly concerned to learn that you are

not all so well as you should be at Scotsbrig. Alick tells me that your foot is better, and that Mag is quite recovered: but how is my Father? Will you beg him or Jamie to take the pen and let me know, never so shortly, how it stands with him? This foggy weather too is doubly ill for rheumatism; and doubly vexatious for one that has still *stuff* out, which, however, I hope is not your case. I must again entreat some of you to write.

And now when are we to see you and Jean? My coming down has become uncertain, and at all events distant by several weeks: but why should you wait for me; why not step into the Coach yourselves, and I will wait for you *any* afternoon, at the Coach-office, and show you all the wonders? We have really set our hearts upon your all coming hither; and for us, the sooner the better. I wish much you could tell us something definite about it soon. On the whole, I almost fear you will be for waiting till I come down to Puttock, to see about the "house and cow's grass"<sup>1</sup> there. This cannot be for six weeks, and then it will be winter. I think I must send Alick to stir you up: I am to write to him on Wednesday, last week being barren of news.—I send my best affection to every one of the good souls at Scotsbrig: forget not to insist on my request to my Father. And why should not Jean write? Tell her that *we* will take it very handsome if she do. Does

<sup>1</sup> A common addition to the wages of farm-servants, especially shepherds, in Scotland.—M. C.

Jenny bring home her medals yet? Does Mag keep well?—I am ever and always (my dear Mother) your affectionate Son,

T. CARLYLE.

. . . Jane gave me a *ring* on the anniversary of our marriage-day; which you will see on my little finger; and truly well it looks!

XX.—To Dr. CARLYLE, Munich.

EDINBURGH, 25th October 1827.

MY DEAR JACK—I begin at the very top of this long sheet, being minded to write to you at large. Your most welcome letter found us last Saturday morning; sooner than was confidently expected, and the more pleasant that it came rather unexpected. Some "Mr. Bright" had benevolently franked it too; so that we could hardly look upon the thing otherwise than as a voice from some kind Genius, bidding us be at peace, and no longer heed the roaring of the elements, for that the good Doctor was already on shore. I sent off word instantly to Scotsbrig, and yesterday to Craigenputtock: we are all much lightened in spirit; for to have had so much honesty, love, and physic and logic drowned on the Dogger Bank would have been a thing never to be got over. Seriously let us be thankful in heart, and hope better and better; for much good have we seen in the land of the living.

I am trying sometimes to follow you with my imagination, up the fair *Rheingau*, and through the *Krönungsstadt*, on to your home in München;

but it will not do ; for all that region is to me unpeopled space. Where art thou, Jack, this very night ? Surrounded by what aproned *Kellners*, or well-booted *Schwagers*, or whiskered *Mautbeamters*, or other men of strange speech, art thou living and looking even now while I write ? Heaven guide thee, my dear Jack ; and bring thee safe to Munich and safe back to us ! My duty in the meanwhile is to write a full narrative in due season, and to hope that it may be lying ready for thy arrival in that temporary home, and all that is wanting for the present to content thee there. . . .

From Scotsbrig no letters ; but yet a token, worthy of all acceptance, a firkin of special butter. . . . I could have liked well to hear how our Father was ; for it seems his rheumatism, which had been almost removed, had again returned upon him ; and . . . he was nearly confined to the house. In his agricultural anxiety, he had ventured out among the damp stubbles too early. I hope and believe that he is better, at least no worse, or they would have written to me ; for I particularly pressed it. The rest were all got well again : the shearing done, great part *in*, and all things moving on, though with many joltings, as they usually do. I suspect you will hear little of Scotsbrig except through me ; for they are lazy penmen. What I can learn I will send.

But I am forgetting that you want to know about the Professorship, and are yet ignorant



of its having come to nothing, or at least having been removed to an uncertain and uninteresting distance. I heard nothing of the matter for two weeks, and not then till I had applied by letter to my kind little spokesman Jeffrey. He wrote to me by return of Post that Brougham was already gone to London; and that when he saw him, the "Politician" fought extremely shy; seemed alarmed somewhat at my exotic predilections; and withal of opinion that it might be judicious to postpone the appointment of Moral Philosophy altogether, till the Institution had taken root on the more fertile soil of Medical and other practical Science. He said, however, that further than "speak of me some half dozen times to Brougham," he could not press the business; my last Paper on "German Literature" not being in readiness for inspection. This he advised me to procure from M'Cork,<sup>1</sup> and send off to Brougham; to whom in the meanwhile he himself would write. The *Article*, which has been printed with scarcely any alteration, I accordingly sent off; but no answer can yet be expected; nor has Jeffrey anything new to say on the affair; for I saw him to-day, and walked from the Dukedom<sup>2</sup> to the City with him, discoursing of various matters in the most edifying way.<sup>3</sup> I myself believe that no appointment whatever to that Chair will take place for some time,

<sup>1</sup> M'Corkindale, the printer.    <sup>2</sup> Otherwise, *Craigcrook*.

<sup>3</sup> The remainder of this paragraph is printed in Froude's *Life*, i. 413.



perhaps for some considerable time ; and that in the meanwhile Brougham will keep his eye on me, and if he finds that I prosper, may apply to me ; if not, will leave me standing. At all events, the thing is right : I am before these people in some shape, perhaps as near my real one as I could expect ; and if they want nothing with me, the "Devil b' in me," as daft Wull said, "if I want anything with *them* either." I am still as undetermined as ever, whether even their acceptance of me would be for my good or not.

Meanwhile I am beginning (purpose seriously beginning to-morrow) an Article on *Zacharias Werner*, for the *Foreign Quarterly Review* ; concerning which I have had another application from a dirty Cockney, one of the publishing Booksellers, whom Tait sent hither. They have "gat," he says, "s'ch a *fellenx* of talent" ; and partly expect an "Article" even from "GUTTA"!<sup>1</sup> Jane and I laughed outright at him.—I design afterwards, if Jeffrey is willing, to give a Discourse on Tasso, as I proposed ; after which I daresay I shall have to visit Craigenputtock for a day or two ; and farther than this, my view extends not into the Future with any certainty.

For the present there is no change in our position, except such as the course of the Earth round the Sun produces, in the shape of horrid deluges of rain. Jane, poor wee thing, is not got well yet, though I think she is a little better.

<sup>1</sup> Goethe.

In Science, Art, Politics and Manufactures there is nothing singular; except perhaps that "Professor" Macculloch has been presented with the freedom of the Burgh of Dumfries. . . .

Becker sometimes comes hither, and seems to have far more to say than he can find words for. No bad youth, I believe; but, as Packman Saunders said of the London people, "*terribly aff for a langitch!*" Mitchell also we see: he is just finishing his *Geography*, a laborious bead-roll, which I wonder that he has had patience to go through so honestly. Williams, he says, is writing a History of Alexander the Great! John Wilson has not been down to us; nor though he volunteered a fresh promise when I saw him last, do I very confidently expect him. I suspect he feels a sort of division from me: for hitherto at least I am an honest "striver after the *Idea*," and he has in a great measure renounced it, and between *Blackwood* and the Scotch Kirk-session, has almost degenerated into Fichte's "Mongrel." Walter Scott again is no mongrel, but a sufficient "hodman"; and his hod indeed is filled with good ginger-bread and "*black-man*"<sup>1</sup> to satisfy a hungry and discerning public. May Heaven be merciful to us all; for Matter presses down Mind in the most lamentable fashion; and the poor Sons of Dust hardly know in these times to what hand to turn them!

Now, Brother Jack, it cannot be doubtful to

<sup>1</sup> A coarse kind of toffy made of treacle.—M. C.

thy mind, that if thou hadst desire for a letter to Munich, we may naturally have much more for one from it. How many hundred thousand questions could we ask already and you answer! How fared you on your journey; how found you the Baron and the Fräulein; and did their welcome prove what you expected? Present our regards to the worthy gentleman; and say that if there be aught he would have us do, it will be a kindness to mention it.—Have you yet found any comfort in speaking German? Did you see Schlegel, and find him a “puppy”? Is Schelling at Munich, and accessible? Are you like to be happy there? If not, bolt, and come home to us again! There are “meat, clothes and fire” to be had in old Scotland yet, for all fencible men. In short, Jack, no body of news, no largeness of paper, or smallness of type will entirely content us.

Jane’s best affection accompanies mine: she has missed her Review; and says you will bring it back to her. Alison<sup>1</sup> herself shed warm tears that day you went off; she evidently has a secret respect for her Physician, though she admits that in *orderliness* he is inferior to “the master”;<sup>2</sup> which latter, for instance, always gives his coat “some kind of fold” when he lays it off, while the former often leaves his “like—fishguts”! This *Kraftspruch* of the fishguts must be forgiven her; it was worthy

<sup>1</sup> The maid-servant.

<sup>2</sup> This spirit of “orderliness,” inherited and learned from his mother, was characteristic of Carlyle to his latest days.

of Annandale itself.—In conclusion, dear Jack, think often or rather always of us, and repay our love with love. Study, like a man of true head and true heart: you have much to learn, but will learn it all. Endeavour to see Germany and German men as they are; and learn by whatever good is to be found amongst them. *Geradheit, Urtheil und Verträglichkeit!*<sup>1</sup> were my last direction to you, on that *wae* enough day. They will carry a man far either here or there.—Good-night, my poor old Tongleg! Love me always, as I on my side am always—  
Thy true Brother, T. CARLYLE.

XXI.—To ALEXANDER CARLYLE, Craigenputtock.

21 COMLEY BANK, 30th October 1827.

MY DEAR ALICK—I received your Letter this morning, and must not disappoint you of an answer, though it be a brief one. I am as usual in violent haste, being busied with that scribble for the London people, and in some danger of being belated.

To proceed to business then. Jane and I are of opinion that if the floor of that little backroom, which is or was to be yours, be considered sufficient as it now stands flagged, you should let it stand so: but if, as we partly suppose, the flags of it are all broken, and it will require to be renewed at any rate, then we think, considering the small difference of price, a

<sup>1</sup> Integrity, decision, and compatibility.



*wooden floor* will be decidedly preferable. With regard again to the mantel-piece of the room which is now kitchen and is to be dining-room, I recollect speaking once to our Uncle on the subject ; and if I mistake not, he said that a mantel-piece of black marble might, in his opinion, if cunningly bought, be procured for some five pounds. If he can get such a thing anywhere about that price, by all means take it. If it cannot be got for *six* pounds, on the other hand, we think it would hardly be worth while. Tell our worthy Architect this ; and do you and he exercise your best judgment on the matter. As to the width and other dimensions of the thing, our Uncle will just follow the common standard ; for the grate to go there is yet to purchase (a sort of polished-bar grate, I expect, with hobs) ; the grates we have here being destined, the larger one for the drawing-room, and the smaller for the Library. The larger is the one you saw with fire in it ; the smaller at present stands upstairs.

. . . This is all I can think of about that House in the Moor, at present ; only further, with repetition and re-repetition, will you beg the Architect to look strictly on all hands against my two old enemies, Reek and Damp ! I hope the new kitchen does not smoke : if it do, it must be cured, can man's wit do it. Are they putting up the *spout* this winter ? I think the sooner the better. And trying, if possible, to regulate that foundation, which must somehow or other



be prolonged a few inches deeper into the ground? But enough for once!

What a hubbub and a hurlyburly you must all be in, and poor Mary lying ill of cold! I hope the poor lassie is better, or even well. *Salts* are the best recipe; and care against wet feet. She must not get sick over winter in that wilderness.—Have you got any new light on the *road*? By all means, make every effort: it is indeed an indispensable business.—In fine, let us hope that this Craig will repay us all for the trouble we are at with it; and be a sort of covert from the rude weather, let it blow from what point it will! Were we once there and settled! For change, of any sort, totally deranges one: be the place and the state what it may, if the wise man is once there and fixed, he will fit it to him or himself to it; but of this wayfaring work comes no good.

I wish you could have written to me that our Father is recovered: I have my own doubts; and long for some word, which however, so stingy are the Scotsbrig penmen, I have little hope of getting except through you. Write to me the moment you can learn.—It was a relief to me to learn that your crop was under thatch: in my ignorance, I was pitying you and Scotsbrig in that spongy weather, which is now, however, as good as gone, I hope.

We are glad to hear that R. saw the Craig, and think it a favourable circumstance. Jane thinks she must be a "bit of a flirt (coquette) that R."; and advises you, as the *best* remedy,

to stand *aloof* rather, and let her *be* for a time. I rather believe this a wholesome advice ; and worthy of attention, coming from so experienced a source. One way or other, I trust, all will be well. So be it !

I have written an immense letter to the Doctor : by this time it is on the German Ocean I suppose ; an answer may be back in three weeks or so, not sooner.—Not another syllable about London : I saw Jeffrey at large ; and he thinks with me that it may stand over for a good while.—You will write soon ?—Jane's best regards to you and Mary.—I am ever your Brother,

T. CARLYLE.

XXII.—To Miss JANE CARLYLE, Scotsbrig.

COMLEY BANK, 15th November 1827.

MY DEAR JANE—I will not keep you another day in suspense ; being indeed well aware that you have been kept too long so already. To tell you the truth there was a letter as good as ready for you last night, chiefly from the pen of your Sister ; but by some malarrangement it was not sent ; and now I think it may be as well for me to write myself. If *she* have leisure, I suppose she will add a postscript.

In the first place, however, thank Sister Mag very particularly in my name, for her share in concocting that Letter ; which really might be called a labour of love between you, to relieve me from a multitude of anxieties. Alick, poor fellow, had made what inquiries he possibly could at Dum-

fries, and sent me the result ; but little was to be gathered from them ; and the state of our Father's health might still have been uncertain to me. Alick thinks, as I do, that it is a "black burning shame" no one of the Scotsbrig people will undertake to write regularly ; but I hope that now, a beginning being made, there will be no falling off, nay indeed that *Maister Cairlil*<sup>1</sup> himself will be aroused to a sense of his duty, and join his Sisters in so good and brotherly a work.

As to thy own little self, we are perfectly of opinion that it is every way advisable to put an end to *talking* about this journey, and now in Heaven's name to get it *done*. There is nothing in the world to hinder such a shifty little *Craw* to travel twenty times as far ; and help herself through twenty times greater difficulties. Come, then ; set about it, and let us see thee here in a few days ! Tell my Mother that I do think she must not stand in your way ; but if she will not come herself at present, no longer hinder you from coming. Nay tell her I have sometimes been of opinion that it might even be *better* if you were here some little while before her, and so partly knew Edinburgh when *she* arrived in it. At all events there is not a particle of risk, come when you will. . . .

Tell us what day you are coming then ; and come speedily and safely, and be happy beside us.—Poor soul ! It is needless "dashing

<sup>1</sup> His brother James.

the cup of fame from thy brow," as Tommy Bell said : otherwise I could predict to thee that Edinburgh is not half so grand a place as thou supposest ; and Number 21 will be found to be like all other numbers and tenements on this lower Earth, at best a mixed place you know not rightly whether good or ill. Nevertheless come and try it, my little Jean, and we will be as good to thee as we can. Thou wilt learn something ; and if thou do not like it, good old Annandale is still behind thee.

Tell my Mother that I am very busy, and as well as usual, or perhaps better. I will write to her specially, the day after you arrive ! There is no word of news from Jack ; indeed I do not expect any for perhaps a fortnight : *my* letter will be just in his hands about this very time. The only dangerous or indeed unpleasant part of his journey was over at Rotterdam.—I am coming down by and by (though it must be some weeks first) ; and then *to a certainty* I will fetch my Mother up, and my Father too (or at least *he* will come himself, and fetch *her* home again !) and show them all the wonders. . . . Bring me special word how my Father is : I have a capital pair of gloves lying for him, if I knew how to send them. Does Jenny still keep her medals ? Tell her that I still love her, and hope to find her a good lassie, and to do her good. But I have left Jane no room. Good-night, my dear Poetess !—I am ever thy Brother,

T. CARLYLE.



[Postscript by Mrs. Carlyle.]

MY DEAR JANE—I find Mr. Thomas has left me nothing to say except merely to add my supplication to his, that you will *come* without more ado. There is nothing in the world to hinder you; and you have already been kept too long in expectation. My only fear is that the hopes you have all this while been pleasing yourself with, will hardly be realised, for I do not recollect that any hope of *mine* ever was to the full extent, but *you* perhaps will be more fortunate. Any way you are sure of one thing—the heartiest welcome. My kind regards to your Father and Mother and all the rest. Tell them we will take the best care of you, so they need not fear to let you.—Your affectionate  
JANE WELSH [*sic*].

XXIII.—To Mr. JAMES JOHNSTONE, Grammar School, Haddington.

21 COMLEY BANK, *Monday*  
[19th November 1827].

MY DEAR JOHNSTONE—Alison Greave, our worthy maid-servant, is leaving us (in bad health), and so affords me a hurried opportunity of writing you a line, which otherwise were not by any means worth postage.—I promised to send you word about that London Professorship; and truly I should have done so, had there been any word to send. There was not, there still is not; except that from the general aspect of the case I augur with considerable certainty that,



for me at least, *nothing will come of it*. Jeffrey supports me warmly; but Brougham, it would appear, fights shy: delays have intervened; they feel it to be "a most important Chair," and are "alarmed at my German predilections," and in short know not rightly what to make of me. Last time I saw Jeffrey, they were busy following out some quest of Dugald Stewart's; that is, inquiring after some *Frenchman* or other whom Dugald had recommended, and who I suspect must be a certain M. Cousin<sup>1</sup> that takes all opportunity of lauding Dugald. They wished to see whether he could speak any English; truly an essential point.—But on the whole, for many weeks the thing has died out of our thoughts: and the truth of the matter is and was, if they should appoint me to-morrow, I should not know positively whether to laugh or weep. Meanwhile I am not a Candidate and yet before them; entitled also to *refuse*, if I think good and have occasion: on which footing I am content enough that the business should continue to rest. I myself am of opinion that *nothing* will be done for a good while; and for *me*, most probably nothing at any time.

I wish we had you here at present: for I am to be idle by to-morrow afternoon, and have a day or two of relaxation; having been busy for several weeks.—There is a paper of mine in the next *Edinburgh Review*, which is all printed, and will be out in a day or two.<sup>2</sup> I propose now

<sup>1</sup> Victor Cousin (born 1792, died 1867).

<sup>2</sup> *The State of German Literature.*

to quit the "German line" for a while, and try something else.

John wrote to you before he went away. Yesterday we had the *first* letter from Munich, where the poor Doctor arrived in safety about the first of November; and seems wonderstruck and thunderstruck with the novelty of his situation. He had talked one hour with Schlegel, seen the steeple of Frankfort; and, in a word, scarce knew *what end of him was uppermost* for very confusion. By degrees the wool-gathering wits will rally round their old flag, and the Doctor write to us in peace and composure.

How are you and my Cousin, your wife? Will you send us word; or shall we not see you soon? O poor life, where sixteen miles divide as effectually as the Atlantic Ocean! Good-night, my old Friend! Do not forget me, and the wayfarings of *Langsyne*!—I am  
[ever yours],  
T. CARLYLE.

(The *pen* is very condemnable.)

XXIV.—TO ALEXANDER CARLYLE, Craigenputtock.

21 COMLEY BANK, 26th November 1827.

MY DEAR ALICK— . . . During the late frost, I very much regretted that you had not taken this Great-coat down with you. I have very seldom had it on since you were here; it being out of date for street wear: besides at present the tailor is making me a new one. I design shortly, if I have no other opportunity, to send this old servant down by the Carrier. I

will direct it to our Uncle John's, probably in some sort of box or gray-paper parcel ; and if I can manage adroitly enough, you may have it in this way about to-morrow week. It will serve you many a day as well as a better ; and for me, at least in this city, it is well-nigh useless.—I have long forgotten to tell you to call at Johnstone the Bookseller's, and order, for my Mother, a certain Religious Magazine (called the "Monitor" or some such thing), which you will easily discriminate by this circumstance, that it is published *monthly*, and costs one shilling per Number. Jack and I tried to get it here, but could find no way of having it conveyed to Ecclefechan. Will you see after it ; and pay *six months* of it in advance, and direct him to give it regularly to Nottman ?<sup>1</sup> I think it may prove serviceable at Scotsbrig, and it costs but little. Do not forget ; for I have already forgotten too long. . . .

Can you tell me precisely when is [the] rent-day ? Now, or at Candlemas ? For we wish to be particular ; standing on so curious a footing as we do. Has Blacklock come for his money yet ? If a loan of twenty or thirty pounds, or even of a far larger sum (for we have now money, like Schmelzle and his wife), would be of benefit to you, it can be had without any trouble ; so you can let me know. Of course *I* will pay this rent ; for you will have other outlets for yours among Masons, etc. etc., and this perhaps before I see you.—

<sup>1</sup> The Carrier from Dumfries to Ecclefechan.

On the whole it is a most comfortable fact for me to find that, sick as I am, and indisposed to insinuate myself anywhere, I can still *live*, independent of all persons whatsoever. At the Craig, if we stick together as we have done, we may fairly bid defiance to the Constable. Praised be Heaven! For of all curses, that of being baited for debt, or even frightened for falling into it, is surely the bitterest.—If you see the last *Edinburgh Review* you may read my Article in it, on the "State of German Literature," some time when you have opportunity. The people here seem to think abundantly well of it: I am in fact becoming a sort of *Literary Man* like my neighbours, and the people wonder at me more than enough. Jeffrey I saw two days ago; I fear the little fellow is losing his health.—Another long *paper* I sent away last night to London, where they seem waiting for it with anxiety: and already I am making preparations for a third (not on a German but on an Italian subject) for the next *Edinburgh Review*. By the blessing of Heaven two good things shall happen: I will get my mind spoken out, and have a trade to follow in this Earth like others! Never fear, my good Alick! Long it is since I have known that life for one man is just like what it is to another; and that neither height nor depth, nor principalities nor powers, nor what is more than all—the extremity of biliousness—shall part a wise man from his purposes of wisdom.—Ever your Brother

T. CARLYLE.



Remember me to the good little *Missus*;<sup>1</sup> and tell her to keep good fires, and beware of sore throats on that wild wintry moor. You will write when the Great-coat comes? I have a thousand things to ask; but you will answer the best of them unasked.—Did you ever see Galloway, the logical Mathematician of Fife? He is here in bad health, poor fellow, and without a situation. A very *raised*<sup>2</sup> man!—Jane's best love to you and Sister Marry.

XXV.—To ALEXANDER CARLYLE, Craigenputtock.

COMLEY BANK, 12th December 1827.

. . . With a happy surprise, our Mother and Jane popped in here upon us last Wednesday night! They stood their journey well, and are doing well; only that the boisterous weather is against seeing sights, and my feebleness<sup>3</sup> prevents me somewhat from officiating as Guide. Nevertheless to-day I had them in the Castle, etc.; and by degrees, I suppose we shall get the whole city mastered. They tell us that all is well at Scotsbrig, only our Father still a little weak. . . .

All good wishes to you and your little *Missus* from all and sundry here assembled! The whole three are sitting sewing in the most peaceful manner at my hand: our Mother has been reading the *Man of Feeling* and my last Paper (with great estimation) in the *Edin-*

<sup>1</sup> His sister Mary.

<sup>2</sup> *Raised*, excited to the verge of madness.

<sup>3</sup> From recent illness.



*burgh Review.* God bless you and poor wee Mary.—I am ever your affectionate Brother,  
THOMAS CARLYLE.

XXVI.—To his FATHER, Scotsbrig.<sup>1</sup>

21 COMLEY BANK, 22d December 1827.

MY DEAR FATHER—My Mother will not let me rest any longer till I write to you : she says it was promised that a letter should go off the very night Jane and she arrived ; and nevertheless it is a melancholy fact that above two weeks have elapsed since that event, and no better tidings been sent you than a word or two in the blank line of "The Courier." I would have written sooner had I been in right case ; or indeed had there been anything more to communicate than what so brief an announcement might convey as well as a much larger one.

The two Wayfarers did *not* find me waiting for them at the Coach that Wednesday evening : unhappily it was quite out of my power to keep that or any other appointment ; I had been seized about a week before with a most virulent sore throat, which not only detained me close prisoner in the house, but incapacitated me from speaking (except in a pitiful, humming, snivelling tone of voice), and for three days even from *swallowing*. . . . All that I could do, in these circumstances, was to send out a trusty substitute, a Mr. Gordon, who kindly undertook the office ; but he, mistaking

<sup>1</sup> Most of this letter is printed in Froude's *Life*, i. 416, 422.

one coach for another, went and waited at the *wrong* inn; so that our beloved Pilgrims were left to their own resources, and had to pilot their way hither under the guidance of the Porter who carried their box. This, however, they accomplished without difficulty or accident; and rejoiced us all by their safe and, in part at least, unexpected arrival.

Since then, all things have gone on prosperously: my sore throat has been slowly amending; so that, though still rather weak, I can now venture out (well wrapped up) at any hour, and am in all points about as well as when the thing began. Jane has been busy, and is still so, getting ready suitable apparel of bonnets and frocks: my Mother has heard Andrew Thomson (not much to her satisfaction, in his "braw kirk," since he "had to light *four* candles before ever he could strike"); she has also seen old Mrs. Hope,<sup>1</sup> the Castle of Edinburgh, the Martyrs' Graves, John Knox's House, and who knows how many other wonders; of which, I doubt not, she will give you a true and full description when she returns. As yet, however, the half has not been seen: the weather has been so stormy that travelling out was difficult; and I have been in no high condition for officiating as Guide. In stormy days, she *smokes* along with me, or sews wearing raiment, or reads the wonderful *Articles* of my writing in the *Edinburgh Review*. She has also had a glimpse of Francis Jeffrey, the great

<sup>1</sup> A Glasgow lady, who had lived at Ecclefechan.—M. C.

Critic and Advocate ; and a shake of the hand from a true German Doctor!<sup>1</sup>

Nevertheless she is extremely anxious about getting home ; and indeed fails no day to tell us several times that she ought to be off. "She is doing nothing," she says ; and "they'll a' be in a hubble of work " at home. I tell her that she was never idle for two weeks in her life before, and ought therefore to give it a fair trial ; that the "hubble " at home will all go on rightly enough in her absence ; that, in short, she should not go *this* year, but the next. So I am in hopes that we shall get her persuaded to stay where she is till after new-year's day, which is now only nine or ten days distant, and then we will let her go in peace. The two Janes and she are all out in the Town at present buying muslin for sundry necessary articles of dress, which we have persuaded the Mother to undertake the wearing of : these may keep her, I hope, in some sort of occupation ; for idle, I see, she cannot and will not be. We will warn you duly when you are to expect her.

Of news or speculations here, excepting these things, we are very nearly barren. I have not yet got my work resumed, but I am coming on towards that point. Meanwhile there has been a fresh enterprise started for me : no less than the attempt to be successor to Dr. Chalmers in the St. Andrews University ! He, Chalmers, is at present Professor of Moral Philosophy there, but is just about removing to Edinburgh,

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Becker.

to be Professor of Divinity : and I have been consulting with my Friends (Jeffrey and others) whether it would be prudent in me to offer myself as a Candidate for the vacant office. They all seem to think (sincerely) that if the Election proceeded on fair principles, I might have a chance of rather a good sort : but this proviso is only a doubtful one, the custom having long been to decide such things there by very *unfair* principles. As yet nothing is determined, but my Patrons are making inquiry to see how the land lies ; and some time next week we shall know what to do. Most part are inclined to think that I *ought* to try. At all events, if I do try, it will be several months before anything decisive is known. You shall hear regularly as the business proceeds. The London People, meantime, seem to be altogether at a stand.— John's *second* letter (from Munich) I have sent down to Sandy, wrapped in the heart of a great-coat, which I hope he has some time ago received from the Dumfries Carrier. By some opportunity or other, I think he will contrive to send you over the Doctor's Letter, that so you may see with your own eyes how it stands with him. He has been kindly received by the Baron, is living in a strange castle of a house, with marble-covered stoves, and heaps of strange servants, who however carefully respect *his* private apartment. The Doctor is confounded and astounded at the strangeness of everything : next time he writes (which should now be rather soon, for I answered his



letter almost three weeks ago) he will tell a straighter and clearer story.

I had no notion, till my Mother told us, how very ill you had been. I do hope and trust the disease has left you, or at least by care may be kept at bay. Doubtless you know by experience that cold in every shape, especially all manner of *wet*, must be carefully avoided. I trust you will soon be well enough for a journey hither; for *you* too, my dear Father, *must* see Edinburgh before we leave it. I have thoughts of *compelling* you to come with me when I come down. Meantime excuse this letter, so hasty and so *thin*; it is a poor return to *yours*, which I was more than usually glad to see after so long an interval.—I am ever your affectionate Son,

T. CARLYLE.

Mag and Jamie and Jenny are warmly saluted by one and all here assembled. Will Mag tell the woman of *the* Myer that her straw-bonnet arrived here without any damage, and was pronounced by judges to be one of the very *finest* that could be made *in* Leghorn or out of it? I got it deposited in the Highland Society's rooms by the *Laird* of the Isle of Harris, a leading man among them. I accompanied it with a proper narrative.<sup>1</sup> It seems there properly *is* no prize

<sup>1</sup> Mary Grahame, a worthy young woman living at Myer, not far from Scotsbrig, had made straw into bonnets in the way recommended by Cobbett in his *Cottage Economy*,—using *rye* instead of wheaten straw. A prize of £5 from the Highland Society enabled her to carry on this industry on which she subsists to this day (1887).—M. C.



offered except for Orkney : yet the great Laird thought something still might be done. Adieu !

XXVII.—TO ALEXANDER CARLYLE, Craigenputtock.

COMLEY BANK, *Tuesday*  
[29th January 1828].

MY DEAR ALICK— . . . Grievous is it for a man of spirit to be so poor as you are at this date : yet so long as the Constable is fairly excluded from us by solid smith-work, one ought in this world to be patient. I hope, another year, Craigenputtock will not be so hard run upon ; for, this time, it has had *more* than its due produce to yield. Meanwhile I have paid the half-year's *rent* ; and I must again repeat, that when you need more money, for *any* purpose that you reckon essential, you have only to let us know. . . .

We were thunderstruck to hear of that terrific visitation of smoke ! Gracious Powers, are we doomed then to the everlasting curse of choking atmosphere, and sulphurous vapours, which, it is taught in Scripture, are the portion of Devils only, not of still-living men ? I vow and swear that it is not so ; that free air is the birthright of every free man. This Kitchen-chimney *must be cured*, my dear Alick ; I say, *must* be, come of it what will. Surely we will try every expedient that man's wit can devise : old-wives' boxes, cans, contractions ; and if we cannot cure it, we will blow up the whole concern with gunpowder rather than leave it stewing there ; for *there*, as our Father says,

it *cannot* be.—I am much inclined to think with you that lengthening the chimney-head will be the only effectual cure: if so, do for Heaven's sake get it set about and tried: a cart-load or two of bricks will do the whole matter; and if it be still smouldering and fuming when I come down to stay with you, it will quite depress my weak heart, I fear, with anticipation of coming woes. Speak to our Uncle on the subject, with the tongue of an eloquent orator: tell him that we are *undone*, undone, if that reek continue! Let all the soothsayers and astrologers and smoke-doctors and cunning-men of every sort, therefore, turn out with one accord; and, through the strength of Heaven, allay this pest, and finally sweep and garnish that fireplace, and let us live in peace! . . .

XXVIII.—To Dr. CARLYLE, Munich.

COMLEY BANK, 1st February 1828.

MY DEAR JACK— . . . I have much to tell you about our proceedings here; so must avoid preambles. In the first place, I *was* very ill, the cold I last time spoke of having grown into a violent suppuration of the throat, and kept me for several days living “in an element of slime.” In the second place, Becker cured me, in the most cunning way, and I am now as well as ever. In the third place, I am at this moment a formal Candidate for the Professorship of Moral Philosophy in the College of St. Andrews; Chalmers, as you know, being

bound for Edinburgh! Is not this a novelty? A week ago I sent off my formal application (Jeffrey having previously written to smooth the way); and yesternight, as I compute, the Packet containing my Testimonials would reach Principal Nicol and the other Professor-Electors. Chalmers, it is said, lingers unaccountably in giving in his resignation; so that the matter may hang in the wind for many months; nevertheless, I have hopes that it may be in part decided before Whitsunday, which is all I want; and what is more, it seems even possible that it may be decided in my favour. At least I am recommended and witnessed for as few men can be: by Brewster, Leslie, Wilson, Procter, Irving, Dr. Irving,<sup>1</sup> Buller, Jeffrey, etc.; and all in such terms that if I cannot carry the place, I think it may seem vain to attempt carrying *any* such place by means of Testimonials to *merit* alone. The dear little "Duke"<sup>2</sup> (Jane says, she could *kiss* him) has written me a paper, which might of itself bring me any Professorship in the Island. Irving also spends *five* heroical pages on my merits; and Wilson says there is no man known to him fitter for the office. So what more can I do but let the matter take its course, and await the issue "with indescribable composure"?

<sup>1</sup> Author of many Legal works, also of the *Life and Writings of George Buchanan* (1807), *Lives of Scottish Writers* (1810), and of a *History of Scottish Poetry*, edited, after his death, by Dr. Carlyle (1861).

<sup>2</sup> Nickname of Jeffrey.—See *Reminiscences*, ii. 259.

The truth is, I hardly care sixpence myself which way it go: a *man*, if you give him meat and clothes, is or ought to be sufficient for himself in this world; and his culture is but beginning if he think that any outward influence, of person or thing, can either make him or mar him. If I do not go thither (which after all is very likely, for a certain Dr. Cook, an "old stager," talks of applying), why then, *I* shall not go, and *they* will not get me; and the Sun will rise and set, and the grass will grow, and I shall have eyes to see and ears to hear, notwithstanding. Do *all* that you can in honesty; and reckon the result *indubitable*; for the *inward* result will not fail, if rightly endeavoured after; and for the outward, *non flocci facias*, "do not value it a rush." Between writing Wotton Reinfred in the Dunscore Moors, and teaching Moral Philosophy at St. Andrews, I would not at this moment make a choice, but rather leave Destiny to make it for me.—I must not forget to say that I have written to Goethe also for a Testimonial; and may expect his answer in some two weeks. You and Dr. Boisserée were alluded to,<sup>1</sup> and much talk there was about the *Wanderjahre* and *Faust*.

In fact, dear Doctor, I cannot but think that you have lighted on your feet at Munich. So many kind and courteous acquaintances; such opportunities for scientific improvement,

<sup>1</sup> In the letter to Goethe.—See *Correspondence between Goethe and Carlyle*, p. 63.



and such a lordly world of Art laid open round you. Would I had Dr. Boisserée<sup>1</sup> for my Cicerone, and the King's Galleries for my place of study! Jane and I are actually talking of a visit to Germany for the study of music and painting (*artes perditæ* in this political and economical and man-of-business land), and of spending six months (in an excursion from the Craig) at Weimar itself! We *will* do it, if the Fates forbid not.—Your description of Schelling interested us much; and warmly do I commend your purpose of studying Philosophy under such a man. For Heaven's sake get some *real* knowledge of this high matter: be not disheartened with difficulties, for all things are possible to all men, if they but will them stoutly; and let us "wash away" the insipid *palabra* which for the present disgraces Britain in this matter. Have you heard of Cousin's *Fragmens Philosophiques*?—a pragmatistical creature, I fear, who arrogates to himself the opinions which he is hardly able even to *steal*. Stewart thinks him a high Philosopher, and he thinks Stewart the highest (it would seem): so of two tired *garrons*, grazing in the meadow, if the one scrape the other's neck with friendly tooth, the good turn will be repaid; and mutual solacement, and increase of mettle, for these generous draught-horses be the issue.—Tell us all about

<sup>1</sup> The eminent archæologist and art-collector Sulpice Boisserée, who sold his collection of pictures to King Ludwig of Bavaria, in 1827, and went to Munich to reside. Best known through Goethe's Correspondence with him.



Schelling, and Cornelius,<sup>1</sup> and all men that follow their course. Continue also to frequent, as you have means, the society of your Physicians, and other men of accomplishment ; and esteem this as among your richest fields for study, both in science and manners, though for the time it may not seem so. Send for money also, when you need it : meantime I will pay the Baron's Books, and you can settle with him, which may afford some interim "supply."

I must now descend, or perhaps you will call it mounting, to domestic news. Our Mother came hither, as you have partly understood, soon after my last letter went away : she durst not fully trust Jane by herself, so came and escorted her in person. She staid about four weeks ; then went home by Hawick,<sup>2</sup> pausing a few days there. She was in her usual health ; wondered much at Edinburgh, but did not seem to relish it excessively. I had her at the Pier of Leith, and showed her where your ship vanished ; and she looked over the blue waters, eastward, with wettish eyes, and asked the dumb Space, "*When* he would be back again ?" Good Mother ! But the time of her departure came on, and she left us stupefied by the magnitude of such an enterprise—as riding over eighty miles in the "Sir Walter Scott," without jumping out of the window, which I told her was the problem. Dear Mother ! Let us thank God that she is

<sup>1</sup> Cornelius, the painter.

<sup>2</sup> Her sister, Isabella Mackinnon, lived at Hawick.—M. C.

still here in the Earth, spared for us, and I hope, to see good! I would not exchange her for any ten mothers I have ever seen.—Jane (the less) she left behind her, to “improve her mind.” The creature seems to be doing very fairly, is well and contented. *My* Jane, I grieve to say, is yet far enough from well; but I hope much from Summer weather, and a smart pony in the South. She is not by any means an established *valetudinarian*; yet she seldom has a day of true health, and has not *gained* strength certainly since you left her.—Frank Dixon,<sup>1</sup> I heard incidentally, was at Brocketlees, and worse this winter than ever: Dr. Irving said he was really thought to be dying! Alas, my poor Frank! is *this* to be the end of it, thou weary and heavy-laden heart! I trust and pray, not so.—Edward Irving talks of coming hither, in General Assembly time, to preach every night, on the Prophecies! He is not mad; but neither surely does he speak forth the words of truth with soberness. . . . The rest of this *premit atra nox*. And now, my beloved Doctor, what remains but that I again impress on thee the necessity of writing soon, the distance being so great; and for the present take myself away, the hour of parting being again *come*. All blessings be with thee, my dear Jack: one true Friend thou must ever have in this world—Thy affectionate Brother,

THOMAS CARLYLE.

<sup>1</sup> See *Reminiscences*, ii. 62-67.

. . . We have had George Moir (of *Wallenstein*, *Thirty Years' War*, etc.) twice with us lately. He is a small clear man; but very modest and will learn much, being honest and open. Wilson we expect to breakfast on Sunday; a thing made of starlight and burning brandy—Heaven and ——.

XXIX.—To ALEXANDER CARLYLE, Craigenputtock.

21 COMLEY BANK, 19th February 1828.

MY DEAR ALICK— . . . I long to see you all and ascertain how you look. I hope you will not be so lonely another winter; for either you will have us with you, or a Wife, which last I take to be an excellent preservative against weariness. Perhaps you may have both. . . . Our Father spoke about coming up to see you, if he could ride so far: I pray you, encourage him by all means in your power. Alas! I meant to plant trees this very spring at the Craig o' Putto myself; and you see how it is: I am still here, and when I do arrive there will be nothing but plastering and pargetting, and all in a haste to be ready for Whitsunday.

For to the Craig at Whitsunday we will come; and for aught I can see may abide there. The St. Andrews Professorship, like Attila Schmelzle's,<sup>1</sup> seems a thing not to be counted on.

<sup>1</sup> The object of the hero in Jean Paul's *Schmelzle's Journey to Flätz*, translated in *Specimens of German Romance*, was to obtain "a Catechetical Professorship."

It is true I have sent off my Certificates ; and such certificates as might do one's heart good to look upon : but what then ? The probability is that they have other meal to grind than choose by certificates ; and so all the proofs you can give them of your deservings will be but as music to the deaf adder which refuses to hear the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely. We this morning got a letter from a Friend of Mrs. Welsh's, a person professedly intimate with the business and people of St. Andrews : he gives it as his clear opinion that the project is *up*, the man been pitched upon long before I made any application. This to Jane seems decisive : not in the least so to me ; though I must still think, as I before thought, that my chance is doubtful enough. The best part of it is that I am not conscious of caring three farthings which way it go. I think and believe that they *ought* to choose me, from the circumstances before them, if they do fairly ; and if they do unfairly, why in Heaven's name let it be so, and each party will bear his own loss. Here therefore it rests, and may do for many months. If I had Goethe's certificate<sup>1</sup> I would send it also, and then leave them to make a kirk and a mill of the whole matter.<sup>2</sup> The old Laureate did write me since I wrote ; but not in answer to my letter which he had not then got : he merely warned me that another packet of Books, etc., was on the way for me : owing

<sup>1</sup> See *Correspondence between Goethe and Carlyle*, p. 71.

<sup>2</sup> To do whatever they like with it.



to the bad weather, I do not look for it for several weeks. There are two *medals* in it which I am to present in his name to Sir Walter Scott! . . .

XXX.—To Dr. CARLYLE, Munich.

21 COMLEY BANK, 12th March 1828.

MY DEAR JACK—I have taken, as you see, an enormously long sheet, that so I may have space to write at pleasure; intending not to be concise but the very contrary. It is true, I sent you all our news, by Post, only a few days ago; but much *palabra* still remains at the bottom of my inkstand; and in the case of a ship-packet, one may speak freely. I have endeavoured also to forage for you in other quarters: letters from Murray and Gordon I expect this evening; one from William Graham with a Book is already lying on the table for you. Could I but have added a stock from Craigenputtock and Scotsbrig! But the good people there lie out of the way; so all that I can do is to inclose for you such fragments of their letters to me, as I can still find secreted about my pockets; whereby you may see that they are all moderately well, and nowise forgetful of Mr. Greatheart. I have scraped together four Dumfries Newspapers, and sundry smaller items may still present themselves; so that on the whole, I may hope this package will prove a windfall to you. A "collection of handbills," as Quintus Fixlein would say, must always be



very incomplete ; indeed I did not think of it till yesterday, and so have gathered only *one* ; otherwise the whole "picture of Edinburgh" might in this way have been very comfortably presented to you. . . . We have not the slightest particle of news here, since I wrote ; no further word of St. Andrews, except a report that it is not to be finally settled till November ; Dr. Chalmers, for reasons best known to himself, having declined resigning till then. I suppose they mean formally settled ; for finally settled it will be long before that time, nay as I believe, is very nearly so already. Dr. Cook will be Professor there, as will be both seen and heard tell of ; and I—shall be Professor nowhere. In fact, the people incline to reckon me a somewhat dubious character in these parts. One Brown, an Advocate, and Editor of the *Mercury* Newspaper, published a critique of me the other week, which I would give sixpence that I had here to send you, but I despatched it straightway to Scotsbrig. He says that I am, as it were, the most beautiful penny-candle you could see in a winter night, but that, unhappily, a "murky cloud of German Transcendentalism" is descending over me ; whereby what can tallow and wick avail, though never so goodly ? The light must go out in its socket ; and nothing remain but the *waily-dreg*<sup>1</sup> of the *Mercury* to illuminate the Earth. . . .

<sup>1</sup> Defective "*dip*" ; the last-made candle, thin and ill-shaped, which utilises the remaining tallow, was called, in Annandale, a *waily-dreg*.—M. C.

This night at Sir W. Hamilton's I reckoned on the whole a pleasant one. Moir was there ; a kind, lively, very ingenious *Small*, with whom I am growing very intimate ; De Quincey also, though in the *low* stage of his opium-regimen, and looking rather care-stricken ; then "Cyril Thornton" or "O'Doherty," Sir William's Brother,<sup>1</sup> an exceedingly gentle and wholesome man, and stuttering in his speech, who reminds you much of our East-Lothian Dickenson. The rest were German Tourists, and Editorial gentlemen ; and babes and sucklings. One was a son of Dr. Russel's, who had been [David] Aitken's pupil, and at Munich : he has since brought me down Jean Paul's *Campaner Thal*, and his own card. We sat till the small hours, and Sir William proved a modest and most courteous landlord : Cyril Thornton and I drank half a glass of Claret, and supped on one potato each. One "mealy root" ; and this without comment from any one, which I reckoned polite. Of talk there was no end ; and though much of it was of the smallest, it was innocent to a degree, and better perhaps than mere nothing. . . . On the whole, the literary society of Edinburgh may be about as good as any other literary society ; and here as well as there and everywhere it

<sup>1</sup> Captain Thomas Hamilton, who figures in the *Noctes Ambrosianae* as "O'Doherty," author of a novel, much praised, called *The Youth and Manhood of Cyril Thornton* (1828) ; perhaps better known by his clever, but offensive book, *Men and Manners in America*, published in 1833.

well beseems us to be "content with the day of small things."—Among our visitors I may mention a little *wizened* Captain Skinner, who produced a card from Goethe, "*Schönstens grüßend.*" Skinner turns out to be from Kirkcaldy, a lively harmless little man, and the best singer perhaps "within a hundred miles of him." He gave us *Kennst du das Land*, in a style which even at München must have been pronounced to be *herrlich* and *himmlisch*.—So goes it with us here; "much in the old way." . . .

With regard to Edinburgh, then, you see pretty well how matters stand. I must now for a moment or two direct your attention to Munich. That you will continue to keep the most copious *Journal* of your proceedings there I cannot for a moment doubt; no less that you will continue from time to time sending me sufficient news of your adventures outward and inward, that we may see how it fares with you, and has fared. Would I could send you some *geprüftes Wort* about the plan of conducting your investigations, and the points you should inquire into there! I can only again bid you in general *keep your eyes open*, and gather knowledge of men and things wherever it is to be had. Do you look at all into the political condition of Bavaria? Endeavour to ascertain this, as the basis of all other inquiries. How does the social machine work? Where is the security each man feels that no one will molest him or his rights? Inquire of well-informed men as to this, and all that pertains thereto. I

feel great dimness in regard to the History of Germany generally : I know no book but some one or two of Dohm's, and these only by report. Doubtless there are many persons in your *Umgebung* that can tell you all that ; which, therefore, mark down in your Journal, and your memory, for your letters must treat of more special matters. Then as to the Education of Germany, the plans of its Gymnasiums and Universities : I reckon that a great service might be done to Britain were this matter fully expounded and set before them. The manners of the people you naturally study ; and having a shrewd comprehension, will not fail to see a little into. I asked you somewhat about Books last time ; but will not enter into that matter further here ; unless you are very poor, I mean to say unless *I* am very poor, I will send you a sum to lay out for me in that way before you leave the country. . . .

How we are to be disposed of for next year is still as uncertain as ever. The plasterers have not done at Craigenputtock, it will be seen, perhaps not nearly so ; and the road is lying as we left it. For this year there will be many drawbacks at the Craig, and only one furtherance, the cheapness of living. Heaven direct us how to do ! For my own share I have long known that all places which the eye of Heaven visits are most respectable places : but we shall, as usual, *see* !—Perhaps I may write to you from Scotsbrig or the Craig, if there be any news. I am to be thereabouts



for perhaps two weeks; Jane meanwhile at Templand, where, I grieve to say, there is but a sad and sorrowing household at present. The old man is getting weaker; and poor dear little Auntie<sup>1</sup> has suffered and is suffering hard things. We are all alarmed for her of late; for she seems to be in the last stage of exhaustion, and afflicted with dreadful spasmodic affections. Good soul! But Heaven is merciful to her; for it sends her a humble and loving heart.—Jane I believe means to write you a word, and perhaps the *wee* Jane too. I also may add a word or two before the Packet goes off. At present my time and space are done. No syllable about these Books! I must up to Tait, and then to meet Graham at the Royal Exchange, and bring him down to dinner. All good be with you, my Brother! T. CARLYLE.

XXXI.—To his WIFE, Templand.

SCOTSBRIG, *Wednesday night* (10 o'clock)  
[25th March 1828].

MY DEAREST WIFE—I am just returned from Dumfries, where your melancholy letter lay waiting for me; and I write literally for no other purpose but to say where I am, and to beg of you to write me again. I could not find any corner of Dumfries that was not full of uproar; and had to retire *to the street*, not to send you a letter, but to consider whither I should betake myself for the night; a package

<sup>1</sup> Miss Jane Welsh.



of proof-sheets, parcel from Edinburgh, etc. etc., having also arrived, and requiring immediate attention. The result was that I determined on coming hither, and waiting till I should hear from you again, which I pray that I may do if possible by return of post, to regulate my further movements. Direct me how you wish that I should proceed; and if I can I will comply.

Poor Auntie! Poor dear gentle soul, and is it come to this with her! Till your letter reached me, I had never left off hoping; nay my hopes were stronger than my fears. Tell her that I weep for her, and pray for her; yes, pray, as I am enabled, to that great Being to whom the issues both of life and death equally belong. O Jane!—But what is the use of talking? May the Great God be merciful to her, and to us whom He is threatening to bereave of one so dear to us! Alas! alas! Life is but a Shadow and a Show. But the Substance and the Truth lies beyond it; and they that are of upright heart shall not long and hope in vain.

Mrs. Yorstoun of Hoddam died yesterday! To one's mind in this season, the world seems hung in sable; and Death is King of Life.

Write to me directly, Dearest; and compose thy poor fond heart; for the weak and strong alike must front the inevitable. Good-night, my own Jeannie, and God bless thee!—I am ever thy affectionate Husband,

THOMAS CARLYLE.

I would not trouble you with a word of business at such a time : yet if you could send me Alison Greave's address I would write to her. Some lady (from Preston-Kirk, I think) has written to you for a character of her ; and Jane wisely reckoning it a sign that Alison was in a hiring condition, has inserted the note among the *proofs*. Another long letter from Mrs. Richardson (sent down in like manner) I have not yet looked at. Again good-night ; and do not neglect to write—yet *not* on Thursday night if you have *no* time.

XXXII.—Miss JANE CARLYLE, Edinburgh.

SCOTSBRIG, *Sunday*

[30th March 1828].

DEAR LITTLE CRAW—I duly received your Munich Letter,<sup>1</sup> and your Proof-sheet Package, on two successive Wednesdays ; and had reason to approve your activity and sagacity in managing so many new concerns. . . .

We purposed, you know, to be back in a fortnight ; that is to-morrow. Yet back to-morrow we shall not be ; for all is in derangement about Templand, Jane cannot be wanted<sup>2</sup> there, and her engagements have hitherto cramped mine also. Poor Miss Welsh is dreadfully ill ; the Doctor and Jane seem to have little doubt but she is dying : Mrs. Welsh also has fallen sick ; so that now it seems to be arranged that I am to return home myself, and

<sup>1</sup> From Dr. Carlyle, forwarded by her.

<sup>2</sup> Spared.

leave Jane at Templand till some better season for quitting it. Miss Welsh's Brother is now come thither from Liverpool; so that they are better off for men; but of women there is none except Jane that can take any full charge; her Mother being to all appearances exhausted with over-exertion. Poor little Auntie! I myself have great fears for her; but I do not think the Doctor knows his right hand from his left in the matter; so that *his* predictions give me little concern.

Now I have not yet finally settled at Craigenputtock, and was to be up there again before leaving the country. I purpose, therefore, setting off for Thornhill to-morrow; then next day for the Craig; and unless some new scheme be started, you may expect to see me on Thursday night. But I can predict nothing with certainty; all things are in such a state of agitation. I fear greatly your *funds* must be getting low; and were it not for the dangers of double postage, I would send you a pound herewith: however, you must try to hold out till Thursday night, and if I do not come then I will enclose you the so needful "supply." But I think and calculate that starting that morning from Thornhill I shall *come*; and doubtless the tea will be ready, and the house swept and garnished for me, when I ring the bell. The Craw also will greatly rejoice at relief from her solitude; and will actually betake herself to keeping house for me, till the real Goodwife arrive.

I have been at the Craig and here and back again like a weaver's shuttle, on the back of Larry, whose hoof has had no rest since I revisited him. They are *all* well. Alick was down here yesterday for seed-corn, and our Mother went off with him in the Cart; so that I expect to see her again on Tuesday. Mag and Jenny are here; Jenny at the Sewing-school with Jessie Combe, and making *great* progress. Jemmy and the rest are busy sowing oats, at least were yesterday, for to-day they are all at the Kirk. Every one of them has been asking again and again after "Jean," and rejoicing to hear that she does well. If I can persuade them, I will make them write their compliments with their own hands. Meanwhile do thou, my dear little "wise young Stewardess," continue to behave thy bit of a self (for thou also art a *self*) with propriety; and expect thy natural guardian and Brother on Thursday night, unless something unexpected intervene. All manner of news (if I can remember any) I will tell thee when I come. Jane sent her love to thee in her Letter of last night. I am ever thy affectionate Brother,

THOMAS CARLYLE.

XXXIII.—To his WIFE, Templand.

CRAIGENPUTTOCK, *Wednesday, noon*  
[2d April 1828].

Your sad messenger is just arrived. I had again been cherishing Hopes, when the day of Hope was clean gone. Compose yourself,



my beloved Wife, and try to feel that the great Father is *Good*, and *can* do nothing wrong, inscrutable and stern as His ways often seem to us. Surely, surely there is a Life beyond Death; and that gloomy Portal leads to a purer and an abiding Mansion. — Suffering Angel! — But she is now free from suffering; and they whom she can no longer watch over are alone to be deplored.

It seems uncertain to me whether I can be aught but an encumbrance at Templand: yet I feel called to hasten towards *you*, at this so trying moment. I mean to set out for Dumfries (and order mournings), and be with you some time to-night. I am almost lamed for riding; so that it may be rather late (eight or nine o'clock) before I can arrive.

My Mother is here; and bids me, with tears in her eyes, send you her truest love, and prayers that God may sanctify to you this heavy stroke. The World, she says, is a Lie; but God is a Truth, and His Goodness abideth forever.

May He keep and watch over my Beloved One! — I am always, her affectionate

THOMAS CARLYLE.

XXXIV.—To Dr. CARLYLE, Munich.

EDINBURGH, 21 COMLEY BANK,  
16th April 1828.

MY DEAR JACK— . . . Our errand to Dumfriesshire was twofold. I went thither principally to survey the state of matters at the



Craig ; Jane to see her Aunt at Templand, who was very sick ; sick, as it proved, even unto death ! Yes, that gentle soul is taken from us : she lingered, in great suffering, some two weeks after we arrived ; and the third, I saw her laid beside her Mother in the Church-yard of Crawford. How much all this must have shocked us, and deranged the purposes of those connected with us, you need not be told. Jane suffered and still suffers deeply, though in silence ; and that house of mourning at Templand !—there is something in the thought of it that still not only saddens but pains me. Our old Grandfather rose like a Giant from sleep when the stroke fell on him : but there was in that grim stony aspect of his a trouble to one more than the loudest lamenting. The Liverpool Brother, a solid, blunt, true-hearted man, is returned home as well as we ; and now Mrs. Welsh and her Father are left alone ; and how they are to fare together still seems a problem. Poor Jeannie ! meek, good, long-suffering heart ! For her I do not grieve : she is at rest in her still dwelling ; her fair image indestructible in our memories, and no sorrow or sadness can reach her pure spirit any more. But for the rest that still struggle in pain, and what is worse in blindness, in this Vale of Tears, O Jack ! It is they, it is we, that are to be pitied ! God help us, and enlighten us in the way that we should go ; and make us also ready, for the Hour cometh and is near at hand to us all !—I must think no

more of this ; or my whole Letter will be little else than a Dirge.

At Scotsbrig, where I staid in all about a week, I found everything as it might have been hoped and was wont to be. All were in health; our Father seemingly quite recovered in his general health, only complaining a little of weakness in his limbs, especially in one knee; and though grave in general, yet fond of talking as ever, and rising into brilliant activity as he saw the sowing advance. Of our Mother I saw more; for Alick came down for seed-oats, and took her up in the cart with him to the Craig, where I lived with her at two times for several days; and only took my leave last Wednesday at Dumfries, whither the whole household of us, Mary included, had gone down a-marketing or a-travelling. She was well, even better than usual, and living harmoniously with Mag. I had many a long spell, reading to these two, and Jamie, sometimes also with Jenny and our Father, the Munich Letters, all of which I had brought down in my pocket. *Jean* meanwhile was here; keeping house, no less; and truly was found in this new department to have acquitted herself with *consummate* address. She has gained the title of *Die kluge Schäßnerinn*, partly borrowed out of Goethe's *Helena*. And thus, you see, they were *all* well and in order. Of Alick I shall only add, that he has lost or rather left his Middlebie love, as I think, forever and a day; yet seems no worse but better, and is even friendlier and shrewder than he was.

He and I found your Letter (read, and sent down for us by *Jean*) at the Dumfries Post-office, the first day and the first hour I entered their market; and forthwith, at rather a quick step, we hastened with it to "our inn"; where private, yet in sight of the *dealing* multitude, with each of us a glass of innocent beer and a well-going pipe of tobacco, I read it with "yen audible voice." Alick admitted, I think, that your Letter to him, had made him "greet." From him, from our Mother, and all quarters I was loaded with salutations to you and assurance that if they *could* write a letter worthy to go so far, they would do it with all their heart and all their soul. And so for the present, good Doctor, let this suffice you.

And now I must tell you somewhat of ourselves; concerning whom much might be said, had I room. We *are* to commence a new sort of life: it is at length decided that we go to Craigenputtock this Whitsunday! The house there already looks a world better, and the painters and paperhangers undertake to be gone from it before we come; so that only the out-of-doors part will require arrangement. I confess, I had many doubts and misgivings about removing thither for the present; and possibly enough, had our house here (conditionally given up before we left Edinburgh) been still to let, we might have been tempted to engage it again, and stay here at least another year. But such was not the case: poor No. 21 was already let; so that no rational alternative remains

for us. Accordingly Jane is out endeavouring to hire a fit servant; we are choosing paper-specimens; forwarding all plans of repair and adjustment; and six carts come hither in the end of May to transport us hence bag and baggage. Neither am I sorry that we have now so decided. I anticipate with some confidence a friendly and rather comfortable arrangement at the Craig; in the midst of which, not in idleness, yet in peace and more self-selected occupations, I may find more health, and what I reckon weightier, more scope to improve and worthily employ myself, which either here or there I reckon to be the great end of existence, and the only happiness one has any right to look for or even to wish. At the Craig, then, our Munich Doctor will find us! And Dumfries may still be a station for him; and then, as we contemplated, we are all in sight of one another! So it has been ordered, and surely it is best so.

By this the Doctor infers that St. Andrews is gone to the dogs. With the dogs in truth it is, and may be for me; seeing I have now no part or lot in it, and am like to have none. Dr. Cook is as good as appointed; and all my most magnanimous Testimonials have been as music to the deaf. Goethe's certificate arrived while I was in the country: mustard after dinner; which these rough feeders shall not so much as smell! . . .

And now good-bye, my true Jack; and love me always as I always love thee. Our *women*



sent you letters with the Parcel, and ever in thought send you their best wishes. Good-bye, my dear Brother!—Ever your affectionate,

T. CARLYLE.

Jeffrey says "Macaulay" is coming hither; and thus we shall see that "rising Sun." He has been writing on Dryden lately; but of *true* Poetry (which "is of *thriy*<sup>1</sup> kinds") the man has no glimpse or forecast. . . .

XXXV.—To Dr. CARLYLE, Munich.

CRAIGENPUTTOCK, 10th June 1828.

MY DEAR JACK— . . . I have waited here, above two weeks, in the vain hope that some calmness would supervene: but painters and joiners still desecrate every corner of our dwelling; and I write in the middle of confusion worse confounded, as better than not writing at all. We have arrived at Craigenputtock, and found much done, but still much to do; we must still ride and run with carts and saddle-horses to Dumfries every second day, and rejoice when we return if the course of events have left us a bed to sleep on. However, by the strength of men's heads and arms, a mighty improvement is and will be accomplished; and one day as we calculate a quiet home *must* stand dry and clear for us amid this wilderness; and the Philosopher will

<sup>1</sup> Annandale pronunciation of *three*.

<sup>2</sup> The greater part of this letter is printed in Froude's *Life*, ii. 25.



hoe his potatoes, in peace, on his own soil, and none to make him afraid. Had we come hither out of whim, one might have sickened and grown melancholy over such an outlook : but we came in search only of health with food and raiment, at least of the latter two without it ; and will not start at straws. Away then with *Unmuth und Verdruss* ! Man is born unto trouble, unto toil, as the sparks fly upwards : let him toil therefore, as his hest is, and make no noise about the matter. Is the day wearisome ; dusty and full of *midges*, that the galled limbs are like to fail ?

*Ein guter Abend kommt heran  
Wenn ich den ganzen Tag gethan.*

Next evening after the arrival of your Letter, I wrote to Messrs. Black, Young, and Young, Booksellers, London (of the *Foreign Review*), directing them to pay twenty out of forty pounds, which they had ordered me to draw on them for, into the hands of Messrs. Ransom and Co. to be repaid to the Baron von Eichthal at Munich. I wrote *two* letters on the subject, and endeavoured to impress them with the necessity of speed and punctuality ; so that as they are men of business, I can hope that the money may have reached you almost by this time. . . . I told the Blacks further that along with this parcel<sup>1</sup> might probably come an *Article* for their *Foreign Review*. I meant the Article on *Animal Magnetism* : this you will direct :

<sup>1</sup> Of books from Munich.

"W. Fraser, Esq., 64 Pall Mall, London;" and mention to him simply that you are my brother, and this Paper is for him; *supposing*, let us understand, that the Paper *is* there and ready, which it must be confessed is a proviso that may be "doubted." However, if you cannot get it forward, do not take the matter to heart: the wells of thought will flow better in the Doctor's head some future day; at least "*Naiter and Airt*<sup>1</sup> *working together*" will make them flow, or I am no Prophet. The grand thing at present is the want of money; but this we shall try to front some other way. I sent these Booksellers a long Paper on Goethe for their next, still unprinted Number; the Forty Pounds was for an Essay on his *Helena*. I meant to send them another piece (on the Life of Heyne) for this Number: but where is the cunning that could write a Paper here, in the middle of uncreated Night?—But I am getting very sick, and must leave you till after dinner, and go *stick* some rows of peas which are already flourishing in our "new Garden."

Alas, Jack! There is no sticking of peas for me at this hour, the cutting-tools being *all* in active operation elsewhere; so I sit down to talk with you again, still *impransus*, though better in health than I was an hour ago. Indeed I have been on the whole in considerably better health ever since I came hither, and found my red-chestnut Irish Doctor (though ill-saddled) waiting for me in his

<sup>1</sup> Nature and Art.

stall. . . . Let us ever be grateful to the Giver of all Good; and struggle onward with good heart in the path He directs. Some traces of our presence may also be left behind us in this pilgrimage of Life; some grains added to the great pyramid of human Endeavour: what more has man to wish for?

So long a space has elapsed since our last Letter, that considerable store of news must have accumulated in the interim, did I know rightly where to find, and how to arrange them. Of the *Craig o' Putto* I cannot yet rightly speak till we have seen what adjustment matters will assume. Hitherto, to say truth, all prospers as well as we could have hoped: the house stands heightened and white with roughcast; a tight hewn porch in front, and cans on the chimney-heads; and within, it seems all firm and sound; during summer, as we calculate, it will dry, and the smoke we have reason to believe (though the grates are not yet all come) is now pretty well subdued: so that on this side, some satisfaction is to be looked for. We appear also to have been rather lucky in our servants. An active maid came with us from Edinburgh; a dairy-woman, also of good omen, comes to us to-morrow from Thornhill; and a thoroughgoing, out-of-doors, good-humoured slut of a byre-woman was retained after half a year's previous trial. Then we have two sufficient farming men; and a bonneted stripling, skilful in sheep, from this glen. Alick himself is an active little fellow,

as ever bent him; and though careworn, is diligent, hearty and compliant: he lives in his little room, which is still but half-furnished like the rest of the house; yet peculiarly favoured in the blessing of a grate. Mary has been visiting at Scotsbrig, and is now learning to sew at Dumfries . . . Jane (the lesser) has taken her place here, and furnishes butter and *afterings*<sup>1</sup> (*jibbings*) for tea, though we are still in terrible want of a *cheeseboard*, and by the blessing of Heaven shall get one to-morrow afternoon. Jane (the greater) is surveying all things, proving all, that she may hold fast what is good: she watches over her joiners and painters with an eye like any hawk's, from which nothing crooked, unplumb, or otherwise irregular can hide itself a moment. And then to crown our felicity, we have—two fowls hatching in the wood—a duck with twelve eggs, and a hen with (if I mistake not) eleven; from which, for they are properly fed and cared for, great things are expected. Nay it was but three nights ago that we slew a Highland Stot,<sup>2</sup> and salted him in barrel; and his puddings even now adorn the kitchen-ceiling! . . .

From Edinburgh, or other peopled quarters of the world, I have heard nothing. We left Edward Irving there, preaching like a Boanerges, with (as Henry Inglis very naïvely remarked) "the town quite divided about him, one party thinking that he was quite mad,

<sup>1</sup> The last milk taken from a cow.

<sup>2</sup> Bullock.



another that he was an entire humbug." For my own share I would not be intolerant of any so worthy man; but I cannot help thinking that if Irving is on the road to truth, it is no straight one. We had a visit from him, and positively there does seem a touch of extreme exaltation in him: I do not think he will go altogether mad, yet what else he will do I cannot so well conjecture. Cant and enthusiasm are strangely commingled in him: he preaches in steamboats and all open places, wears clothes of an antique cut (his waistcoat has flaps or tails midway down the thigh), and in place of ordinary salutation bids "the Lord bless you." I hear some faint rumour of his outheroing Herod since we left the North, but we have not yet got one newspaper, and know nothing positive. So "*the Lawrt* bless *him!*" for the present; and if you pass through London on your return, you are engaged to go and see him, and I think he said, abide with him, or tarry with him on your way.

The last two nights we spent in Edinburgh were spent—where think you? In the house of Francis Jeffrey; surely one of the kindest little men I have ever in my life met with. He and his household (wife and daughter) have positively engaged to come and pay us a visit here this very summer! I am to write him an Article on Burns, as well as one on Tasso: but alas! alas! all writing is yet far from my hand. Walter Scott, I did not see, because he was in London; nor hear of, perhaps because he was



a busy or uncourteous man;<sup>1</sup> so I left his Goethe-medals to be given him by Jeffrey. Lockhart had written a kind of *Life of Burns*, and men in general were making another uproar about Burns: it is this Book (a trivial enough one) which I am to *pretend* reviewing. Further, except continued abuse of Leigh Hunt for his *Lord Byron and Some of his Contemporaries*, there seemed no news in "The Literary world," or rather universe; for was there ever such a *world* as it has grown?

And now, Jack, allow me to ask thee one plain question. When is thy broad face to be turned homewards, and how? Specify, specify; for all and sundry are inquiring. . . . I shall want many books, if I have any cash: a *Conversationslexicon* I *must* have at almost all rates. But of these things you will hear in due time. We expect your Letter *by return of Post*, you understand; for time enough has been lost already. Be steady and active and of good cheer, my dear Doctor; and come home and live beside us, and let us all be as happy as we can.—I am ever,  
your true Brother, T. CARLYLE.

XXXVI.—To Dr. CARLYLE, Munich.

CRAIGENPUTTOCK, 25th August 1828.

MY DEAR BROTHER JACK—I write to you at present in no ordinary anxiety; impelled to do

<sup>1</sup> If circumstances had brought Carlyle and Scott together, the unfavourable surmises of the former would no doubt have speedily disappeared. Scott's heavy financial difficulties, of which Carlyle seems to have heard nothing, began in January 1826.

so by my own feelings and the importunity of almost every friend you have. It is near four months since I had a Letter from you! Surely you that were wont to be so punctual a correspondent must have fallen into some strange perplexity that we do not hear of you. . . . Every post-day these five weeks we have been waiting with more or less eagerness; which of late has amounted to a really painful solicitude. Heaven grant that it be only some fit of business or indolence or indecision! Alick and I hide our anxieties; but you may guess how our Mother is feeling. My only comfort is that had you been seriously *sick*, or otherwise in distress, the Baron would have written to me. And my only resource is to write to yourself, ignorant as I am of your present movements and even abode (for by this time perhaps you are *travelling* again); and to beg of you for the love of Heaven, wherever you may be, provided it be in a civilised country where a sheet of paper or even a banana-leaf is to be had by purchase, begging or theft, to let us have news of you without loss of one moment. This is the sum total of my petition, and indeed the gist of this whole Letter. I would not exaggerate painful possibilities; nay many a time our unbelieving imaginations have been belied, as we hope they will still be this time: but twelve hundred miles, you will observe, is a long distance; and misfortune lies in wait for all the sons of Adam. Heaven grant our Doctor were safe home among us, and curing

disease on his native soil! It is our Mother's prayer, and every one of us joins in it.

. . . The truth is, as you see, your whole history has of late become involved to us in inscrutable mystery. By this we expected to have known that you were almost on your return to us; for your summer classes must have terminated before now: and in Alick's last letter, you talk of "liking to spend *another* year in Germany, *if you had the means.*" O Jack! thou art beside thyself; much learning doth make thee mad.

But not to trouble you with any more of these regrets and sorrows, let me try if I can find any word of news to tell you; of which necessary you too must be getting somewhat short. Heaven be praised, I have still comfortable tidings to send you of all your friends at both *homes*: Jemmy was here this week (Saturday, Sunday, and went on Monday); carting down<sup>1</sup> the half of a fierce Bull, now no longer mischievous, but beneficent, not assaulting husbandmen, but nourishing them with other than babes' meat: and from Jemmy we heard nothing but good. Little Jean and I, moreover, were at Scotsbrig some three weeks ago, for a few days: our Mother seemed to be even rather better than her wont; and all the rest about as well. . . . Further, poor Wull Tait was killed in the head of Scotsbrig ground, by the rushing-in of a quarry-brow. He called to his neighbour to run; but was too old and stiff

<sup>1</sup> To Scotsbrig.

to run himself, and so sank in the flood of rubbish, and died that afternoon. Thus does Fate play its pranks ; and everywhere there is Comedy and stern Tragedy if there be men. The Scotsbrig moor was as grim an arena for poor Wull, as Trafalgar for Nelson, or Lützen for Adolphus ; and the Spirit of the Universe equally beheld it ; and in His eye it was of equal moment. . . .

As for ourselves at Craigenputtock, we are still struggling, as men must ever struggle, with the perversities of existence ; but in as manful a manner as we can. It has been judged best to build *another* house, where Alick and his Agriculture may go on apart altogether from this establishment. Accordingly four walls do actually now stand, fronting the east, exactly at right angles to the direction of the barn, in front of the millshed, and on the spot where the stackyard used to be. Stumpy Cottage has been taken down to help to build it and cover it. Weeks ago the place should have been inhabited : but torrents of rain and of ill-luck have kept us back, and the slater only came yesterday. We reckon nevertheless that it *must* get finished at last, and be a very fair kind of house. Mary and Alick are to keep it, and *we two* shall live here ; much more commodiously for all parties. . . . In this mansion itself we have had a battle like that of St. George and the Dragon ; neither are we yet conquerors. Smoke and Wet and Chaos ! The first we have subdued, the last two we are subduing. May the Lord keep all Christian men from flitting ! As to Literature,



which also is breadmaking, I have done nothing, since Whitsunday, but a shortish Paper on *Heyne* for the *Foreign Review*, which will appear in No. IV. A long Article on *Goethe* is just publishing in No. III., which has been (for want of cash, I believe) exceedingly delayed. And at this very date, I am *very* busy, and third part done, with a "fair full and free" Essay on *Burns* for the *Edinburgh Review*; a *Life* of that Poet having appeared by Lockhart. None can say how bilious I am and am like to be. But I have begun to ride daily on Larry, and so Jeffrey *shall* have his *Article* at the appointed time. That wonderful little man is expected here very soon with *Weib und Kind*! He takes no little interest in us; writes often, and half hates half loves me with the utmost sincerity. Nay he even offers me in the coolest lightest manner the use of his *purse*, and evidently rather wishes I would use it. *Proh Deum atque hominum fidem!* This from a Scotchman and a Lawyer! Jane is in considerable trepidation, getting the house fully equipped for these august visitors. Surely I think she will succeed; nay already we are very *smart*. Here is a drawing-room with *Goethe's* picture in it, and a *piano*, and the finest *papering* on the walls; and I write even now, behind it, in my own little Library (once *Alick's* bedroom and sitting-room); *out* of which truly I can see nothing but a barnroof, tree-tops, an empty hay-cart, and under it perhaps a stagnant midden-cock with hens, overfed, or else *dazed* with wet and



starvation ; but *within* which I may see a clear fire (of peats and Sanquhar coals), with my desks and books and every accoutrement I need in the fairest order. Shame befall me, if I ought to complain, except it be of my own stupidity and pusillanimity! . . .

Now Jack *for God's sake* write instantaneously ; and so I add no more. — Your Brother,  
T. CARLYLE.

There has been some further whisper about the London Professorship. Basil Montagu advises me to become a candidate ; for he "*knows* that they are at a loss for one." No wonder they are : Dugald Stewart is dead, and British Philosophy with him. I have declined candidating any more *there* ; but said that if *they* wanted me, let them speak and I would listen, and answer. There, probably it will at length continue lying. I will go anywhere, and care not though I go nowhere. . . .

XXXVII.—To his MOTHER, Scotsbrig.

CRAIGENPUTTOCK, *Thursday night*

[Postmark 11th September], 1828.<sup>1</sup>

MY DEAR MOTHER—I am very tired with writing all day, and it is now half-past eleven o'clock : nevertheless I must write you a few words before I go to sleep ; for a *Letter has just this minute arrived from Jack!* The man, William, brought it from Dumfries, and will take this down to-morrow.

<sup>1</sup> Fewer letters than ordinary seem to have been written by Carlyle during this summer.

The Doctor is well in health; but seemingly somewhat afflicted in spirit; the old demons Pride and Poverty being at work with him. . . . Meanwhile, my dear Mother, do not disturb yourself about the youth; for evidently he is in perfect health; and ails *nothing*, except from the old Devil's-disease, haughtiness of heart.

I expect to be down ere long; perhaps in a week or two: I will bring the Doctor's Letter with me. Jeffrey is coming hither very soon: it may be I shall not get away till he is gone. I am in my usual state of health; better than usual with me when I am writing. . . .

Only we are in such a confusion, as to out-of-doors work, as you have seldom seen. The shearing could be finished in about a week, were not the weather broken: but there are masons, and joiners, and flaggers, and hewers, and plasterers; and all is swashing and swattering<sup>1</sup> in extremity of bustle, which is tolerable only because we do hope it will be done soon. It is one great mercy, surely, that we are all spared in health. So let us fight away as long as we *dow*,<sup>2</sup> and fear no colours! . . .

I rejoice to learn that you are pretty well; that you sometimes *shear* on afternoons. Mag will be here one of these days, and tell us all about it. Alas! It is long, long, since I had a quiet word with my Mother! But surely this hubbub will subside, and I shall be my own master, and *Larry's*. — Meanwhile my best prayers are with you all. Remember me in

<sup>1</sup> Besspattering and splashing.

<sup>2</sup> Are able.

love to my Father, to Mag, Jemmy and Jenny.  
—I am ever your affectionate Son,

T. CARLYLE.

They are all asleep here, and cannot send you their love, except in dreams. I am the only reasoning mortal in the house at this moment.—One smoke, and I too am off! . . .

XXXVIII.—To Dr. CARLYLE, Vienna.

CRAIGENPUTTOCK, 10th October 1828.

MY DEAR BROTHER— . . . *All* of us are well: still fighting our way, with the old measure of strength, courage and success. Our day too will come: we have been *long* spared. I myself am in better rather than in worse health than usual; have been rather busy for some time; and am again purposing to begin scribbling. This October season always makes me pensive, sometimes absolutely melancholy: however, melancholy itself is not a miserable state. The Paper on *Burns* is finished; and I suppose will appear in December; being too late for this present Number. The Proof-sheets of it are even now in the house, and corrected. Jeffrey had clipt the first portion of it all into shreds (partly by my permission), simply because it was 'too long.' My first feeling was of indignation, and to demand the whole back again, that it might lie in my drawer and worm-eat, rather than come before the world in that horrid souterkin shape; the body of a quadruped with the head of a bird; a man *shortened*

by cutting out his thighs, and fixing the kneepans on the hips! However, I determined to *do nothing for three days*; and now by replacing and readjusting many parts of the first sixteen pages (there are three sheets in all; and the last two were not meddled with) I have once more put the thing into a kind of publishable state; and mean to send it back, with a private persuasion that probably I shall not soon write another for that quarter.<sup>1</sup> Nevertheless, I will keep friends with the man; for he really has extraordinary worth, and likes me, at least heartily wishes me well. We had three such days of him last week! Wife and child and lapdog and maid were here with him; and the storm vainly howled without, and the *glar*<sup>2</sup> vainly gaped for us (we are *making* a road to the front door; and the poor Duke was forced to dismount from his carriage at some of the *yetts*<sup>3</sup>); for we had roaring fires within and the brightest talk, enough and to spare! It was a fairy time: but you shall hear

<sup>1</sup> Carlyle afterwards (23d November 1830) wrote to Mr. Macvey Napier, Jeffrey's successor in the *Edinburgh Review*: "My respected friend your predecessor had some difficulty with me in adjusting the respective prerogatives of Author and Editor, for though not, as I hope insensible to fair reason, I used sometimes to rebel against what I reckoned mere authority, and this partly perhaps as a matter of literary conscience; being wont to write nothing without studying it if possible to the bottom, and writing always with an almost painful feeling of scrupulosity, that light editorial hacking and hewing to right and left was in general nowise to my mind."—*Selection from the Correspondence of Macvey Napier* (1879), p. 96.

<sup>2</sup> Mud.

<sup>3</sup> Gates.



of it all by word of mouth. Robert Welsh<sup>1</sup> had also been here with a Sister. Then came William Graham (who still loves you truly), and Dobie the Preacher,<sup>2</sup> and a *threat*, which ended as such, from John Gordon at Kirkcudbright. It seemed as if the whole world had at once broken loose on us; according to the old adage: "It never rains but it pours." However, it is all done now, and the quietest and I hope busiest winter lies before us. Alick is in his new house, which promises, were it rightly swept and garnished, to be a first-rate cottage; Mary is with him, and Jane also lives there for the present: we are all in harmony, and have tea together at least every Sunday night. Mary and Jane have just left us after that very business: Alick was not with them; for we calculate that to-night he must be in the precincts of Falkirk, to buy his winter-stock to-morrow. So soon as I get Larry back, I am for Scotsbrig; where, however, we heard, two days ago, that they are all well. . . .

[Postscript by Mrs. Carlyle.]

DEAR DOCTOR—It was only yesterday that we had the nicest suet-dumpling at dinner (a suet-dumpling in the shape of a heart! which must be admitted by all men to have been a grace beyond the reach of art) and I could not help thinking of thee, Doctor, and how much better you would have been here, assisting at

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Carlyle's paternal uncle.

<sup>2</sup> Father of Mrs. Carlyle's friend, Mrs. Russell of Holmhill.

the eating of it, and then unfolding thy mighty genius as of old, in floods of eloquence, than sitting "looking from you" at that vile glaciis. Gird up thy loins, man! and come home to us! and another dumpling shall not be wanting, a dumpling as big as the moon to celebrate the wanderer's return! God bless thee, Jack, and cure this rage for travelling, which is the only thing which prevents your being "an ornament to society in every direction."<sup>1</sup>—Ever thy affectionate Sister, JANE WELSH.

XXXIX.—To Dr. CARLYLE, Vienna.

CRAIGENPUTTOCK, 26th November 1828.

MY DEAR JACK—As the Letters seem to take at least a week longer in travelling to Vienna than they did to Munich, it behoves me to answer you with the least possible delay. Ten days have already elapsed much against my will; and I write to-night in great haste, rather than wait a few days more. Your welcome Letter met Mary and me at Dumfries, as we were bound to Scotsbrig, in stormy weather, on a rather melancholy errand; and diffused a gleam of real joy over that otherwise rather

<sup>1</sup> A poor, but lively and healthy, half-idiot and street beggar, in Birmingham, whom I had grown used to, the dirtiest and raggedest of human beings (face never washed, beard a fortnight old, knee-breeches slit at the sides, and become knee-aprons, flapping to and fro over bare, dirty legs), said, one day, under my window, while somebody was vainly attempting to chaff him, "Damn thee, I's an ornament to society in every direction."—T. C. in *Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle*, i. 43.

despondent household. For you must know that our sister Mag was very ill, and we were sent for to come and see her with our own eyes. Happy that I can now in a great measure say *was*; for though still very weakly the poor lassie is considered out of danger. . . . If any perceptible alteration for the worse take place, be sure I will warn you instantly: so, in the meantime, do not annoy yourself with surmises and forecastings, where, though no one is sure of more than the breathing he draws, there seems no reason for special fear. I believe, I have said too much about it already; indeed far too much: but I approve of punctuality in ill as well as good news; and I think I have made it *worse* rather than better for the telling. And so let us rest (in this as in all other matters) in hope and contentment not grounded on darkness but on light.

Your last Letter, as I have said, gave us all the greatest pleasure; both by the news it brought us, and the sensible style it was written in. It exhibits you in quite another state of welfare both outward and inward than any Letter we had received for months. And the grand news of all news for us is that your travelling mania has now subsided, and we are to see the Doctor's *gawsie face*<sup>1</sup> back among us, so soon as the winter is over! Come, dear Jonathan; for thou hast tarried too long already. What is in Dutchland or any other Land save old Scotland, but a sun above thee, and earth

<sup>1</sup> Broad, jolly face.

and water beneath ; and no soul that has time to care truly for thee ? Here is bread and lodging on your *native* soil ; and fool is he that expects aught more from any soil under the heavenly vault. O that the roads were open, and we saw our brave Lord Moon, once more stumping about these wolds, whether it were that he walked *wrong* with the left foot or the right ! His very Logic would be welcome to us ; and I have it on authority, that a *dumpling* of one cubic foot in extent would be cooked on the day of his arrival. Come therefore, dear Doil ; and do not lose thyself in Pepperfield any longer !<sup>1</sup>

But I must more seriously incline to send you news of Craigenputtock, for which you express such friendly curiosity. Know then that we are all well, and struggling with as much heart as ever. The fruit of our labour is not to be altogether hid in a bushel ; for we expect to astonish you with the figure we make here, even by the time of your arrival.<sup>2</sup> This house (bating some outskirt things which must be left till Spring) is really a substantial, comfortable, and even half-elegant house. I sit here in my little library, and laugh at the howling tempests, for there are green curtains and a clear fire

<sup>1</sup> John had, as a mere baby, sallied out, as he afterwards tried to explain, to fight the French, and was lost for several hours. He was at last found in Pepperfield (close to the old home at Ecclefechan), where among the tall growing corn he had cried himself to sleep, hopeless of ever finding his way out of it.—M. C.

<sup>2</sup> Most of the remainder of this letter is printed in Froude's *Life*, ii. 47.



and papered walls; the "old kitchen" also is as tight a dining-room as you would wish for me, and has a black clear-barred grate, at which, when filled with Sanquhar coals, you might roast Boreas himself. The Goodwife too is happy, and contented with me, and her solitude, which I believe is not to be equalled out of Sahara itself. You cannot figure the stillness of these moors in a November drizzle: nevertheless I walk often under cloud of night (in good Ecclefechan *clogs* down as far as Carstammon-burn, sometimes to Sundaywell<sup>1</sup>) conversing with the void heaven, in the most pleasant fashion. Besides Jane also has a pony now, which can canter to perfection even by the side of Larry! To-morrow she is going over to Templand with it; and it is by her that I send this Letter. Grace, our servant, a tight, tidy, careful, sharp-tempered woman, is the only other inmate of the house; and except Ben Nelson,<sup>2</sup> we expect no more visitors through winter. But I write hard all day; then Jane and I (both learning Spanish for the last month) read a chapter of *Don Quixote* between dinner and tea, and are already half through the first volume, and eager to persevere. After tea, I sometimes write again (being *dreadfully* slow at the business); and then generally go over to Alick and Mary; smoke my last pipe with them; and so end the day, having done little

<sup>1</sup> About two miles from Craigenputtock.

<sup>2</sup> An old friend; a man of intelligence and kindliness; at this time a wool-stapler in Annan.

good perhaps, [but] almost no ill that I could help to any creature of God's. So pass our days; except that sometimes I stroll (with my axe or bill) in the plantations; and when I am not writing, am reading. We had Henry Inglis here for three days; and our Father for a week, lately; both of whom seemed highly contented with this wonderful Craig.—Alick and Mary, you already understand, live in their own cottage, or rather *double* farmhouse; for, were it once dried, it will be the *bieldest*,<sup>1</sup> tightest mansion of its sort within some miles of it. They have two men-servants and two maid-servants; are fattening, or merely boarding quantities of black-cattle, have almost a dozen pigs, and plenty of weak-corn, and about eighty cartloads of potatoes (to say nothing of turnip-acres) to feed them with. Alick is about thatching a cattle-shed, long since built (of dry stones<sup>2</sup>) down near the moor; and we have had road-men, for many weeks, gravelling the front of this door (a most marked improvement), making us a proper road to it, and thoroughly repairing the old road (to the *outmost yett*), which last task they have not yet completed. Thus you see, Chaos is rolling himself back from us by degrees; and all winter, we are to have stone-diking and planting and draining (if I can *write* for the cash!) till by and by I think this hermitage will positively become a very tolerable place, and the Doctor, as we said, will be astonished to behold it. For the rest, we drink

<sup>1</sup> Snuggest, most sheltered.

<sup>2</sup> Stones without mortar.

tea together every Sunday night, and live in good brotherhood, having *no* neighbours that do not wish us well.—As to my writing of which you hear so much, it is only for the present a most despicable “Article” entitled *German Playwrights* (including your Grillparzer) with which I expect to be done in a week: next I mean to write one on *Novalis*, and probably a larger one on *Voltaire*. Some day, these roads will be made, and skylights mended, and all tight and pargetted, and I shall have leisure to cease *reviewing* a little, and try to give *Work* for reviewing.

Our news, beyond our own household, are mostly I think of a sombre cast. James Anderson, the young Laird of Stroquhan, our kind neighbour and acquaintance, died of two days' illness a few weeks ago; an event which causes deep sadness among all connected with him. What will become of his Distillery is not known. Poor John Welsh, the Coachman, was to be buried the last day I was at Ecclefechan: other deaths also there are of persons known to us; for the cup goes round, and who so cunning as to pass it by? . . . Alas! I had almost forgotten to say that honest good old John *Grier*<sup>1</sup> of the Grove is gone to his long home. Alick and Jamie and I assisted at

<sup>1</sup> John Grierson, husband of Carlyle's maternal-aunt “Jeannie” (died 1810). Carlyle went, with his mother, from Ecclefechan, to take leave of her before she died; and there is still extant among his relics the little present she then gave to him as a keepsake.—M. C.

his funeral some three weeks ago : he also died suddenly ; but like a just man, and with entire composure. Gracious God ! Is not this Thy world a mystery, and grand with Terror as well as Beauty !—My Letter, you see, will end in sable, like the life of man. My own thoughts grow graver every year I live.—Write instantly, my dear Brother ; say that you are well, and will soon be with us. Good night ! My candle and time and paper are done.—Ever affectionately yours,  
T. CARLYLE.

XL.—To Mr. HENRY INGLIS, Edinburgh.<sup>1</sup>

CRAIGENPUTTOCK, 11th December 1828.

MY DEAR SIR—Your letter arrived this morning to breakfast, and set the table in a roar, hearty enough to make up for the fatal nature of both the others that came along with it. For you are to know that we had two letters besides ; one, as it chanced, for every member of the household, including the servant maid herself. I burst open mine ; and I was obliged to close it again after the first three words ; it was from New York, and belonged to quite a different man, an advocate in Edinburgh, I suppose, with whom I have no community except that of name. Our poor maid fared still worse ; she had infused a certain modicum of tea, and was quietly toasting bread for the nourishment of these earthly bodies,

<sup>1</sup> This and other letters to Mr. Inglis are reprinted from the *Glasgow Herald* of 16th February 1882.



when the fateful scroll with "hast" (haste) written on it was delivered to her. Instantly I hear a crash as of broken crockery, then a movement to and fro; breakfast lingers in appearing. Jane goes to investigate the matter; finds that it is a proposal of marriage, or perhaps it might be refusal to marry, from some Shoulderknot in the north country, in consequence of which the love-sick Abigail has smashed that old-established teapot into a thousand shards! Conceive our situation. A raw December morning; one letter still sealed, another broken by mistake on the table, and, apparently, even the hope of tea evaporated into air! However, as I hinted, tea did arrive, indeed with astonishing promptitude; your letter is opened; and in one loud peal of innocent laughter, the whole catastrophe's forgotten. This surely is what Bailie Waugh<sup>1</sup> would call "*foin wroiting*," such an effect has it on the minds of men.

But to be serious one moment, here is a letter for the *Opium-eater*, whose address, if you cannot find it elsewhere, you will learn at the office of the *Saturday Post* in Register Street. There is at the end a small but sufficient introduction for *you* in that sheet. If you choose to deliver it in person, or rather to call after it is delivered, you will find De Quincey a man of very considerable genius,

<sup>1</sup> Husband of Carlyle's maternal grand-aunt "Babbie" (Barbara), a shoemaker, with whom Carlyle had boarded when he was a schoolboy at Annan.—M. C.

and labouring in a state of depression (for he is by birth a man of fortune), which renders him still more interesting. He also is a German, a Kantist; a Mystic also, I suppose.

Would you ask Clark as you pass some day what he has done with my No. 4 of the *Foreign Review*? It is not at Sinclair the bookseller's in Dumfries; should have been sent to the care of Mr. Aitken, Academy Street, and so may probably have gone to the Limbo of Vanity some weeks before its time. I have a *Life of Heyne* in it; not worth sixpence, and all misprinted, I believe, for the proof-sheets were lost. There will be a highly *unmystical* paper in the next number on *German Playwrights*, without any undue admiration from beginning to end. I mean to continue reviewing in that melancholy vehicle for some months yet.

By all means buy me that *Spanish Grammar* that I may light my pipe with this other one at the very earliest date. *Hamonière* is the title, which I mention because, without any exception known to me, it is the worst Grammar in existence at this era. Nevertheless, we shall be through the first volume of *Don Quixote* to-morrow night, and have liked it exceedingly. Few languages seem equal to the Spanish, few lips so melodious in any language as those of the old maimed soldier, who had not in this world so much as a house to live in, except a jail. Shame on us! Who are *we*, and what do *we* complain of, knowing that such things have been, and are, and will be?

Persevere in your German. Lessing is a true man, though a tart one; and Napp will carry you through triumphantly if you apply. Make my best respects to him. By and by he will let you into Schiller's *Jungfrau von Orleans*, or *History of the Netherlands*; either of which will interest you more.

Further, I must say that you are infinitely unjust to "Blockheads," as they are called. Ask yourself seriously within your own heart, What right *have* you to live wisely in God's world, and they *not* to live a little less wisely? Is there a man more to be condoled with, nay, I will say to be cherished and tenderly treated, than a man that has no brain? My Purse is empty: it can be filled again; the Jew Rothschild could fill it; or I can even live with it very, very far from full. But, gracious Heavens! what is to be done with my *empty Head*? Consider, too, if you object to the vanity of blockheads, how little harm it does. If a man *will* wear a bladder full of wind, and call it a purse full of gold, does not every shopman he offers it to shed a kind tear over him? But the "Leddy," as she is called here, wants to say a word or two; so good-night! Write whenever you have leisure, and send me all manner of tidings: at present I do not even see an Edinburgh newspaper.—Ever truly yours,

THOMAS CARLYLE.

## XLI.—To Dr. CARLYLE, Vienna.

CRAIGENPUTTOCK, 13th January 1829.

MY DEAR JACK— . . . Nothing in your Letter was thousandth-part so interesting as the tidings that you do actually mean to terminate your rambles so soon, and come home to your friends and home-duties. I have said and written till I am ashamed to repeat it, that you neither can, nor will, nor indeed ought to, feel any permanent satisfaction of mind till you settle down to *act* what you have been so laboriously learning; and unless Medicine differs from all earthly pursuits I am acquainted with, you will find that in it also Action is the best, and, after the mere elements, the only Teacher that is to be had in any country of the world. It seems clear to me also that a man of sound character and medical talent could not fail to have eminent success at this time, in many places of Scotland, perhaps in few others more remarkably than in our own County, or Town, of Dumfries. A universal complaint there is, that no man of the slightest approach to true qualification in Medicine is to be found far or near: I could fancy a Doctor such as he should be, rising into high repute here, realising for himself the fairest success, outward and inward, that any reasonable man could wish for. . . . Come home, then, my beloved Doctor, with what speed your *Gelegenheiten* can convey you; and leave that pudding-eating city of Vienna,



and those ugly sheepskin Slavonians to fight their own battle forever and a day. . . . The [route] that brings you soonest home will be the welcomest for all of us. One consideration must be already familiar to you; the wish I should have, were I in your situation, to see the *Dichter des Jahrhunderts* at Weimar. Paris and London will stand throughout one's whole life and longer; but only one Goethe will be visible in this world, and that only for a short term of years. I think, I have mentioned twice (to the Poet himself, and to Eckermann, his Secretary) that you were likely to see them in Spring. . . .

I imagined I had given you most minute and punctual descriptions of our *Thun und Lassen* here, and you complain that you can understand nothing whatever about it. Know this one thing for your contentment, dear Jack, that we are all moderately well, and working our way through this pitiful existence as stoutly as we can. I have sat for many weeks at my desk, writing duller and duller *Articles* for Fraser and Jeffrey; and what is worse, I have sat reading these four days without stirring beyond wind of the fireplace; so that I am bilious enough. Surely, however, I reckon myself better since you left us. I shall never be well, while I inhabit this carcass; but I am willing enough to be sickish. The "*Duke*" has maltreated *Burns* till I cannot bear to look on it: he wishes me to write more for him, and chatters unprofitably about *Mysticism* and so

forth.<sup>1</sup> I am very much alone in this world. Nevertheless I must go on a little farther in the highly despicable craft of *reviewing*; for there are trees to be planted and roads to be made; and man cannot live without money even in the Dunscore wilderness. Alas for the days when Diogenes could fit up his tub, and let the "literary world" and all other worlds, except the only true one within his own soul, wag hither and thither at discretion! But Courage! To the willing, all things are possible; it is not on outward circumstances, but on one's own weak heart that the blame lies. Courage, with hope or without it, to the last hour of Life! . . .

There has been a dreadful piece of work at Edinburgh, with Irishmen decoying people into houses and there *murdering* them to sell their bodies to Dr. Knox!<sup>2</sup> One unspeakable miscreant is to be hanged for that crime in a few days. They killed *Daft Jamie* in that way; the poor purblind creature that went about with a show-box on his back; said to be a brother of Peter Nimmo's. It is said, thirteen other crimes of that kind have been confessed; the one that brought all the rest to light was the killing of a miserable old strolling Irish-woman. . . .

<sup>1</sup> Jeffrey's "unprofitable" admonitions may be found in Froude's *Life*, ii. 38.

<sup>2</sup> For dissection: these were Burke and Hare, the notorious murderers. Burke was hanged on the king's evidence of his confederate.

## XLII.—To Dr. CARLYLE, Paris.

CRAIGENPUTTOCK, 5th March 1829.

MY DEAR DOCTOR—We received your many-dated Letter, last night; with real pleasure to find that you were still well, and were advancing, like Hannibal across the Alps, through many troubles, with your broad face homewards. Let us hope that you are now far over the Rhine, Strassburg with Slawkenbergius' Nose<sup>1</sup> and the wonderful Minster clean behind you, and the click-clack of Parisian "*Cafés à deux billards*" at this very time saluting your astonished ear. I never was more hurried in my life; being in the very thickest of an "Article," and hemmed in by Time: however Jane is for Dumfries to-morrow, and I gladly answer you without delay. . . .

We are all well here, and all nearly well at Scotsbrig, Mag being greatly better. . . . The public is in a bustling state here; for besides spring-work, we have trees to plant, and much digging, and I got no man-servant, as I had meant to do, at Candlemas, but must wait till Whitsunday; and Alick's men and himself are all busy enough with their own concerns. Meanwhile I keep within doors; toiling vehemently at an Essay on *Voltaire*, which, with another on *Novalis*, is to appear in Fraser's Review, about the first of April. Thus "mall may be kept in shaft" a little longer; for

<sup>1</sup> See *Tristram Shandy*.

Craigenputtock has naturally enough a wide throat for money, especially hitherto. Fraser asks rather eagerly after your Paper on *German Medicine*; but this, I suppose, like so much else, is still lying in the inkstand.

Are you looking at the wonders of Paris; the *Pont des Arts*, the *Notre Dame*, the Pillar of Austerlitz, the site of the Bastille? Is not there a strange old pump-looking erection with dragons in that very *Place des Victoires*? Cast your eye also on the *Sorbonne*, the forsaken crow-nest of Theology. You can also go to the *Rue de la Paix* No. 9, and look at the *Hôtel de Wagram*, where your Brother once dwelt. Also, if possible, find out the *Rue Traversière* and the *Rue de Beaune*, where Voltaire lived with Du Châtelet, and where he died; and bring me some account of them. Both must be near the Tuileries, I should think, on the north side of the River. Can you see Villemain, Cousin, Lamartine, or any of those new *Littérateurs*? I fear not. But go and dine with the Restaurateur Prevôt one day in honour of me, and with Véry, though rather dearer, another: they are both in the *Palais Royal*, where 'Vice sitteth on his filagree seats, and Improvement advanceth with slow and heavy steps to displace him.' Can you buy me a *cheap* lithograph print of Voltaire, said to be in any measure accurate? Above all things, however, hasten home! . . .

I have written much, or rather it should be, long, to-day; and am altogether wearied. At



dusk I had a walk or race, half-way to Blackmark Gate or Gap (for there is no gate there, and will not be henceforth); and now it is past ten. The hills are all gleaming like Strombolis or Ætnas, with the burning of heath; otherwise this place is silent, solitary as Tadmor of the Wilderness. Yet the infinite vault is over us, and this Earth, our little Ship of Space, is under us; and man is everywhere in his Maker's eye and hand!—But why should I preach?

To conclude, Jane still engages for the dumpling; and hopes to see you, shortly after eating it, a contented man. You will tell us of wonders in the undiscovered countries; “of antres vast and deserts idle, and men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders.” Come home, dearest Tongleg, and tell us all! We shall expect you weekly and daily. God ever keep you, and lead you!—“Now my weary lips I close, Leave me, leave me to repose”!—  
Your Brother, T. CARLYLE.

XLIII.—To Mr. HENRY INGLIS, Edinburgh.

CRAIGENPUTTOCK, 31st March 1829.

MY DEAR SIR—I employ my first leisure in answering your Letter, which found me some weeks ago in the heart of a scribbling-bout; writing, as is too often my case, against Time as well as Dulness.—Your letters give us such satisfaction, that I honestly wish we got many more of them; especially as you are so mag-

does not the meanest man feel that all royal diadems and Pitt Diamonds are but the dust of the highway, compared with the invisible and only true majesty, that of the mind?

My earnest, often-repeated advice to you, therefore, is, Persevere! Persevere! In all practical, in all intellectual excellence, think no acquirement enough. Throw aside all frivolity; walk not with the world, where it is walking wrong;—war *ad necem* with Pride and Vanity, and all forms of Self-conceit within you; be diligent in season and out of season!—It depends on *you*, whether we are one day to have another *man*, or only another money-gaining and money-spending *machine*.

You speak about Books, and the want of an aim in your studies. Herein, I believe, your own best judgment must be your best guide. Whenever you feel a *call*,—a genuine wish for knowledge, it is safest for you to follow it. Only be sure you avoid *Dilletantism* in all things; be sure you do not take up a subject merely because it is singular, and will get you credit, but because you really *love* it, and feel the want of it, and find your own reward in pursuing it. For the rest, all sorts of knowledge are available in our day, and the true following of almost any path will lead you into the Temple of Philosophy, which is the best end of them all. As to *writing*, for the present, I will neither advise nor dissuade you. If you *have* any heartfelt interest in any literary matter, any idea that gives you no rest

till it be uttered, commit it to paper, and if circumstances favour, to the Press, the sooner the better. Only if you have no such interest, no such idea, do not in any wise regard it as a misfortune (most probably it is a blessing, for the sweetest fruit is longest in ripening) but simply as a *sign*, that your vocation as yet is not to impart, but to acquire. . . Meanwhile tell me always what you project and accomplish in the way of study and reading ; and for your own private use, keep plentiful Notebooks, on which let your pen be often occupied.

I must terminate my Lecture ; for the space is nigh exhausted. I write these things out of various motives, some of which you will not disapprove of.—With regard to ourselves here in this wilderness, much were to be said, did my paper allow. Craigenputtock is a stirring place at this moment ; carpenters, gardeners, and all manner of ditchers and dikers are beating and braying the Chaos, to see whether Order will arise from it. Next time you come (and it must be soon) we hope your vehicle will run more sweetly towards the door. We are also ambitious of *shelter* in coming years, and thousands of trees are planting about us. To say nothing of seed-time, and my poor Larry turned out to harrow, and carting meal from the mill !

The "Leddie" continues in the most benignant mood towards you. Indeed she has three times this day told me that I should write to "Harry," which I of my own accord

had privately purposed to do. She admits at the same time that it is her own duty; but she is "so hurried."—The horse "Harry" or "Hendrie," as old Wull the herd calls him, proves to be a quadruped of respectability, and "has a fine motion under ane."

We were very much obliged by your newspaper about the Edinburgh Catholic meeting. Be sure to send us such a thing, whenever you have an opportunity; the oldest Scotch newspaper is new to us, for except by accident we see nothing save one *Examiner* weekly. Here, too, we are all tearing one another to pieces about that everlasting "Catholic question." Petitions in all churches and parishes—which men, women and children are called upon to sign. Ruling-elders go through the country with them, and call upon "the heads of families." I believe one poor Dissenting-minister in Minnyive and myself and an old Atheist down in this parish are the only three of the whole district that would not put pen to paper. And did you hear how poor M'Diarmid<sup>1</sup> rushed in like a *Pianta leone*, with fifty chosen men at his back, to the very heart of an anti-Catholic meeting at Dumfries, and was received with curses, almost with cudgel-strokes? Thirty *Couriers* were thrown up in one day. Had I known in time I would almost have gone down to help him myself. Poor little fellow, it was the most gallant thing he ever did in his life. And thirty *Couriers*—thirty at one fell swoop!

<sup>1</sup> Editor of *The Dumfries Courier*.



On the whole, it is to be hoped that a merciful Providence will in some weeks put an end to this unprofitable, infinite gibble-gabble, and the Catholic question be settled in 1829, as all men have seen that it ought to be settled since the last four generations. Locke's book was written, I think, about 1690: "*Mais il y a de gens auxquels il faut trois cent ans pour commencer voir une absurdité.*"

Write soon, and at great length. I have two papers in the *Foreign Review*, neither of which, I fear, will be readable, for the haste was great, and no proof-sheets are come. Be so good as throw that note into the post-office; it is about the sending down of some magazines. Have you ever seen De Quincey? He had been at his opium when you called, and indeed is rarely visible in these cases.—Believe me, always affectionately yours,

THOMAS CARLYLE.

XLIV.—To Dr. CARLYLE, Scotsbrig.

CRAIGENPUTTOCK, *Tuesday night*  
[August (?) 1829].

MY DEAR JACK—Jane has wrapped up your parcel of Books; and I employ these few instants to scribble you a line. Let me hope you arrived safe that night by the "nearer road," and are now busy with your *Animal Magnetism*. . . . Obey your first impulse to come back. We shall always rejoice to see that gawsie countenance; and I promise not to plague you any more about "setting up"; but

leave you to set up or sit down, when and where you find most advisable.

These infatuated Blacks have not paid me a stiver yet : but I have written to dun them this night, and on the whole, shall make bold to draw on them for that twenty pounds, and give it you, at *any* hour you like. So pray understand this, and let us have no more summering and wintering of the matter.

We were at Dumfries on Saturday, and saw the Jeffreys : they arrived about seven at night ; and the new Dean<sup>1</sup> and I sat talking of high and low matters till near two in the morning. The Dean of Faculty seems slowly coming over to "Mysticism," were he not long ago a *vollendeter Stumpfer!* He told me I was "paradoxical," yet "right in the main"; and "could preach very well, if they would let me make my own religion." At nine next morning, we breakfasted (all bug-bitten, and short of sleep); and the good kind Deankin *mit Weib und Kind* rolled off towards Annan, and Wales, and London, and Heaven knows whither, amid, not the storms and the tempests of Night, but the *dags*<sup>2</sup> and the drizzles of Day. Shortly afterwards, it began to rain heartily, even violently; and we could not set out on our return, till almost six at night. The afternoon, after morning sermon, we spent with Mrs. Richardson;<sup>3</sup> among *all* manner of Elgin

<sup>1</sup> Jeffrey had lately been made Dean of the Faculty of Advocates, an office of distinction at the Scotch bar.

<sup>2</sup> Mists.

<sup>3</sup> Mentioned in *Reminiscences*, ii. 247.

Magazines, and L.E.L.'s Poems, and Dundee Couriers, and Literary Gazettes, and Poetasterism and *Kleinstädtereie* of every colour and degree. She is really a good worthy woman; well bred and well intentioned; but dwells in a habitation as of Bristol card, not of brick and mortar. . . .

Since then I have been chiefly sleeping, and trying at waking intervals to make ready for writing at great length on *Jean Paul*. I must finish him before I stir. It seems to be settled that we are to go and see Edinburgh, and the Jeffreys, so soon as they return; which will not be for six weeks or so. Much as we talked, not one word was said about Macvey Napier,<sup>1</sup> or writing either *Luther* or "Articles"! Nay I believe the *Signs of the Times* will not be sent me, but I must borrow it; nor do I know when the work is to be out; but only that it is printing. . . .

XLV.—To Mr. HENRY INGLIS, Edinburgh.

CRAIGENPUTTOCK, 21st December 1829.

MY DEAR SIR—I have only time, at this moment, to thank you for your kind pleasant letter; and to say that we shall be truly happy if you can find your way hither in the holidays. There is still time if you use expedition. Cigars are in plenty; talk enough there is and to spare; and the warmest welcome can at no time be wanting. Come then, if you dare.

<sup>1</sup> Who had succeeded Jeffrey as Editor of the *Edinburgh Review*.

The "Leddy" heartily unites with me in this wish to see you. At all events, she will have another letter from you directly; being of opinion that *no* letter comes hither, with so much entertainment in it, as one of yours has. There is praise for you! Nay, she still calls her pony by the name of Harry, and few horses like *him* exist under the solar road.

Tongue cannot tell, much less can pen write down, how busy I am this night. Be content with this line then; and see you make the right use of it.—I remain always, affectionately yours,

THOMAS CARLYLE.

XLVI.—To his MOTHER, Scotsbrig.

CRAIGENPUTTOCK, *Friday night*  
[December 1829].

MY DEAR MOTHER—This is a Cloak which Mrs. Welsh sends you from Templand, with best wishes that it may defend you against tempests: we forward it to-morrow morning, as Elliott<sup>1</sup> is going down then (with one of these everlasting grates—I do hope the last of them); and we may not have such an opportunity on Wednesday. The Cloak is not hemmed at the bottom, as the Lady Bountiful did not know your height. When we get the Gig she is coming down to see you and Annandale.

"Little Jane" did not come last Wednesday; but only a Note instead of her: we thought the weather too stormy. You must *thole*<sup>2</sup> her a

<sup>1</sup> Man-servant recently hired.

<sup>2</sup> *Thole*, do without, wait for.



little. She leads a very quiet life here ; weaving comforters, sewing shifts, and wishing or speaking evil to no one. She was clear for being off, on Wednesday morning, with Alick, after all : but as the day proved, we rejoiced she had not gone. Next Wednesday, she will try it again, if the storm be not too bad.

I hope my Father is getting better ; though this is no weather for colds. Try to keep him within doors as much as possible. Take you care of yourself also ; till the sun begin to stretch again. Will no one come hither to bring us word of you soon ? Or cannot Jamie or Mag send us a Letter ?

For myself, I am better in health than I was : but there are no Books come from London ; so I cannot get my German History<sup>1</sup> begun ; and am well-nigh idle, except for the reading of insignificant Books. I have been expecting them these three weeks.

The rest are all on foot ; jogging along at their old vocations. Alick clicks away in his smithy, making natural music (and many odd iron implements) under cloud of night. He and I have repaired the Skylight with our own hands, and absolutely cured the Kitchen vent of reek ! Mary was off to-day, seeking a dressmaker to measure her

<sup>1</sup> A History of German Literature, on which Carlyle was busy during this year. A large part of it was completed, but the arrangement for its publication fell through, and it was never printed as a whole.—See *Correspondence between Goethe and Carlyle*, 159, 207-209, *et al.*

for a frock ; and arrived safely at dusk from "the Glen."

Tell Jamie that I will send him money to pay all manner of Cartwrights very soon, that my credit may not evaporate in Annandale. I hope to have no more stables to build ; and so not to be [so] poor another year. . . .

Good-night, my dear Mother ; may all blessings be with you and the rest !—Ever your affectionate Son,  
THOMAS CARLYLE.

XLVII.—To Dr. CARLYLE, Birmingham.

CRAIGENPUTTOCK, 5th January 1830.

MY DEAR JACK—Here is one of your old large München sheets, on which I am about scribbling you a long Letter ; there seems to be but one of the sort remaining, so in future you must be contented with less. Your welcome tidings, which we had greatly longed for, found us in our usual state of health : the Letter had been too late for that Wednesday's post ; the Newspaper was in right time. It amused us all not a little ; none of us had ever chanced to read one "Life in London"<sup>1</sup> before ; and truly such a concern may boast itself unparalleled in this Earth ; one more of the many oddities that characterise this dear little Island of ours from all other Lands. I rather rejoice in it, as a broad, fearless, unhesitating manifestation of the *rohe Naturmensch*, mostly extinct elsewhere ; in which "natural man," brutish though he be

<sup>1</sup> *Bell's Life in London*, a "sporting" newspaper.

very often, there is at least no obtruncation, or castration, or other artificial defect of part; but *all* is there that Nature gave him, in *esse*, or in *posse*; and nothing that is true and worthy has yet become desperate in him.—By the way, the moment you are settled, you must look out for some London Paper, and have it sent to us: Fraser is very irregular, so that there is no certainty in him, and one loses all the satisfaction of the thing. That *Spectator* will do, if you can get no better; but for ourselves we prefer the *Examiner*, if the time will answer.<sup>1</sup> We saw two Numbers of the *Standard*, and liked it nowise exceedingly.

. . . We were all very sad to see you shoot off that night from your old natural nest; and for some hypochondriacal days, one could not help feeling as if one had lost a Brother. To me, it was more loss perhaps than to any other; for plain reasons. However, that is not the natural view of it: Jack and I have not lost each other, and will never do so foolish a thing in *this* world, or the next either if we can help it: the instant I hear of your being settled, I shall rather think I have found you. For you especially, the world is all an "unopened oyster": neither have I done yet, sad sprawling as I have had: but there is somewhat lies in me, and before me; and so we shall hope to live yet, and see good in the land of the living. 'Courage, Brother! Be honest, and times will mend.'

<sup>1</sup> For getting it brought to Craigenputtock from Dumfries on Wednesday (market-day) by the Carrier.

We have heard nothing from Scotsbrig, and only infer from their silence that nothing special has happened. I have written twice to our Mother; once with a brave gray cloak that Mrs. Welsh sent her, for new-year's gift. She was very anxious about you, as is her wont; you must not fail to send her word. Our Father also was rather disconsolate that night you went off: I found him sitting with outspread palms, by the kitchen-fire, when I returned, and whimpering something about "being the means of bringing so many creatures of the human kind into the world, and how none of them had ever done anything that was wrong before *man*." He is not at all well, I think; and more in mind than in body: he has not yet learned *to be old*, and the time is now come when that must be learned; he has failed very much within the last three years. But Summer will come, and bring him spirits again.

You remember James Bell<sup>1</sup> of Townfoot's coming into Farries' that night to take leave of you with the rest. He is dead and buried, above a fortnight ago! We heard only the meagrest account; that he "had died in a moment"; I suppose, by apoplexy, or epilepsy; for he had before experienced shocks of that kind. Poor James Bell! But our tragedies are not done yet. Rob Clerk of Craigenvey,

<sup>1</sup> Old Mrs. Carlyle had, as a girl, gone from Hazliebrae, near Lochmaben, to live with her aunt Mrs. Bell (died 1800), at Townfoot, Ecclefechan, who was the mother of this James Bell.—M. C.



our next neighbour here, had been drinking at Minnyive, perhaps that very day you were departing: he tumbled off his chair with a groan, gave "a snort or two" on the floor, and was by his companions reckoned to be dead-drunk. At their convenient leisure, they hoisted him, and his Boy, also drunk, into the cart, which "Johnnie M'Caw's Lassie" (happily sober) drove home under cloud of night to his Aunt: Rob "spoke none, moved none"; and his Aunt carried him in on her back, and laid him on the bed, and after hours of sedulous ministering, discovered him to be dead! Rob was once a man that could have "turned markets" with his own purse, and he would not "taste" in those days. But he failed in trade, twice; since then has led a strange "wet and dry" existence; drunk in all corners of Britain from Sussex to Sutherland; and so has found his end at length. Is it not a wild world this? Who made it? Who governs it? Who gets good of it? Without *Faith*, I think a man were *forced* to be an Atheist.<sup>1</sup>

But we ourselves have our sorrows here at present. I said your Letter found us all in health; but this does not leave us so. Poor Jane had killed one of her geese, and the whole establishment was to dine here *gemüthlichst*, on New-year's day; but alas on Monday gone a week she took a violent sore-throat, and is at this moment close confined to

<sup>1</sup> The greater part of this paragraph is in Froude's *Life*, ii. 68.

bed. For two days we were really alarmed about her; Elliott sat booted and spurred, in readiness to ride for a Doctor, to Dumfries: however, at length we only sent him for soda-powders, and other little medicines, and Mrs. Welsh was both Nurse and Doctor. I myself have now taken up these characters; Mrs. Welsh having gone off (by constraint) to-day; and I write here in momentary expectation of a little knock, which summons me up to some duty. (The knock has actually come, and I am here again!) However, she is now very considerably better, and I hope in a few days to see her well.<sup>1</sup> The rest of us are in our usual way; better rather than worse. We are much more comfortable since we got Elliott; and I have zealously begun riding every day. Alick and I mended the skylight with our own hands, and have altogether cured the kitchen-smoke. Elliott is paving the backyard; brings us roaring fires of coals; and is to go down with this Letter to-night, among his other services. Lord make us thankful; for we *have* much to be thankful for.—“Little Jean” came up with us from Scotsbrig, staid here in still cheerfulness, and could not get away for snow till last Thursday. I sent down your Letter, and word of the Newspaper, and that probably you were eating Christmas dinners, and as merry as any of us. We expect a Letter perhaps to-morrow,

<sup>1</sup> Carlyle says in a letter to his brother John, 11th February, “We are all in the usual state: Jane recovered, and now knitting patiently beside me at a bright fire.”

perhaps next week.—Good be with you! my dear Jack.—I [am always] your Brother,  
T. CARLYLE.

I just last night got a package of those *German History Books*; a huge package for which I have waited four weeks, and now it is scarcely of *any* value to me! . . .

XLVIII.—To Dr. CARLYLE, London.

CRAIGENPUTTOCK, 19th March 1830.

MY DEAR JACK— . . . Jane and I were at Scotsbrig for about a week, and returned only on Tuesday night, through tempests of sleet, and in spite of ill-shod fillies; to find your Letters among various others, and a square parcel which happily proved to be *Jördens*,<sup>1</sup> lying waiting to welcome us. The good people at Scotsbrig seemed all wonderfully well and happy, and on the whole exhibited a much more comfortable style of housekeeping than I expected there. On the whole I think their way of life one of the most desirable which a man could choose for himself in this condition of things. Our Father, who has been sickly and dispirited most of the winter, has now recovered himself; walks out to see his dikers, and so forth, and is very bright and speculative. Our Mother we expect here shortly, when Alick goes down for seed-corn, which perhaps he will do to-morrow. She too seemed moderately well, but full of

<sup>1</sup> *Lexikon deutscher Dichter und Prosaisten* (6 vol. 8vo), useful for Carlyle's present task, the *History of German Literature*.

anxieties about you. Speak to her on that subject when one liked, she had always "just been thinking of it." She wishes much that you would write to her oftener, as I assured her you would not fail to do, were you once settled. She sees all the Letters that come hither, and in general with little delay; but that is far from sufficing her. An old Newspaper from time to time with a "*ganz wohl*," would be quite a treat at Scotsbrig. The girls said they had constructed you a Letter, brimful of news, and thought it should count against three from you. . . .

The Clows, at Jane's request, came and drank tea with us; Miss Clow<sup>1</sup> much admired for her "fine figure"; and next day, having been already detained by foul weather, we rode forth in spite of all representations; passed through Ecclefechan, and over Dalton Bank, in successive whirlwinds of snow; and at night found ourselves sitting not among the broad faces at Scotsbrig, but here in the wilderness alone by our own hearth. Nothing new had occurred in our absence: all were well and busy, Alick with his ploughing, Elliott with his road-cleaning and hedge-cropping; Mary and her womankind with their washing and wringing within doors. We had been at Templand, as we went down to Scotsbrig, when the weather was very gay: Mrs. Welsh was pretty well; and her Father too, though with strength of body he had recovered strength of volition, and was a very emphatic and unrestful old man. Mrs. Welsh

<sup>1</sup> She became Mrs. Alick Carlyle.



is much to be pitied with him ; but she bears it all in a light, patient spirit, such as might reprove many a professed philosopher. . . .

A Mr. Gleig, well known in London, I believe, wrote to me the other day out of Kent about a *Life of Goethe* for some new sort of Family Library. I rather doubt nothing will come of the negotiation ; yet I wish much I had heard of it six months ago. For the rest, this has been the shabbiest winter with me that I can remember : waiting for Books, beginning again and again with fierce energy, and again and again obliged to make a dead halt. These other London volumes (sent by a private hand) for which a much more important Parcel in Edinburgh must be waiting, have never come to hand. For little, I would kick my foot through the whole concern even at this hour. But no ! no ! Neither is the good Fraser<sup>1</sup> to blame ; only my own evil stars. Pray will you try to ascertain from him *when* he would like to have that History ? I had fixed on May, but hear no answer, see no symptom of preparation. I have to write to Weimar to-day : adieu ! . . . God bless you, my dear Brother !

T. CARLYLE.

XLIX.—To Dr. CARLYLE, London.

CRAIGENPUTTOCK, 10th April 1830.

MY DEAR JACK—I must write you a few hurried lines, though I am far, far back with

<sup>1</sup> Mr. James Fraser (of *Fraser's Magazine*), not Mr. William Fraser (of the *Foreign Quarterly*).

my day's work, lest you get too anxious. We are very glad to learn that you have come to a fixed resolution, and what is better, begun to put it in execution. For the thousandth time, I repeat that I think there is *no* fear of you, so [you] will but set your shoulder stoutly to the wheel. Write your Papers then, the best you are able; think with yourself, take counsel with your kind Friends; and dread no evil issue. A time of toil, of obscurity and dissatisfaction you must look for: but "a free field for you and no favour," say I; and the day *will* not go against you. Keep a *henk and a spingit*,<sup>1</sup> as Joe Elliott was wont to advise: the world is wide, and our Doil will make himself a place there. The very thought that he is attempting such a thing will be as oil to his head. Once on his own legs, I hardly know the man I would not pit him against.

Now tell us how you get on with your Translations and Speculations; and what face the world wears towards you. . . . God bless thee, Jack; and keep thee always, in poverty or wealth, my true Brother!

I must now narrate this and the other; how we are all "getting on" here. God be thanked we are all afoot still; no sick body or broken heart among us. Our Mother is still here; your Letter reached her about a week ago. She is waiting chiefly, I believe, till Alick return from the House in the Moor Fair, whither he is gone this morning to

<sup>1</sup> *Heart and a spirit*, so pronounced by J. E.—M. C.

sell his sheep ; having gone in vain the foregoing week, so bad was the Sale ; and returned, on Larry, for the intervening days, to get along with his sowing. He cannot account himself a prosperous Farmer at present, as what Farmer is ?—and knows not whether he will keep this place another year : however, there are no bones broken, and we will decide the best we can when the time comes. Our Mother is very tolerably well ; so, we hear, are the Scotsbrig people. It is growing spring, the larches will all be green one of these days, the Birds seem already wedded, and Men are getting their crops in as they can. My *Weibchen* has the "Factor," as Alick calls him,<sup>1</sup> daily delving in the Garden, at the slowest of rates, yet happily he is near done now. He leaves us at Whitsunday, rather to our regret, and now, I believe, greatly to his own ; he has made a very considerable improvement in the look of things here, and has no fault but his vanity, which is considerable. We get "Canny" Bretton, once herdsboy at Mainhill, in his stead, and flatter ourselves it is fair exchange.

I myself am writing daily at that *History*, not without spirit ; and in spite of booksellers, carriers, nature and my stars. Tell Fraser I shall surely have the first volume ready for Press, early in May ; and wish *much* to get forward fast with the printing of it. Those Books he sent by a "private hand" seem never to have been delivered : they had *not* reached

<sup>1</sup> The servant Elliott.

Edinburgh ten days ago, but perhaps will come to-morrow. I can do without them; I will do without everything and all things; I have sworn it. Will you tell Mrs. Strachey that I got a Book from Mr. Greaves with a highly flattering Note, for which I beg that she would heartily thank him in my name. Gleig's project of *Goethe's Life* seems to be dropt, and he wants greatly to know *when* I could let him have my *Life of Luther*. *Nimmer und niemals!* I rather believe. When I write that Book of the great German Lion, it shall be the best Book I have ever written, and go forth, I think, on its own legs. Do you know, we are actually talking of spending the next winter in Weimar; and preparing all the raw material of right *Luther*, there at the fountain-head. That, of course, if I can get this *History* done, and have the cash. . . .

You must remember me to Mrs. Strachey, and may if you like go often to see her. I reckon her one of the deepest-hearted and on the whole, best women I have ever known. But tell not this in Bedford Square!—Also forget not again to speak of the Kitty that was.—Make my compliments to Allan Cunningham: have you ever seen William Gray? My friendliest regards to Edward Irving, and your worthy Hostess (who should have stood *first*), not forgetting the young Doctor.<sup>1</sup> All here greet you heartily.—Ever your affectionate,

T. CARLYLE.

<sup>1</sup> Irving's brother George, who soon afterwards died.



Our Mother is sitting with Jane in the Parlour (after tea), I must carry them this (from the Library) to read. . . .

L.—To Dr. CARLYLE, London.

CRAIGENPUTTOCK, 1st May 1830.

MY DEAR BROTHER JACK— . . . Much it delights me, my dear Jack, to figure you now as in the way of clear well-doing ; and that I can write to you without any little grudge or reservation, as to my worthy and well-beloved Brother, struggling forward beside me in the battle of Life ; to whom I can give an "*Euge!*" and word of encouragement if nothing more. Do not work too hard, for there is a measure in all things ; do not encounter those "dull headaches" lest they lead to something worse. Neither take too deep thought for the morrow : I care not, why should you care, *how* you prosper outwardly, so your heart and bearing be that of a true man ; let the world take its own sway : "meat, clothes and fire" are all that Rothschild or Guelf himself can wring out of it. There is no Act of Parliament in Heaven's Chancery that you or I are to be rich men or famous men ; only the sternest and solemnest enactment that we are to be good men, "diligent in business and fervent in spirit"—reverencing the inscrutable God, and "friendly at once and fearless towards all that God has made." . . .

There is nothing but favourable, at least indifferent tidings to send you hence ; inasmuch

as we are all alive and stirring, the most of us very busy. Alick got your Letter, and will write (he tells me this evening) when the first Parcel goes. He is very busy afield; has got his rent not paid, yet settled for this term, and signified officially that if times do not greatly mend, he must remove next Whitsunday; so that one bad business is for the time put by. Elliott is mowing greens (or rather *the* green) and laying out a new one most beautiful to look on, where the Peatstack stood; and gravelling Garden walks; and working miracles in all directions. Jane goes out about him, and sees the "Defence of Order" practically manifested: for the rest, she sits beside me here where I write, and reads or sews, and never utters *mum*. I myself am toiling, as I have said, with impetuosity; writing from three to four pages<sup>1</sup> daily (when it is easy, alas! many a day I have hammered my brains from morning to night, and written nothing): the first volume is to be done in a fortnight. I am now in the heart of the *Nibelungen Lied*, which I like much. The Book will be worth next to nothing, yet readable enough, and will do no mischief. I long and pray only that it were off my hands: for compilation, and this is or can be little more, in the present state of things, pleaseth me little.

These fine days often bring me in mind of last Spring and you. Nay I have now mounted your hair cap,<sup>2</sup> and ride with it (or rather mean

<sup>1</sup> Carlyle's pages were very closely written.

<sup>2</sup> A fur cap from Germany.

to do so) when wind is up. I have been out three or four mornings lately in that way ; for I get off sleep, and grow *billus* when scribbling. But as for the Cap, I will prize it above all caps, and think when it hangs on the cloakpin that I hear the voice of poor Doil, saying Brother remember me ! Yes, my brave Doil, I will remember thee, and thy true heart, so long as memory lives within me.—But let us avoid the pathetic.—Here is supper come ! . . .

LI.—To his MOTHER, Scotsbrig.

CRAIGENPUTTOCK, *Tuesday night*  
[August 1830].

. . . We are all well here, and longing very much to hear from Scotsbrig. We hoped for some word about my Father, and your general state, last week : perhaps to-morrow we shall be more fortunate. What to think about my Father's state of health we know not rightly, but still trust the best.

From Jack I have got no more word ; but expect to hear to-morrow that he is settled in his own lodgings, and begun practice, which, were it not that necessity compels him, he seems so loth to do. Neither have I heard anything definite about the disposal of my *German History*: I have now some thoughts of stopping in it soon after where I am, and perhaps for the present cutting it up into Review Articles, and publishing it first in that way. It will be the readiest method of sale ; and I wish much that I were done with it, one way or other ; for

the task never pleased me. I could write, and will write, something infinitely better, ere long.

The Jeffreys are all coming hither in the end of the month; but I will try to take a run into Annandale before that time. Our peats we have not yet begun to bring home, so the large horse will be busy; but Harry is always forthcoming.

I forget whether I mentioned last week that we had a parcel from Goethe, with pictures of his House, etc.; and a still stranger parcel from Paris, addressed to the Author of the *Signs of the Times*. The people there seem to think me a very promising man, and that some good will come of me. Thus, a prophet is not without honour, save in his own country. Poor prophet! However, in my present solitude, I am very glad of these small encouragements. . . .

LII.—To Dr. CARLYLE, London.

CRAIGENPUTTOCK, 6th August 1830.

MY DEAR JACK— . . . I have, at your suggestion, sent that miserable dud of "*Cruthers and Johnson*"<sup>1</sup> to Fraser, with two other Papers: certain abstruse "Thoughts on History," and a small scantling of my Fables and Rhymes (or rather one Rhyme "What is Hope"<sup>2</sup>): you are to correct the Proofs, if there be any printing: "*Cruthers and Johnson*" is to be

<sup>1</sup> In *Fraser*, Jan. 1831. Carlyle remarks to Emerson (*Correspondence*, i. 230), "It is the first thing I wrote, or among the very first."

<sup>2</sup> See *Miscellanies*, i. 391.



*forthwith* returned to you, if found unsuitable; and the *name* in any case kept *strictly* secret. Lastly, I have told the man to deliver you the Payment (if any) for that *Jean-Paul'sche Recension*; <sup>1</sup> and if possible to let you have your Letter on Monday before Post time.—This is all that I have done, and you can forward it if you have any opportunity. If not, prithee, kind Doctor, do not value it one pin's point: I can do whether they print my trash in their Magazine or not, and what[ever] they and all men may think of it there or elsewhere.—Of course I mean *Magazine* Fraser!—Get my *Schiller* from the other, <sup>2</sup> and I have done with him.

Having a little scrap of room here, I will put down a word or two of news for you. We have got a Gig here (bought, not paid, at £10 between Alick and me); a fine stout, substantial, old-fashioned, bottle-green vehicle, as ugly, as light and as sure, as Philosopher could desire it. The large beast Madge went in it marvellously; so does Larry for Alick and Mary, who keep no other riding-horse: Jane goes down in it to-morrow to Dumfries with Bretton. This is a kind of innovation for us.

Secondly, the Jeffreys are coming hither in the end of August. . . .

<sup>1</sup> *Jean Paul Friedrich Richter* again (in the *Foreign Review* No. 9, *Miscellanies*, iii. 1).

<sup>2</sup> The Article *Schiller* (in *Fraser* No. 14, *Miscellanies*, iii. 87) which had been sent to Mr. William Fraser of the *Foreign Review*.

Thirdly, we have had three Letters from Goethe,<sup>1</sup> the first and most important of which I send you a copy of, made many months ago for you; the contents of which will not fail to surprise you. That Craigenputtock should be *engraved* in Weimar! The next Letter, however, told us that the Publication of *Schiller* had been put off for some time, that the *geschmückte Exemplar* would not come with the First Box but soon afterwards, with the *Lieferungen* of his *Werke*. That promised First Box came actually; contained strange things, Goethe's *Farbenlehre*, the remaining *Proofs* of *Schiller*, two Pictures of Goethe's Houses, the *Gartenhaus* and *Haus* in Weimar. This was a fortnight ago. So that THE *Exemplar* is soon to be looked for, with the *indiscreet* preface, the views of Craigenputtock, and of *Schiller's Wohnung in Weimar*, and of his little *Gartenhaus in Jena*, for they are all to be there. Why, this is voonders upon voonders!

Lastly, there came that same night, a Parcel of Books from Paris (*how*, except that they were last at Edinburgh, I cannot guess) and a Letter addressed to the writer of the *Caractère de notre Epoque* (Signs of the Times) *dans la Revue d'Edinbourg*, from the strangest of all Societies, the *Société St.-Simonienne* (or Disciples of St.-Simon), who are founding a New Religion there at present. . . .

We are very poor, as I said, at present; but that is *all*, and we will get over that. Fear

<sup>1</sup> See *Correspondence between Goethe and Carlyle*, letters from Goethe, of 13th April and 6th June 1830.

nothing : we mean nothing but honest things, and must and will prosper in them, seeing the very effort is success. . . .

I will now go and seek you three Rose-leaves that grew in Craigenputtock (for we have plenty this year), which will be quite withered before they reach you, but nevertheless have some *perfume* left. We are very *braw* about the doors ; have *large* trees transplanted outside the Garden-dike, walks gravelled, etc. etc. . . . Again, dear Jack, adieu !—Your true Brother,  
T. C.

LIII.—To his MOTHER, Scotsbrig.

CRAIGENPUTTOCK, Tuesday  
[28th September 1830].

MY DEAR MOTHER— . . . You would learn from Jamie not only that *Jean* and I arrived safe behind Larry ; but further, that the other *Jeannie*<sup>1</sup> and I were down at Dumfries by the same conveyance. . . .

That night, after looking at all the huge Bullocks and strange human creatures assembled in Dumfries, Jane and I were mounted and on the way home some time before eight o'clock : nevertheless, as has been said, "you know where you begin the ride, not where you end it ;" accordingly we had not got the length of Ichabod's, where our Dunscore Road turns off the great Mail Road, when I half jesting proposed that we should rather drive to Temp-land, the way being shorter, and smoother for

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Carlyle.

a drive in the dark, and my helpmate having agreed to be there, at any rate, before the end of the week. Assent was readily given (three several times) to this proposal: so away we went for Templand; where Larry, in the most handsome manner, landed us quite comfortably about ten o'clock. Mrs. Welsh, after her first terror, was overjoyed to all lengths; made us porridge "with her own hands," clipt my hair next day, and having asked some person to dine with us, *would not* without a quarrel let us go that day, or till after breakfast on the following. Her Father is very frail; otherwise things seem much in their old state. I do not think she has yet stirred at all in the Craigenputtock business: neither, as it appears to me, has she the smallest wish to part with Alick, if he could make her any reasonable proposal. However, she is a person I cannot speak with in regard to such affairs. Alick, I think, ought to make up his own mind, as soon as he can, and say, or at least guess, what is in his power, and what not.

You would hear that the Jeffreys had come and gone: they arrived that very Monday night, and I found them all sitting in state, when I got here. Jeffrey was more than usually friendly and interesting; he left us, and we were left, with real regret. Jane found your butter and eggs of essential service; and on the whole gives many thanks both to Providence (who watches the fall of sparrows) and to fellow-men. Bretton *waited* like the



Steward of some Royal Hotel (the slut is really admirable at waiting); the Cook cooked to a very hair's-breadth: so that Jane says gratefully, "she was borne through with an honourable through-bearing."<sup>1</sup> I rather think, Jeffrey will come himself next year (if we are all well), and leave his women; which will be a much more commodious method.—He insisted on taking my unfortunate Manuscript (of *German Literary History*) with him to Edinburgh, that he might read it, and see whether *he* could not find a Publisher for it: I expect to hear some tidings about this very soon; but hardly that he will be successful; indeed, now that I have made up my mind, I care next to nothing whether or not. He has already written to Jack (whom he seemed to like well) about one Hazlitt, an unfortunate literary man, whom Jack seemed to be attending as Doctor; to whom Jeffrey was sending money, but who, as I see by a mark in the last *Examiner*, is now dead; so that the charitable aid would come too late.—The worthy Dean of Faculty (for that is our Duke's title) inquired about you all, very kindly, not of me, but of Jane: I reckon him one of the best persons, practically considered, that I have ever seen; also that he is growing "sadder and wiser" as he increases in years.<sup>2</sup> . . .

<sup>1</sup> "Burgher Minister's thanksgiving on a Sacramental occasion."—T. C. in *Letters and Memorials*, i. 328, n.

<sup>2</sup> An account of this visit is in the *Reminiscences*, ii. 248; see also Froude's *Life*, ii. 127.

LIV.—To his MOTHER, Scotsbrig.<sup>1</sup>

CRAIGENPUTTOCK, 10th October 1830.

. . . The wife and I are very quiet here, and accustoming ourselves, as fast as we can, to the stillness of winter, which is fast coming on. These are the grayest, most silent days I ever saw: my Besom, as I sweep up the withered leaves, might be heard at a furlong's distance. The woods are getting very party-coloured, the old trees quite bare; all witnesses that another year has travelled away. What good and evil has it brought us! May God sanctify them both to every one of us! I study not to get too *wae*; but often I think of many solemn and sad things, which indeed I do not wish to forget. We are *all* in God's hand; otherwise this world, which is but wholly a valley of the Shadow of Death, were too frightful. Why should we fear? Let us *hope*; we are in "the Place of Hope," our Life is a Hope.

But far better than all reasonings for cheerfulness is the diligence I use in following my daily Business. For the last three weeks I have been writing by taskwork again, and get along wonderfully well: what it is to be I cannot yet tell, whether a Book or a string of Magazine Articles; we hope, the former; but in either case, it may be worth something. I

<sup>1</sup> A part of this and of the following Letter, which contain the earliest reference to *Sartor Resartus*, is in Froude's *Life*, ii. 131.

will send you Luther's Hymn which I have translated into verse; Luther made the Music too, but that I have not. It is needless to ask you about your health or my father's; for none will answer me. Let me repeat John's caution to him and you to take *double care* at this season. God bless you all!—Ever your affectionate Son,

T. CARLYLE.

Jane and I talk of coming down by and by. Jeffrey has yet written nothing about my German Book, but I expect to hear soon. Tell my Father that Alick will bring the Gig next time he goes to Scotsbrig, and we must have him up hither: he can wrap himself effectually, so as to take no harm, and we will keep him in *hot* enough quarters here. To Jamie, Jane, and Jenny our separate kindest love.

LV.—To Dr. CARLYLE, London.

CRAIGENPUTTOCK, 19th October 1830.

. . . For myself here I am leading the stillest life; musing amid the pale sunshine, or rude winds of October Tirl<sup>1</sup>-the-trees, when I go walking in this almost ghastly solitude; and for the rest, writing with impetuosity. I think it not impossible that I may see you this winter in London! I mean to come whenever I can spare the money; that I may look about me again among men for a little. Here too I feel sometimes that I make progress, and get better insight. Keep your thumb on this *journey*,

<sup>1</sup> Strip.

till we see how it turns. What I am writing at is the strangest of all things: begun as an Article for *Fraser*; then found to be too long (except it were divided into two); now sometimes looking almost as if it would swell into a Book. A very singular piece, I assure you! It glances from Heaven to Earth and back again in a strange satirical frenzy, whether *fine* or not remains to be seen. . . .

*Teufelsdröck* (that is the title of my present *Schrift*) will be done (so far—fifty pages) to-morrow. . . .

LVI.—To Dr. CARLYLE, London.

CRAIGENPUTTOCK, 12th November 1830.

MY DEAR JACK—You are justly what may be called a Benefactor to Craigenputtock, and, we would hope, “an ornament to society in every direction:”<sup>1</sup> here is the second time that your punctuality has helped us out of approaching perplexity. The long well-filled sheet arrived duly to our great satisfaction in many ways, wherein the little announcement of coming Cash, humble as the circumstance was, did nowise escape us. I drove down with Alick on Wednesday (through unspeakable deluges and tempests) to await that little arrival; and had scarcely seated myself to a comfortable Pipe in Thomson’s, when the promised Letter was handed in to me; containing, if not Twenty, at least Ten current Pounds, part of which were to

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, p. 126 n.



be useful the very next day. And now you promise us other Ten, or even Twenty (if we like better, which we do) next Wednesday; whereby the Genius of Poverty will be quite excluded through the coming months, and can henceforth only growl to no purpose on the outside of bolted doors. Many thanks, dear Jack, for your punctuality, which, in all cases, especially in these, is an excellent virtue.

. . . I wrote to William Fraser about his Magazine,<sup>1</sup> and that *Teufelsdröck* paper of mine, which I have now resolved not to make a Book of; but, if I have opportunity, two *Articles*, and the germ of more. I wished to dive into Fraser's modes and conditions, and see whether any nearer Magazine relation with him was desirable. Were his answer come, I send off this Paper (with *Nimmo* and other trifles); also your German *Briefe* (commissioned up from Scotsbrig to-day), and another Book for you of a still more surprising character: no less than the *geschmückte Exemplar* of *Schiller*, which came safely to hand ten days ago. There were two copies; one, bound in all conceivable superbity, we are to keep; the other, unbound, the Artist at Dumfries is binding for you (to be here on Monday) in a decent style, with strict directions to put in the *Umschlag* (of Schiller's House and Garden-house) also. The Craig bears a distinct

<sup>1</sup> Probably *Fraser's Magazine*, of which James Fraser was the proprietor; but William Fraser (editor of the *Foreign Review*), in whose head, Carlyle says in 1832, "*Fraser's Magazine* took being first," still took part in its management.

resemblance ; and there is the most wondrous Preface by *dem Allen*, with considerable Translations from some Letters of mine, and my Paper on *Burns*, the version of which Poet *he* has set agoing at Berlin. All these things, with others, you shall see soon. We have had two Letters from him by Post ; a certain *Gesellschaft für ausländische Literatur* in Berlin have elected me an *Ehrenmitglied* ; their clerk seems to be Hitzig : of this also you shall hear. Goethe says : *Von der Soci  t   St.-Simonienne bitte Sich fern zu halten !* Nevertheless, send me their Books by the very first chance. Jane is making you a *Bread-seal*, which will come with that same Packet, and stamp your coat-of-arms for you, till you get a better. We are *all* well, save Mary. . . . Our Father has been with us for a fortnight exactly, and went off with Alick in the Gig this morning. He seems as well as he has been for some years : takes tea twice<sup>1</sup> and is very *dietetic*, and very cheerful and talkative.—God bless you, dear Brother !

T. CARLYLE.

LVII.—To Dr. CARLYLE, London.

CRAIGENPUTTOCK, 19th December 1830.

. . . On the whole, here in our moorland Patmos we are not without cause to be grateful : this very night, we have fine black frost, a vehement fire is blazing (with peats, logs and

<sup>1</sup> His father had hitherto despised the taking of tea as an absurd and effeminate practice.—M. C.

large coals) at my left hand (for it is in the Drawing-room that we abide for these few days), and on the opposite side thereof sits my wife sewing; I owe no man almost anything, and have the prospect of being allowed to live unmolested in God's Earth a little longer, there to till and sow according to ability that richest of all fields Future Time: *Mein Acker ist die Zeit*.<sup>1</sup> "What wanteth man that I have not within my own Four Walls?"<sup>2</sup>

To give you a few more particulars. We have only one servant this winter: "Betty," an oldish coughing woman, but seemingly a "chosen one" of her sex, so quiet is she, so orderly, and takes such charge of Master and Missus, of cow, pig and pony. The place is all dry and gravelly, swept and garnished, even to Cobbett's taste, about doors; windtight, watertight, warm and smokeless within. The "big beast" is labouring for her bread at Templand this winter: but Harry runs in the Gig (which I myself can now trim and harness) like a very lion, and I give him "swine meal," which is his plum-pudding and callipash and callipee, nightly by deputy, and on those great Gig-occasions for two days previously "with my own hand." We were at Templand but on Wednesday last; and with lamps burning (half-penny tallow candles!) overtook Macknight, scarcely past "the Milton," and snatched our Letters from him. . . .

<sup>1</sup> "To Time I'm heir."—*Wilhelm Meister*.

<sup>2</sup> From verses by Carlyle, for which see Froude's *Life*, i. 324.

I see your *Article* advertised in last *Fraser*, but nothing of mine, so that I am still far in your debt. They may print up what they have got, before I send more. . . . Hang them! I *have* a Book in me that will cause ears to tingle; and one day out it must and will issue. Jack too has another talent, other talents: in the valley of the shadow of Magazine Editors we shall not always linger. Courage! Not Hope, for she was always a liar, but Courage! Courage!—For myself I am to write Napier<sup>1</sup> a shortish Paper on Taylor's *Survey of German Poetry*, which work I expect on Wednesday: this will occupy [me] for three weeks complete. I have translated Saint-Simon's *Nouveau Christianisme*, a heterodox Pamphlet (about forty *Review* pages), which I mean soon to send *you*. I have prefixed a very short introduction; and you may try whether any pamphlet-printing Bookseller (some Socinian or Anti-Church, or quite indifferent character) will give you the matter of five pounds for the copyright thereof, or will give you nothing whatever, which also will be a decision. It contains several strange ideas, not without a large spice of truth; is ill-written, but easily read, and deserves a reading. Tell me whether you think it will be worth risking six shillings on, and in the affirmative, *off!*—Alas! the Paper too is done, and we were not half *fertig!* *Gott mit Dir!*

T. CARLYLE.

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, p. 149. The Article on Taylor's book is to be found in Carlyle's *Miscellanies*, iii. 283.



LVIII—To Dr. CARLYLE, London.

CRAIGENPUTTOCK, 21st January 1831.

MY DEAR BROTHER—Last Wednesday came your Books, all safe ; no Parcel of Montagu's ; and what we grudged very much no scratch of a pen from yourself. . . . You are there in the focus of British activity at a great era in the world's history, at a great era in your own ; I am here in the dead silence of peat-moss, yet warmly interested in all that pertains to both these eras ; and you take the trouble to tell me very little. Some half-hundred things you might throw great light on for me ; indeed scarcely anything you could write would not instruct me : nevertheless you will not so much as fill your paper, no matter with what. Depend upon it, dear Jack, all this is not right. But what remedy have we ? A man's Letters are his Letters ; you must accept them as such, or cease to correspond with him, and *then* you get justice ! Therefore I will say no more on this point. But one thing more especially grieves me, my dear Brother : that in these hasty scrawls of Letters, I trace some perturbation of mind diligently hidden from me. O *this*, be sure, is *not* right. Speak of your cares, man, to a heart that loves you : they will grow lighter by your very speaking of them ; order arises out of speech, especially out of writing. Attempt to explain what you do know, and you already know something more. But with this too I have done. As was said, your

Letters are your Letters; and I, or any man, have no right to complain of them, but only to take thankfully what you give.

I have been busy for three weeks, have finished *Taylor*, and send it off to-morrow: it cannot appear till the Number following the first. Taylor is a clever old *Philister*, and I have salted him according to ability; there is also something about *Welt-Literatur*: on the whole, a *baddish* Article, not without some particles of worth, and may help a little to guide our German studies from some aberration. In writing to Napier, I mentioned the possibility of his receiving a Paper from you: he was to *try* it, and accept or reject *quite* freely, according to his judgment. I hope and trust, it will do. There is no Periodical so steady as the *Edinburgh Review*; the salary fair, the vehicle respectable. Whether *Diet* may be a quite popular subject I do not know; but I calculate with some confidence that you will make a reasonable story out of it. Are you apprised that some three years ago, there *was* an Article on that subject?—the poorest of Articles; which Jeffrey too interwove with a constant running thread of contradiction, almost every alternate paragraph was his, and the whole looked laughable enough. I fancy these artists will hardly have trenched on your ground: nevertheless look at their work. I cannot direct you to the Number more nearly than so: that it was the one published immediately before our leaving Edinburgh, perhaps therefore, that

of March or April 1828. You should try to be new, and above all to give new *facts*. Are there any Dietetic habits peculiar on the Continent; any public Regulations or approaches to such anywhere? Some notices of these or the like would be very interesting. I have surely heard that some Governments do take a certain charge of the People's health, as all should. Public Lectures on Regimen would be next to Public Lectures on Morality. Will you touch on this? Can you tell us accurately how Boxers and the like are dieted in England? If so explain it satisfactorily; for it will be new to many. Will any of your Germans tell you how the old Athletes were trained? Can you state any curious particulars about the various diets of nations generally? Say thus much at least: Man can live on all things, from whale-blubber (as in Greenland) to clay-earth (as at the mouth of the Orinoco, see *Humboldt*). Then you have all the Passions, etc. influenced by eating; madness itself lying in the stomach: one can go mad at any time one likes, by laying a cupful of alcohol to the walls of that organ. Excuse these shoulderings at the wheel: I have no force to help you, but if I *had*——! On the whole, dear Jack, do your best; and *exceed not twenty pages*; shorter if you can; brevity for this time will be a great recommendation to you. Looking at what you have done, I should say there was *no* fear: but ill-luck has so pursued one in these matters, one knows not what to think. Nay when you have done your *best*,

stand resolutely up, and say to yourself, *I have done it, ich kann nicht anders.*

But by this time, dear Brother, I suppose you are getting wiser as to the true charms of a Life of Literature, and looking with some earnestness for a deliverance into your Profession. God send it! But in the meanwhile, Patience! Perseverance! unwearied Diligence! Man has not and cannot have other armour, stand where he may.—[I] read your *Demonology* and a Paper on *St. John Long*.<sup>1</sup> the only thing by you in that almost quite despicable Magazine. Will you tell me, Jack, how you have lived, or where you get money, my poor Boy? In this Magazine I see scarcely £15 worth. Above all, how did you get *me* £30, when for all they have yet printed I could scarcely claim the half of that? Explain, explain, dear Brother, that I may see where both of us are standing.—Certainly that *Fraser's Magazine* gives the most scurvy remuneration of any Periodical extant, and shall have no more stuff of mine at that rate, barring worse fortune than I have yet seen. Solid well-thought writing such as yours, for example, will not yield a man existence. "Come out of her, my Brethren, come out of her!" It is also a frothy, washy, punchy, dirty kind of Periodical, I fear: "Come out of her"—and *altogether out of that craft, thou that canst.*

But I have a serious commission for you

<sup>1</sup> A quack doctor, then making a fortune in London by his treatment of consumptive cases.



(trouble, as usual) grounded on these facts. Will you go to Fraser and get from him by all means my long Paper entitled *Thoughts on Clothes*: I would not for above half a dozen reasons have it appear there so long as I have potatoes to eat. Get it from him, unless it is absolutely printed: the rest he can keep, they will surely pay him: but of this (in addition to the above reasons) I have taken a notion that I can make rather a good *Book*, and one, above all, likely to produce some desirable impression on the world even now. Do thou get it, my dear Jack, read it well over thyself, and then say what thou thinkest. I can devise some more biography for *Tenfeldsreck*; give a second deeper part, in the same vein, leading through Religion and the nature of Society, and Lord knows what. Nay that very "Thoughts," slightly altered, would itself make a little volume first (which would encourage me immensely) could one find any Bookseller, which however I suppose one cannot. Whether it were worth while to show Fraser the Manuscript (for I think he has not read it) and take counsel with him; or still rather to show Edward Irving it (whose friendliness and feeling of the True, widely as it differs from him, I know), do thou judge. I fear perfect *anonymity* is now out of the question; however swear every one to secrecy, for I mean to speak fearlessly if at all. *Basta! Basta!*—I have taken up the whole blessed sheet, and not one word of news. We are well; Alick and his Spouse do bravely, he

seems fully happier than his wont. They two were at Scotsbrig last week, and brought up favourable reports of all—except our Father, who had heedlessly caught cold, and was “no better hardly” last Wednesday, when Jean wrote us. They had got your letter but did not send it. . . . What is to come [of] Alick, whether to flit or not is still in the womb of Time; who *brings Roses*, and also *Thistles*. Let us be thankful and submissive and love one another.

T. CARLYLE.

The Lord Advocate sends us his first frank<sup>1</sup>: they tore his garments at Forfar, and “rubbed” him, that is, hustled. The scandalous dogs: the worthiest public man in all broad Scotland.—O Jack! Jack! be steady, be manful: the Devil is busy, but he is *not* omnipotent. . . .

LIX.—To Miss JANE CARLYLE, Scotsbrig.

CRAIGENPUTTOCK, *Tuesday night*  
[*January 1831*].

MY DEAR JANE—I have just finished a Letter to our Mother; but must not let the Parcel go without a word for you, to whom indeed some of my chief commissions must be directed.

We were very much obliged by your punctual tidings about my Father, concerning whom we are still very anxious, and not without hopes of hearing something to-morrow. Alick saw Pate Easton<sup>2</sup> last Wednesday, but could get no nearer

<sup>1</sup> Jeffrey had just been elected to Parliament.

<sup>2</sup> An Ecclefechan neighbour.—M. C.

tidings. It was very kind of you, my lassie, since there was no other to write, that you took that trouble. I have only to beg and enjoin you to repeat it regularly and *often*. Tell us especially how our Father is (there are no remedies for cold but "flannel and physic"), whether our Mother keeps stout, and all that goes on amongst you.

The day before yesterday Alick and I saw you (after a sort); we went to the top of Darngarroch hill (the hill that lies over Blackmark Moor), and there, the day being very bright, saw far and wide. New Galloway, Kirkcudbright, Castle-Douglas: Burnswark was as plain as need be; and of course Scotsbrig could not be far. You seemed to have more snow than we, for indeed all our hills were black; however, since then we have had our turn; yesterday was a deliberate slow persevering day of snow-showers; and this day has been quite an adventure that way. A fierce frosty wind is drifting all into heaps; our kitchen door, which has not been opened, stands sunk half way up in a snow drift unuseable; all day it has whirled and heaped itself about this (the library) window; and we have kept up a constant *fire*. . . . To complete the matter, our maid went away on Sabbath to see her friends, and how the foolish creature is to get up again (unless in Alick's bacon carts) I see not. However I have foddered and watered the cattle; to the very Hens, to so many of them as I could entice down I have given *malt* (of which

we had a little *pot*): I wheeled fuel and water round in abundance; Jane has been cooking all day within doors; and I have smoked and read. The wind still howls and whistles; but we hope it will abate to-morrow. This surely will be the last storm of the season.

We thought Jamie would have come up in the frost, but suppose he cannot get away. Tell him that with regard to the *meal* there is no hurry: Mrs. Welsh has sent us a sack of very good stuff, so that *ten* stone more will keep us I know not how long. Tell Jamie, however, to bring us a couple of bushels of good *horse-corn* instead when he comes. I want a little stock for summer and know not where or how to buy it here.

You tell me, my dear Jean, that you are more solitary now; indeed your position has greatly altered within the last year, and you now, young as you are, have to take a kind of *front* rank. Study, my dear Sister, to acquit yourself well in it. There, as in all scenes of life, you will find that from your own judgment, and your own conscience the best help must be sought. For our Margaret who sleeps now in her silent rest [we must not] mourn:<sup>1</sup> I think of her daily, hourly, not in sorrow so much as

<sup>1</sup> Their eldest sister, Margaret, had died in the preceding June. Carlyle's letter concerning her death to his brother John is printed in Froude's *Life*, ii. 109; and there is a brief but affecting account of this "very great, most tender, painful and solemn grief" in the paper on Edward Irving, *Reminiscences*, ii. 193.



in awe and love ; and trust the Almighty may one day restore her to us, and us to her, in some holier world than this : nay, who knows but she may even now in some inscrutably mysterious way be near us. *We* are spirits as well as she, and God is round us and in us, Here as well as Yonder ! Let us not weep for her, but try rather to honour her memory by imitating the good that made her dear to us. Cultivate that quiet purity of heart, that silent justness and fairness of resolve that we saw in her ; be wise and meek and humble as she was. In some points, I shall hardly see her like again. She had a fairness and loving tolerance in judging of her neighbours, which is perhaps of all virtues the rarest among women. Fewer *idle* words were perhaps spoken by scarcely any. The mind shone within her like a clear, modest lamp, enlightening all her goings : thus she could travel through her earthly course unspotted as few are, and now lies enshrined in all our hearts forever. God is great, God is good : if it is His will we shall meet again, and part no more.

It is very gratifying to me, my dear Jean, to think that in several respects you resemble her that is away. One great virtue I have seen and often praised in you, that of Truth : nay, I think if one could never *tell a lie* to one's own heart (which is the worst to do) one had mastered the whole secret of virtue. Persist in what you see to be good and your duty ; be

patient, gentle, submissive even to *ill*-usage : what are we that we should be *well* used ? Did they use Jesus of Nazareth well ? Above all, avoid vanity, self-conceit, Presumption of all sorts ; want of *Humility* (which is a deep and glorious feeling, could we see into it) is simply the want of all Religion, of all true moral worth. I know this by the best of all teachers, Experience. Humility is no mean feeling, but the highest, and only high one ; the *denial of Self* it is, and therein is the beginning of all that is truly generous and noble.—Be kind to every one, especially to our Father and Mother ; one never *repents* kindness ; a thousand times one does the want of it,—when repentance is too late.—Write to me with all freedom as to your Brother that loves you. Kindest remembrances to all and every one. God be with you. T. CARLYLE.

LX.—To his MOTHER, Scotsbrig.

CRAIGENPUTTOCK, *Tuesday night*,  
1st February 1831.

MY DEAR MOTHER— . . . I have a great body of little bits of things to tell you, which are hardly worth putting on paper, You will learn the main thing, when I tell you that we are all in the usual state of health and activity ; struggling on in our Solitude, as well as the times will allow. None of us are growing a penny richer ; but we have wherewith to keep *mall in shaft* (worse or better

wedged); and that is all that man can expect, or even desire on this side of Time: let us bruise away, and beat lustily with that same *mall*, so long as it will hold together, and fear nothing. I have written a piece of a Review for the *Edinburgh*, and am hovering about the materials of a Book, which I have so long talked of: one day or other it *must* out. My Review, which is about some foolish German matter, worth little, will not be published for three months. I sent it off a week ago. . . .

We had a Letter from Goethe, or rather from Goethe's Secretary, with a short kind postscript from Goethe to tell that he was "still in the land of the living and beside his loved ones."<sup>1</sup> He has lost his only son (far from him, travelling in Italy); and has had a violent fit of sickness (a flux of blood), so that for two days his own life was despaired of. He bore his son's death like a hero; "did not cease from his labours for a single day." I have written to him all that was kind: engaged among other things to translate his Poem of *Faust*, which I reckoned would be a gratification to him. If my own *Book* were out, I would begin it with alacrity.

Alick has yet heard nothing about Craigenputtock farm; though to-morrow is the term for something being settled concerning it. I had a long talk with him on that subject to-night; gave him my best counsel, but of course nothing can be *done*, till we see farther what course matters take. No one has mentioned a whisper of it to

<sup>1</sup> See *Correspondence between Goethe and Carlyle*, p. 251.

me for the last three months. I do not know what chance he has for it ; or whether a true friend would so much as wish him to continue in it. There are many chances and paths for an active little fellow besides this moorland one ; and if he do leave it, he will not leave it empty-handed. *My duty in the meantime is to look and listen, and hold my tongue.*—I am very glad to see that his Wife seems to “answer the end” : he looks a good deal happier since he wedded ; and if more burden may also have more ballast, in future.—Alas, dear Mother ! the end of the sheet is here already. I had innumerable things to say—all meaning this : that I am still struggling forward as of old, and still full of affection for you. *I read the Testament.* God always bless you, my dear Mother !—Your affectionate Son,  
T. CARLYLE.

LXI.—To Dr. CARLYLE, London.

CRAIGENPUTTOCK, 10th February 1831.

MY DEAR BROTHER— . . . I view your situation in London with true sympathy yet with some pride and entire confidence. The most grievous part of it, which however is probably for you the happiest, is that it is *my* debt you are in straits for. I have not at this time any power of repaying you ; unless that shilly-shally Editor will print my stuff, and be done with it. Nevertheless tell me, and you shall not be driven utterly to the wall. I have various possibilities, yet unexhausted : I have a



great useless mare, in foal, which I can send to market were summer here: one way or other, we must and shall come through; so fear nothing. My only prayer is that you had *any* medical practice, were it never so little; and could bid adieu forever to that despicable Author-trade. Doubtless you yourself are full of this same feeling; and will hail your first fee, like the dawn of day. Meantime practise gratis, practise *any* way rather than no way: it is your only chance and hope. And so Courage! Courage! We are young and the world's wide.

I have yet heard nothing of my Article from Macvey, and nothing of yours, which I hope will answer. At any rate, as you said, there is a sure reward for you, in the increase of your own knowledge, and the consciousness of right endeavour. Let the issue then be as it will. . . . Meanwhile I have sent a Letter to Dr. Bowring<sup>1</sup> (keep this quite private), offering him a paper on the *Nibelungen Lied*, and some further connection, if he like, as he gave me to know through Tait of Edinburgh last year that he did. We shall see in two weeks what this produces. Probably nothing, in which case no matter. My plan is, you see, to get some kind of *financial* work for myself, to keep house with, and in the meantime to labour at my *Teufelsdröck* Book, and bring it up to London in my pocket so soon as it is ready. The *whole* perplexity comes of that thrice and four times

<sup>1</sup> Editor of the *Westminster Review*.

accursed *Literary History*, which has thrown me a whole year behind all my old connections, most of which accordingly are broken. Nevertheless I will one day sell that book too, for there is some morselkin of stuff in it: and in the meanwhile, I feel a kind of contemptuous courage; there being material enough in my head, I shall one day find publishers enough.

I can tell you of no news here. You will see by the Newspaper what a storm we have had, and how poor wayfarers have even perished in it. Your last week's *Courier* will not reach you till Saturday, the country was all blocked up here, we did not even send it off till yesterday. . . . For the last fortnight I have scarcely been writing any: I wait anxiously for the Parcel from Edinburgh, with news from my Editors; that I might get my Review work over, and then take me to my *Book*. I am a little comforted by your view of *Teufelsdröck*, which agrees with my own . . . and I believe, myself, that possibly I may make something of the work, and therefore shall try. It is full of dross, but there is also metal in it, and the thing still lives and produces with me. I have also undertaken at some future day to translate *Faust*: the venerable *Alte* has written to me since his sad visitation, he "can still linger for a season among his loved ones": a letter of mine is by this time in his hands. *Gott mit Ihm!* . . .

Think no shame of your Poverty, I am often almost proud of mine. Think of the great Jean

Paul, and of so many thousand other heroes! Striving all the while with our utmost energy to widen our field of action, to become lord of our world, let us take defeat lightly: it is good for us. We all salute you in love. God bless our Brother.

T. CARLYLE.

LXII.—To Dr. CARLYLE, London.

CRAIGENPUTTOCK, 26th February 1831.

MY DEAR JACK— . . . Your last Post Letter was excellent; of the kind they should all be: you cannot fancy what interest such notices, as the many there given, have for us here. With great pleasure I will take to writing once a fortnight: I could also contrive, without any violence to rules, to make some Hon. Member save the postage occasionally; for which purpose, among others, will you *again* send me Charles Buller's address: to whom had I known it, I would have sent this Letter. The address has been sent down to Scotsbrig with a large bundle of your Letters, and though I sent for these, they have never come up again. Franks are always welcome, especially in this low state of the financial department: however one can always cram a good shilling's-worth into a sheet; and we should be poor indeed did not such a one as your last always triumphantly clear its way.

I must continue the simple annals of this colony of God's creatures for you. The Farm of Puttock is not yet settled: however, we hear that there are "four offers for it all about the

same"; so that Alick has now wellnigh lost hope of it. . . . Farming, as I read the times, is done, or nearly so; the rents are all some fifty *per cent* too high; yet the present race of Farmers *must* continue: so until the agricultural capital (*tools* of agricultural industry) is all consumed (in feeding pointers and the like) and the present race of Farmers ruined out, there is little hope of improvement. The Scotsbrig people are straitened enough too; so it is but ebb tide with us all: nevertheless we are still a "one and all," and will struggle briskly on, and encourage one another. For me Alick's removing will be a mournful desolating sort of thing: but I really think that for himself it will be a benefit. . . .

As for myself, matters have brightened up in some small degree, and I am at work again. Bowring wrote by return of post a very frank warm-looking Note, wishing to have the "*Nibelungen* Article" directly: I have been cobbling at it for five days incessantly, and sent it down with Alick to-day. I rather hope that Bowring and I may yet get on a little: he seems a very honest man.<sup>1</sup> . . .

LXIII.—To Dr. CARLYLE, London.

CRAIGENPUTTOCK, 4th March 1831.

MY DEAR JACK— . . . I said in the Newspaper of yesterday *Mit Alick noch nichts*

<sup>1</sup> The greater part of the remainder of this letter is in Froude's *Life*, ii. 141.



*entschieden*; which is true but not the whole truth. It did become decided last week that he was *not* to remain here: the place is let (for £170<sup>1</sup>) to some repeatedly-bankrupt Drover of these parts; and the brave Polwarth marches, —let us hope, to a more genial region. I could growl deep enough over all this, and how the toil and tumult of years goes for nothing; but is not the principle *Sic vos non vobis* universal in the life of men, and of the deeper application the better they are? What a brave heart has to do in this case is not whining and repining but looking round for some fresh arena. . . . Something I have no doubt, at the worst, we shall contrive: neither do I altogether regret the four struggling years Alick has spent here; he has learnt much, and leaves the place a better man, whether a richer or not, than he came. I add only that Robert Clow,<sup>2</sup> one of the worthiest persons of his sort now alive, has decided on coming to live with him, be it here or there: the creature called the "Laird" it seems is not to be lived with; and poor Rob will work for Alick at *anything*, and so live with some mortal that will look kindly on him. Poor Rob! His little edifice too has crumbled into ashes, and his simple heart was wounded to the quick, like ours, when that grave opened! But we will turn the leaf. . . .

As for ourselves, in the middle of all these

<sup>1</sup> Thirty pounds a year less than the former rent.

<sup>2</sup> Alick Carlyle's brother-in-law, who had been engaged to their sister Margaret.

fluctuations, we sit still, and keep an outlook on the firm headlands, praying too for an occasional glimpse of the eternal Stars. After Whitsunday we shall find ourselves here literally *unter vier Augen*, alone among the whinstone deserts; within fifteen miles not one creature that we can so much as speak to; for the Stroquhan people too are all wrecked (commercially), and are to remove to Moffat. With the "incoming Tenant,"<sup>1</sup> who poor fellow, is but another of the great sect of Drudges, for whose fate I mourn daily, we expect to have few difficulties: our servant is an excellent creature; our premises are all railed in and distinct; there will be nothing to do, as I said to Jane, but clap a lock on every door, and buy a pair of pistols. The poor man, it is probable, will be very ready to oblige us, for hire. I once thought of re-engaging Elliott, and trying that *Burble* (*Barbouiller*) again; but have fallen upon a far grander scheme. Listen, Jack; for what I have got to say will not fail to interest you. Through the summer it is quite easy living here as we are; and against winter, I purpose, having saved every penny that can be earned, coming along, with my Wifekin under my arm, to—London! Yes, I compute that before the long days are done, I shall have realised two things: finished my prodigal son *Teufelsdröck*, and got Fifty pounds into my pocket. With this sum, under the guidance of Heaven, we will visit the great Beehive and

<sup>1</sup> Alick Carlyle's successor at Craigenputtock.

Waspnest, and (till it run done) see what is to be seen. Do thou, O Doil, take serious thought in the interim how any independent lodgment may be effected with that mite of cash, in what way such mite may be spun out farthest. Thou knowest me and my ways. I have decided on living on mine own bottom (*Grund und Boden*) for I can be a guest, beyond two days or so, with no mortal known to me, without mutual grief. Therefore, I say, let us try. I will do my best; and surely we shall have space to find a Publisher for *Devilsdreck*, and look round also, spying all outlooks whether there is absolutely Nothing in God's creation that will unite with me, in the way of work and well-doing. Nay,<sup>1</sup> I have half a mind (but this in deepest secrecy) to start when I come there, if the ground promise well, and deliver a Dozen of Lectures, in my own Annandale accent, with my own God-created brain and heart, to such audience as will gather round me, on some section or aspect of this strange Life in this strange Era; on which my soul, like Eliphaz the Temanite's, is getting fuller and fuller. Does there seem to thee any propriety in a man that has organs of speech and even some semblance of understanding and sincerity, sitting forever, mute as milestone, while Quacks of every colour are quacking as with lungs of brass? True, I have no Pulpit: but as I once said, cannot any man *make* him a pulpit, simply by inverting the nearest Tub?

<sup>1</sup> The remainder of this paragraph is printed (with one or two serious errors) in Froude's *Life*, ii. 143.

And what are your Whigs, and Lord Advocates, and Lord Chancellors, and the whole host of unspeakably gabbling Parliamenteers and Pulpiteers and Pamphleteers,—if a man suspect that “there is fire enough in his belly to burn up” the entire creation of such! These all build on Mechanism: one spark of Dynamism, of Inspiration, were it in the poorest soul, is stronger than they all. As for the Whig Ministry, with whom Jeffrey might appear to connect me, I partly see two things: first that they will have nothing in any shape to do with me, did I show them the virtue of a Paul, nay, the more virtue the less chance, for virtue is Freewill to choose the Good, not Tool-usefulness to forge at the Expedient: secondly that they, the Whigs, except perhaps Brougham and his Implements, will not endure; the latter indeed I should wonder little to see one day a second Cromwell:<sup>1</sup> he is the cunningest and the strongest man now in England, as I construe him, and with no better principle than a Napoleon has; a feeling of Virtue, a worship and self-devotion to Power. God be thanked that I had nothing to do with his University and its Committees!—So that Providence seems saying to me: Thou wilt never find Pulpit, were it but a Rhetoric Chair, provided for thee: invert thy Tub, and speak, if thou have aught to say!—Keep all this inviolably secret, dear Jack: and know in the meanwhile so much, that if I can raise fifty pounds, at

<sup>1</sup> Cromwell was as yet no hero to Carlyle, who still held the opinion regarding him which was then current.



the right season, to London I will certainly come.

Thus I see a busy summer before me, and therefore no unhappy one. *Teufelsdröck*, I *hege und pflege*, night and day; and hope also to put forth an "Article" or two before then. *Teufelsdröck* is not the *right* thing yet, but there is a kind of life in it, and I *will* finish it. . . . For this time *A Dios!*—Your Brother,  
T. CARLYLE.

Also mention, if you can, when Croker's *Boswell's Life of Johnson* comes out. I have a great mind to write something on Samuel, of considerable length, if not for Macvey,<sup>1</sup> then for another. . . .

LXIV.—To Dr. CARLYLE, London.

CRAIGENPUTTOCK, 17th March 1831.

. . . With regard to yourself, dear Jack, I had much to say, were there room; many applauses to give you for your manful battle, and encouragements to persevere manfully. I see your scribbling situation, and how perverse, almost hopeless it is: neither indeed can I greatly lament that it has so proved; you had always some such whim in you, and to follow it out farther would but have been to lose more time. I reckon, my dear Brother, that you have thrown off various follies, and are fast acquiring a new and far deeper sort of wisdom. Thank God for it, there is no other sort of

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, p. 149 n.

good in this world! Your attitude seems to me manful, your outlook and efforts the most judicious you could adopt. Subsistence with the exercise of the noble Art you have acquired: such is your aim; in which, by persisting in it, you must and will prosper. As for your plan of an assistant Surgeonship in some Regiment, I may say freely that if such a thing be come-at-able, it ought to be taken. You are also quite right about *ploughing* rather than taking to a mere messroom life. Consider earnestly, inquire on all hands about the *means* of getting into some such desirable situation, whether in the Army or elsewhere, make up your project into a plan; and I will cheerfully call upon the Advocate to help you; and I mistake much if he will not be ready to do all for you that we could ask him. He shows a quite special promptitude and even gladness in doing anything of that kind for me.

Neither would I have you quit Literature, which is with you another name for Wisdom, for Art, almost for Religion. Hold fast your talent that way as the most precious of your possessions: but understand ever henceforth that "Periodical writing" is the death even of this. It strikes me, as I have often said, that there is a deeper quality in you, both intellectual and moral, than has yet quite disclosed itself; that you may write usefully and well: but not in *this* way. Let your mind grow to clearness, your ideas take root and grow till they fill your whole soul: in the meanwhile,

*stand* on the basis of your Art, which next to moral Teaching and Healing, with which it has indeed no small connection, is simply the most like a divine Art of any that man can exercise. Let quacks continue to quack; *warum nicht?* and do you in preference take Honesty with bread and water, or even without it. God, as you say, will *not* leave those that have Faith in Him: we may not have Pleasure, we do not need it, but Good we shall not fail to have. I say in spite of all Dandiacal Philosophers and Outer-House Sages, this is, was and forever will be True: *Dieu me l'a donné, le Diable ne me l'ôtera pas!* So fear nothing, my dear Jack; neither be downcast; what have you to be ashamed of? Struggle toughly while life is in you: it is a good cause; the very struggle if wise is success.

I further quite agree in your kicking that fairy-tale Medical History to the Devil. If you do know or get to know anything of Medical History, you will publish it by and by in quite other environment, on quite other footing. Try that New Monthly; it is an honest shift: but neither if this fail, lose heart. Above all, turn and study that project of getting a *fixed medical place*, were it the lowest, in honesty. I would cure men on *any* terms, if I had the art of curing; nay, rather than let such a faculty sleep in me, I would cure beasts.

You are right too in making departure from London one of your last shifts. But finally, dear Jack, know that it *is* a resource: and so,

when your last five-pounds is broken in upon, turn your face hitherward, to a Brother's house and heart, who would rather see you true and wise than chancellor and emperor.—Also do not let it get into your wise head that *you* cause in any the smallest measure our present "difficulties"—about which, when rightly busy, I hardly care sixpence. We cannot in the least understand how *you* are guilty. Jane greets you well, and agrees with me that you are improving.<sup>1</sup> And so God bless you, dear Brother, and ever keep you!

T. CARLYLE.

LXV.—To Dr. CARLYLE, London.

CRAIGENPUTTOCK, *Monday, 18th April 1831.*

. . . Consider, think, my dear Brother; let no *false show* deceive you; act not till you feel your feet firm on the rock: *then* act what you see to be best. I can nowise prescribe for you, such a dimness still hangs over your whole environment: but I bid you, and entreat you, consider *calmly*, and let practical Truth not shadowy fallacious Hope compute the account for you; above all, do not *shrink from a little present pain at the cost of a future far greater*. A man that feels he is *right* can suffer and encounter all, he is stronger than King's hosts; a man that *doubts he is not right* has properly speaking no strength whatever. Act wisely, my dear Jack,

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Carlyle has written over this word "*very much!*"



and through good fortune or through bad, through worst, I will ever love you and be proud of you.—Your patience under my Letter is worthy of all praise.

From Jeffrey, whom I *entreated* if possible to find some employment for you, or otherwise *really* to help you, I hear as yet nothing. Indeed, ever since his arrival in London, his Letters, exclusively addressed to Jane, have had a very tumultuous frothy whirlpoolish character: I fear the St. Stephen's scene will do him no good; gyrating so rapidly round the Chancellor's finger, a pretty little gem may acquire centrifugal velocity in excess, and fly away or in pieces. You need not doubt his *wish* to help you, his readiness, to great lengths, if he saw the means. I pray that it may be for good; pray with my whole soul. You are of unspeakable value to me; for I have always hoped, and of late with more and more certainty, that you would *be yourself*, and Brother to me in all senses. God guide you, my dear Brother, and turn everything for the best!—You may judge whether I long to hear or you.

Had I known Badams's address, I would have *written* him my sympathies in these trying days. *Do* whatever lies in your ability: we have both a good right; you only the privilege. I am greatly flattered and comforted that he so trusts in you. Assure him of my unabated regards and gratitude; he *did* more for me than he is aware of; helped to illumi-

nate the dark Unbelief of my heart, which is infinitely worse than even bodily sickness. Say to him that I have a *friendship* for him, and understand (what the most have quite forgotten) something of the meaning of that word!

Fraser has consulted you (I suppose) about the scheme of Goethe's SEAL. It is almost shocking to trouble you in these times with any extraneous business; yet you will have to oversee this (in a quiet way) lest the good Fraser again become "unfortunate."<sup>1</sup> I think we shall do. Nay in any case we *can* buy a Seal, and have our device cut on it, and send it, we three. I know it will be a real luxury for *you* to join; and if you have no money to subscribe with (as is too likely) you will let me treat you to that little happiness. At this hour, I believe our stock of ready cash amounts only to the trifling sum of *seven shillings*; however there is more fast becoming due, no debt pressing (or even existing except mere trifles); and *here* one can hold out long with a very slender furnishing. Never mind then: *die Zeit bringt Rosen*. . . . God ever bless you, dear Brother!

T. CARLYLE.

LXVI.—To Dr. CARLYLE, London.

CRAIGENPUTTOCK, 8th May 1831.

MY DEAR BROTHER—I last night received a

<sup>1</sup> A phrase of Dr. Carlyle's, "With the best intentions always unfortunate."—M. C.

Letter from the Advocate on your business chiefly ; and as I approve of the principles he sets forth there, I think it will be well to transcribe it for you, though I wrote at great length only two Posts ago. Perhaps it will materially alter the immediate figure of your proceedings. Attend, therefore, and perpend.

After some preliminary flourishes about his "splendid defeat" in the Edinburgh Election, our Chief Magistrate proceeds thus :—

"I feel, however, that I ought to have found or made leisure to answer your last letter. I honour your feelings and do not dissent generally from your principles : but I am not satisfied that you have made out a case for their application. If a man have really *no chance*, or no tolerably probable chance of succeeding, so far at least as to be independent of future assistance, in the experiment he now requires aid to pursue, it may be wrong in him to ask that aid, and foolish or even pernicious to give it. But surely there are many cases in which the most valuable and important of all aid may be given to carry on such an experiment. Before deciding on your Brother's case, therefore, I wished, and I wish still to know a little more particularly the grounds on which he thinks it probable that, in one or two years more, he may be enabled to establish himself on a footing of independence ; and this, with your leave, I would much rather learn from *his* information than from yours. I intended therefore to have had an interview with him, and to have investigated the grounds of his scheme of life, with some rigour and cold-bloodedness, though I trust not without indulgence, and to have decided accordingly : certainly not in scorn of your high-minded remonstrances, but probably with some mitigation of their severity, and some larger trust in fortune and providence than you may think it allowable to indulge. Our sudden Dissolution, and the tumultuary movements which preceded and followed it,

and which have cast me back here, have prevented this. So that as I can for the moment *do* nothing farther in the business, I have only to entreat that you also would forbear to do anything in the mean time; and allow your Brother and me to settle our little matters in a calm business-like manner when I return to London in Spring.<sup>1</sup> It may be very wrong for a person in his situation to insist on waiting on the brink of the pool till an angel shall stir the waters: but is it therefore right that a man of education, because his prospects are not very good during his first years of waiting for employment in a profession, should therefore substantially renounce that profession, and set himself down to eat potatoes and read German at Craigenputtock or elsewhere? I have no disposition to throw away money (especially after having been forced to spend so much, so very unprofitably) without a fair prospect of doing good with it. But I scarcely know any use of it which is likely to do so much good as that which enables an able and industrious man to surmount the obstacles that beset his early career, and to float him over the shoals and bars that obstruct his course into the fair way and flowing tide of the world. Trust me, then, my dear proud friend, in this matter, and do not fear that I will either wilfully or thoughtlessly do anything either to injure or degrade your Brother. I will have the fear of your philosophy before my eyes, and have little apprehension of ultimately giving you pain by my decision.

"And so you are writing a Book, and why will you not tell me," etc. etc.

From which Letter, my dear Brother, the tone of which is as you see altogether kind and reasonable, a new light rises for me over the aspect of your fortunes; and I can now, what I could not on Thursday, give you something

<sup>1</sup> Carlyle notes: "? Doubtless, *Summer*, when Parliament reassembles."



like an *advice*. Your own feelings are too sound to be fretted with anything that has hitherto passed on this matter ; but you will see the Advocate as he is, a man *truly desirous* of doing a good action, and who would think his money (even in a mercantile point of view) well laid out in purchasing such a pleasure. His sentiment towards yourself you will see to be *paternal*, and look at his proposal with quite unprejudiced eye. For me too, what you perhaps reckon my Pride, were true Pride, savage, Satanic, and utterly damnable, if it offered any opposition to such a project, where my own Brother and his future happiness may be concerned. My "Pride" says not a word or whisper against it : I will write to the Advocate that I heartily thank him for his determination to *aid you as he shall see to be kindest towards you* ; and what I have already said, that if he can save my Brother for me, I will forever call him my benefactor. And now my *advice* were decidedly that you continued in London by the best and easiest method you had, at least till *Jeffrey and you have come to an understanding and decision*. Consider your situation with unprejudiced fearless mind ; listening no moment to the syren melodies of Hope, which are only melodies of Sloth ; but taking cold Prudence and Calculation with you at every step. *Nimm Dich zusammen* ; as I said (in that perhaps lost Letter) feel your feet upon the rock, before you rest ; not upon the quicksand, where resting will but engulf you deeper.—In your calcula-

tions too I would have you throw out Literature altogether : indeed I rather believe it were for your good, if you quite burnt your Magazine Pen, and devoted yourself exclusively and wholly to Medicine and nothing but Medicine. Magazine work is below street sweeping as a trade ; even I who have no other am determined to try by all methods whether it is not possible to abandon it.—It will be the middle of June before you can see Jeffrey ; and as I calculate at the very worst before you ought to quit London. I hope you can make some shift till then ; at all events it will not make your debt *much* worse, and I think you ought to try it. The great thing will be to have a good solid story to tell when the day comes ; I do not mean a *plausible* story and scheme, but a true one ; if you are after all *not* to succeed in London, and this is only to stave off the evil day a little, I should emphatically warn you against it. Some other wiser project should be formed and assistance asked in that. Thrice and four times I would repeat *Nimm Dich zusammen, Nimm Dich in Acht !*

We are all thrown into real sadness to-day by poor Larry. The poor old toilworn stout-hearted Nag is dead ! I confess, it is almost half like a human servant's death. Alick whom I have not yet seen, will be sad enough ; for I imagine it is mere hard work that has killed Larry : such riding to and fro about that *Mill*, then quite incessant harrowing for extra hours, etc. etc. ; till about a week ago the beast grew

sick with swelled throat and so on ; then seemed to grow better, but on Friday relapsed worse than ever ; I advised Alick last night to send off to Dumfries for Castor-oil to him (and the Boy was to take your Newspaper, which by a secret scratch promised *this* Letter that now arrives along with it) ; but alas poor Larry died before midnight ; and now *is* not. Frightful, frightful is Death even in a brute, and pitiable and black ! I am positively *very* sad and wae.—Your affectionate Brother,

T. CARLYLE.

I have made an important improvement in the Device of the Seal. Instead of a plain *Ring* round the *Star*, we will have a Serpent-of-Eternity (its tail in its mouth, universally understood as the emblem of Eternity), and on the body of *it*, the words engraved. It can be made *larger* than the Ring could—and then a Star travelling through Eternity *Ohne Hast*, etc. : this seems to me almost a really beautiful emblem. . . .

LXVII.—To Dr. CARLYLE, London.

CRAIGENPUTTOCK, 6th June 1831.

MY DEAR BROTHER—It must be frankly admitted that your last Letter is no *dud*, but a real Letter, distinct, considerate, full to the very brim. So should all Letters be, in such a case as ours ; do what we may, now that it is so long since we have *talked* together, there must much remain obscure. My blessings on a *full* Letter ! It has so friendly a look : were the news it

brings never so bad, you have at worst real affectionate sorrow ; without mixture of selfish irritation,—as if you were reading your sentence of death in the form of a riddle. Do often likewise, if you love me.

There remains a considerable arrear of news here, which I must now bring up, briefly. It appears, in my dislike of "vain repetitions," I have gone too far, and never *once* stated that Alick was to stay, and look after his crop, here. He is now tenant of our Peat-house ; which "with his own hand" (as Irving marked the Presentation Copies) he has brushed up into a very tolerable cottage, with two windows, plastered brace,<sup>1</sup> wooden-floor, ceiling ; wherein he calculates on passing the summer well enough "*for lodgings.*" Poor Alick ! Though fortunate beyond expectation in the Roup<sup>2</sup> of his stock and so forth, he finds himself to have lost upwards of £300 since he came hither, that is, at the rate of some £80 a year, beyond his whole labour bodily and spiritual ! We all think it extremely fortunate that he has now finally done with farming Craigenputtock ; for which enterprise he is evidently not adapted. There is still something like £400 left him, with which he will be enabled to stock Dairlaw Hills, or some other farm, next year (as we hope), and try the trade again where he understands it better. He busies himself in the meantime scrubbing up his mansion, gathering *peats*, and so on : I think, he has *got more wit* since he

<sup>1</sup> Chimney-piece.

<sup>2</sup> Sale by auction.



came hither, which indeed is beyond all other getting. He has a considerable ingenuity and activity of character; great warmth and even mercy of heart, with all his "dibble of a temper"; will surely learn more precision of calculation; and (with better times also) do better. His Wife Jenny seems to answer him exactly, is very fond of him; with her and children she may bring, he will feel a man among men, and shift his way, I hope, not unsuccessfully.—By way of postscript I must add here that his losses in stock are not yet done: poor "Jolly" (the Nag *Drumwhirn*) died two days ago, of inflammation of the lungs. *Harry* is the only *soniped* we now have; and grazes with two cows in our field, a universal favourite.

Jemmy was up at the Roup (Monday before Whitsunday), and brought all manner of handsome tidings from Scotsbrig; where indeed Jane and I had been, as we prophesied to you, some ten days before, and found everything better than we expected. Mary<sup>1</sup> was settled in her cottage (close to the Scotsbrig door). . . . Our Mother was kind and spirited as usual; consulted much about *you*; looked *back* also with warm but not miserable tears: she was as well as I have seen her for a long time. Our Father also was stirring about, exceedingly *emphatic*; but they seemed to have more the way of him. Jean and Jenny have rushed up into womanhood. Such be the changes "fleeing

<sup>1</sup> His sister, now married to James Austin, son of the farmer of Carstammon.

Time procureth."<sup>1</sup> However, all the premises were whitened, cheerful; and the good people seemed as happy in them, as perhaps the lot of this Earth often allows. Of *you* I still told our Mother there was no ultimate fear: me too she seemed willing to part with for London or elsewhere, seeing there was little more good for me *here*.

As to ourselves, we live the stillest of lives; except that once at Scotsbrig, I have not been from home since January. The place has grown positively a *beauty* since you first saw it; I would desire nothing better could I fly away with the whole premises, and set them down somewhere about Highgate or Pimlico; and there find work. So still, so pure are the air, the foliage, the herbage, and everything round us, one might (if Arcadianly given) almost fancy that the yellow butter-cups were Asphodel, and the whole scene a portion of Hades—some outskirts of the Elysian portion. We have a dry warm summer, and the very perfection of solitude,—which, however, is nowise synonymous with Rest. I am dressed again in gray (stuff), and wear your hair-cap, which Jane has retrimmed, and *now* admires.—What is more to the purpose, I am daily busy with *Teufelsdröckh*, which I calculate on finishing early next month. But,

<sup>1</sup> "To see the changes of this age  
That fleeting time procureth."

See "Leader Haughs and Yarrow," a ballad which Carlyle always liked.—M. C.

like James Brown, "I write dreadfully slow." It will be one of the strangest volumes ever offered to the English world, whether *worth* anything is another question. At all events, I determine to finish it, and bring it up to London in my pocket during this very Session of Parliament (if I can); and there look round me also, whether there is any habitation fit for me. To spend no other winter, at least not the next, in Craigenputtock is what we have resolved on: *if* my honest industry will support me anywhere else. I *must* move, in fact; for I am getting quite entangled. The loss of time here (in a pecuniary point of view) is incalculable: thus Napier, though it is said he hears my Paper well spoken of, has never either paid me, or sent the smallest notice about a new undertaking. In London, I should strive to ascertain if I could not be my own Editor. Two or three sufficient Mystics (such will ere long be in Britain) might do wonders. . . . Hundreds of other things I had to say, my dear Brother, from this side of the house; but must turn now for a moment to yours. What can I advise you? Almost nothing. It is infinitely easier to discover that all your schemes are questionable, than to set you on any hopeful one. It appears to me that you have no heartiness in the business of medicine, and would incline to give it up. I lament this (if it be so); for I again declare that to me it seems among the noblest of all human employments: but unless it so seem to *you*, that of course says nothing.

Tell me, however, have you any other outlook? I think not: for with regard to *Literature*, surely your own Experience has loudly enough declared that by *it* you cannot live. Flatter not yourself about the disadvantage of "writing from hand to mouth": did not Irving once tell you that, *except* by Periodicals, money could not be got at all? Here am I writing most *deliberately* for the last six months; and I know not in the least whether I shall ever gain the price of my paper. Neither, I think, can you write any *truly* good Medical Book, till you yourself have tried Medicine. In short, my dear Brother, it would almost give me pleasure to hear that you had quite thrown up writing—for the next five years. At all events, in this I am perfectly decided: You ought to *borrow no sixpence upon anything like Literature*. I feel *this* deeply and clearly. Your sole chance that I can see is to form some rational plan of getting employment in your Profession (or anything else, if you dislike that), such a plan as will convince Jeffrey that you have a clear chance of success from it (so far as that you can *live*), by aid of any reasonable sum,—which sum to borrow from him. You speak of large sums necessary in the country? How is this? I have known men set up in the country with £50; and £200, I think, were no bad beginning in many places. But above all, my dear Brother, make up your mind to *something* (for you are quite miserable till then), and stick firmly by it. God grant



you light, and courage and patience! Do not think me intolerant: I feel for you through my whole heart, and pity you and mourn for you. Make a bold *effort* and a bold *sacrifice*, and you *must* get through it. Write soon and *fully*. God be with you, my dear Brother, now and always!—Your affectionate,

T. CARLYLE.

LXVIII.—To Dr. CARLYLE, London.

CRAIGENPUTTOCK, 7th July 1831.

MY DEAR JACK—I received your kind and satisfactory Letter; and am now (in the most hurried manner, for I really have no time but what I *steal*) about to send you a two-pence worth of news in return. The Advocate writes me last night, that you are “very reasonable and practicable”; and seems to have good hopes himself, of a reasonable and practicable sort; only “we must have patience.” I will thank him from my heart, to-night on the cover of this.<sup>1</sup> Help towards *work* I would solicit from any reasonable man: mere pecuniary help (for its own sake) is a thing one should always be in the highest degree cautious of accepting. Few are worthy to give it; still fewer capable of worthily receiving it: such is the way of the time we live in.

Were it attainable, I would very greatly prefer seeing you *settled* to practice, under any

<sup>1</sup> The letter being sent under cover to Jeffrey. What follows of it is inaccurately given in Froude's *Life*, ii. 155.

tolerable auspices, to *travelling* as a Doctor : though this too were much preferable to your present condition. One who has *no* situation ought thankfully to accept any, whether *travelling* or *stationary*. I have some considerable trust that the Advocate, who is a practical man, and whose benevolent dispositions you do not exaggerate, will be able to give you something like a lift. Meanwhile, relax not your *own* efforts for a moment : think, project, investigate : you are like a soul struggling towards *birth* ; the skilfullest Accoucheur (pardon the horrible figure) can but *help* the process. Here too the *Cæsarean operation*, as I have seen, is oftenest fatal to the foetus. In short, Jack, there lie the rudiments of a most sufficient Man and Doctor in thee ; but wise WILL must first body them forth. Oh I know the thrice-cursed state you are in : hopeless, grim, death-defying thoughts ; a world shut against you by inexpugnable walls. Rough it out, toil it out ; other way of making a *man* have I never seen : one day, you will see it all to have been *needed*, and your highest, properly your only blessing.—Write me that other “practical Letter,” when you “have *done* something.” Write me deliberately, considerately : you will find it an excellent exercise for yourself too. . . .

LXIX.—To Dr. CARLYLE, London.<sup>1</sup>

CRAIGENPUTTOCK, 12th July 1831.

MY DEAR BROTHER—I wrote last Thursday under cover to the Lord Advocate, which Letter perhaps you have before this received: however not knowing the right address, I was obliged to address the M.P. "at London," so that some delay may have occurred. Alick and I were down at the Kirk on Sunday (I went, for the first time these many months, because of the *Irish* Collection), and there your Letter was lying; which demands a quite instantaneous reply. I regretted greatly that no device of mine could take effect sooner than to-night (for Harry is still *unrideable*): but as if it had been some relief, I made ready another Letter for your behoof (of which anon) that very night, and have had it lying here, sealed, ever since. It was a Letter to Bowring, requesting him to pay the *Nibelungen* Article forthwith into your hands: I did this as courteously as possible, and imagine he will not fail. However, a day or two may elapse; and in the meanwhile you have nothing. Had I been at Dumfries, I would have got a Bank of England Note;<sup>2</sup> but there is none such here: we have not even a better than this of *one* pound (though I tried to borrow a *five*, in

<sup>1</sup> This letter is printed (broken up, and some sentences of it stated to be from a letter addressed to Mrs. Carlyle senior) in Froude's *Life*, ii. 153, 155, 157.

<sup>2</sup> In general only procurable from bankers in Scotland.

vain): so you must receive it as our poor *non-plus-ultra*. Take it to William Hamilton in Cheapside; say your Brother was sending you money, etc., and requested that he would give you a sovereign for *this*. If Bowring do not send before it is done, I think you may call on him. I suppose there will be *three sheets*, and their pay is only ten guineas.<sup>1</sup> Take off it what you have need of till I come. Write also a word on the Paper to say how it is, and you are. I have had you little out of my head since Sunday last.

Shocking as your situation is, however, we all here agree that it is more hopeful than we have ever yet had clear argument to think it. Thank God you have done no wrong: your conscience is free, and *you yourself* are there. We all reckon that your conduct in that matter of Jeffrey's £20<sup>2</sup> was entitled to be called *heroic*. Sooner or later, my dear Brother, it must have come to this, namely, that your own *miscellaneous* industry could not support you in London, and that you ceased to borrow: better we say now than later. Bear up, front it bravely: there are friendly eyes upon you, and hearts praying for you. Were we once together, it will be peremptorily necessary to consider how the land lies, and what is to be done. In *all* situations (out of Tophet) there

<sup>1</sup> Per sheet. The other magazines paid Carlyle sixteen guineas.

<sup>2</sup> Which sum Jeffrey had kindly pressed upon Dr. Carlyle, who accepted it, but carried it back the following day.



is a *Duty*, and our highest blessedness lies in doing it.—I know not whether Jeffrey may be able to do anything for you ; he speaks to me rather more hopefully than he seems to have done to you : I can have no doubt of his wish, but some of his ability. Could you fix on anything as possible and feasible *yourself*, and have only to ask his furtherance, he would give it gladly.—He represents himself as on the outlook for *me* too : for I told him I was thinking of London ; felt ready to work at *any* honest thing whatsoever ; did not see that Literature could support an *honest* man otherwise than *à la Diogenes* ; in which fashion too I meant to experiment, if *nothing* else could be found, which however, through all channels of investigation, I was minded to try. He wrote back asking what manner of Clerkship in Excise Offices, at the Board of Longitude, etc. etc., I *detested* least : I answered that I *liked them all* ; if he heard of any, to let me know instantly. I do not expect that he will be able to accomplish anything for me. I must even get through life *without a trade*, always in poverty, as far better men have done. Our want is the want of *Faith*. Jesus of Nazareth was not poor though he had not where to lay his head. Socrates was rich enough.—I have a deep, irrevocable, all-comprehending Ernulphus Curse to read upon—GIGMANITY ; that is the Baal Worship of this time.

I shall study to be with you about the beginning of August. I have written, as you sug-

gested, to Napier for a note to Longman; also for payment of what he owes me. I am struggling forward with *Dreck*, sick enough, but not in bad heart. I think the world will nowise be enraptured with this (medicinal) *Devil's Dung*; that the critical republic will cackle vituperatively or perhaps maintain total silence: *à la bonne heure!* It was the best I had in me; what God had given me, what the Devil shall not take away.

I am very glad the Seal is about done, and in a way that satisfies you. . . . I think I must scribble some Letter to go with it, and send it off to [William] Fraser to get copied and signed. If I can manage so, it shall be sent off on Sunday next—under Frank. . . . I should have written to our Mother to-night, but cannot, I am so far back with my "Chapter on Symbols." I am at the 132d page: there may be some 170; but much of it is half written.—Be of good cheer, my dear Brother! Behave wisely and continue to trust in God. No doubt, HE sent you hither, to work out His will: it is man's mission; and blessedness, could he but rightly walk in it. Write to me; trust in me.—Ever your Brother,

T. CARLYLE.

LXX.—To his MOTHER, Scotsbrig.

CRAIGENPUTTOCK, 19th July  
(Tuesday night) [1831].

MY DEAR MOTHER—Will you be content with the shortest Letter I ever wrote you?

For, literally, I have not, these some weeks, had any half minute of deliberate time.

My Book is drawing to a close, and I must be off to London by *the end of the month* (Jack says)—of which month there are now *eleven days* remaining! Thus you see how I am hurried; and work what is in me, and almost more.

Nevertheless it shall go hard but I will *see* you before I go. I hope the writing will be pretty well over by perhaps the middle of next week; after which I will set about harnessing the old Gig, and drive off—*if* I am done; and can get a horse, for Harry will not ride yet, for blister-wounds.<sup>1</sup> You may partially expect me then next week: if I *cannot* come, I will write on Wednesday. But be sure that it will be close on the verge of an *absolute impossibility* (which I do not anticipate), if I do not come sometime before setting out. On Wednesday next, then, you will get a Letter; or get none—which you will like better.—Jane talks of coming with me; wishing to see “all of me that she can.”

Meanwhile, dear Mother, understand that we are all on foot, in the old way; no broken hearts or bones among us. Alick is busy with his potatoes—ploughing (the second time): I heard him gee-hoe-ing in his cattle, not long ago. Jenny labours within doors, and without as it may chance: is always cheerful-looking, but (to usward) highly incommunicative.

Jane is complaining somewhat of her old

<sup>1</sup> Had nearly died of the epidemic which attacked all the horses at Craigenputtock.

ailments: the summer weather never agrees well with her.

Jack is to take Lodgings for me and him in London. He *has* had an interview with Jeffrey, and seems to have behaved *well*, even nobly. He is not without money for his wants: and is to wait till I see him before he resolve on what is to be done. I rather conjecture this training he is getting in London will teach him more than he has ever learnt elsewhere. I have great confidence in him: neither is he now without help. Jeffrey thinks well of him, and that employment may be got: but "we must have patience!"

How are *you* all? Yourself, my Father, and all the Branches? It is in vain to ask; for there is none to answer me, but the *Echo*. I will hope and pray for the best; and hasten down to *see*.

Here then I end.—I forgot to say that I was not at all in a bad way of health: very high in the humour, and defiant both of the Devil and the world. I think I have looked into the *worst* that is in them both; and, through God's grace, no longer fear it. Our misery is even as you say, when God hides Himself; there *is* no other misery.

Good-night, my dear Mother! May He, through whom, and in whom we all are, ever guide us all; and grant us *this* only: *Submission to Him*, which is the beginning and end of good! Amen!—Your affectionate Son,

T. CARLYLE.



LXXI.—TO ALEXANDER CARLYLE, Craigenputtock.

6 WOBURN BUILDINGS, TAVISTOCK SQUARE,  
LONDON, 18th August 1831.

MY DEAR ALICK—I write you a syllable or two merely to say that I still think of you; for doubtless the body of my *news* is already known to you through Jane. I trust my Mother also knows all about me.

Your crop seems to have been very handsomely sold: so let us hope you may get all your Craigenputtock affairs cleared off better than once seemed probable.

I have but a few moments, and must send you what little tidings I have about Jack. His position here is much as I fancied it: very questionable, yet not without possibilities of ultimate success even here. . . .

By my instigation he wrote off to Birmingham (where one of the chief Doctors is thought to be dying): an answer has now come, not very inviting; and just as we are meditating what to do next, there arises a quite new prospect. Namely, a certain Dr. Baron of Gloucester, of whom I know a very little, to whom the Advocate had been speaking of Jack, is applied to by the Countess of Clare (an Irish lady of rank and wealth) for a Travelling Physician to go to Italy for a year. He mentions Jack, who is accordingly summoned to the West End of this "Noble City"; finds her Ladyship; talks to her (as he thinks, acceptably); and is then informed that "she has

been speaking to *another* medical gentleman, and will write if she do not engage with him in a day or two!" I think we shall actually hear something of her : but as yet nothing has come.

For my own share, I do not greatly covet this situation : except that it brings some money to a moneyless man, it is distinctly disadvantageous. . . . Irving is decided that he should continue here, and try it to the uttermost; never was surer of any man's success, etc. etc., so talks William Hamilton also; indeed I incline to that view myself, had the man any course open for him. You can tell my Mother that Irving further (who should be a judge) speaks highly of Jack's *religious* character; and appears every way to think very well of him. . . .

Enough now : farewell, my dear Brother, for the present, and God bless you!—Ever yours,  
T. CARLYLE.

LXXII.—To his WIFE, Craigenputtock.

LONDON, *Wednesday night, 24th August 1831.*

DEAREST LOVE—What a blessing are these franks of the Duke's! I can sit down at any moment and scribble to you, were it nothing but complaints, and thousand times repeated expressions of fondness : by this means is some image of a union face to face still kept up ; we are less lonely in separation ; I bear everything more easily, enjoy everything doubly, when I think I can tell it all to *her*.

But why, my own Jeannie, dost thou not do

the like by me? Alas! no Letter has come for now almost a week: I half-ran over to Jermyn Street<sup>1</sup> this morning, making sure of a Letter, which I had directed to be *left* for me that I might have it so many hours sooner; and alas there was "nothing for you, Carlyle"! Surely I know, it is no blame of yours: some stagnation at the Kirk,<sup>2</sup> nothing worse: yet I cannot express what disappointment the delay gives, what foolish hypochondriacal notions it conjures up. O what would I do had anything befallen my Own! Write to me, Dearest: let nothing but absolute impossibility prevent thee: *twice* a week, that was the arrangement; ever till we *meet again*.

I had meant to have written largely, but am all taken aback and out of order. The foolish creature Heraud<sup>3</sup> called five hours ago and more, just when I was going to begin; and he is not yet half an hour gone. May the Devil reward him, say you, and say I. However, I do what is possible, and spend the few minutes that remain before supper (*Ach Gott*, what a supper without a Goody!) in writing against to-morrow. Besides, William Fraser with his stupid dinner yesterday (at seven o'clock, and in a tavern!) has almost killed me,—figuratively speaking: for

<sup>1</sup> Jeffrey was living in Jermyn Street.

<sup>2</sup> No one going to church at Dunscore who might carry a letter for the post.

<sup>3</sup> Carlyle describes Heraud in a letter to Emerson in 1840, as escaping "assassination, I calculate, chiefly by being the cheerfulest, best-natured little creature extant." He was for a time editor of *Fraser's Magazine*.

I woke to-day at four, and have had the vapours and the headaches all day. And, then, Badams is at Death's door, out at Enfield; and his poor Wife vehemently calls on John and me to come and help her: and out of charity what can I do but go over to-morrow at eleven? Thus everywhere is poor Goody shorn of her just rights, and nothing remains but the will for the act.

My Manuscript is returned, as I expected: Rees<sup>1</sup> says, "notwithstanding the high ability," etc. etc., they decline the article. This was on Tuesday morning: an hour afterwards I had it over at Jeffrey's, who I daresay has never looked on it: but what other could I do? I asked him to "prophesy" when he would likely be done with it; he said "this week": so if he keep his promise, you may perhaps hear something next Letter. Nothing very favourable, I doubt: however, fear not, my Darling! I have cast out fear: I feel that there *is work* for me here; and one way or the other I shall have strength given me to do it. Stand by me, Darling, like my own Jane; like the descendant of John Knox, and the daughter of John Welsh, and the wife of Thomas Carlyle: what can daunt me? When I measure minds with these people here, I feel as if I *could* sweep them into infinite space, with their errors and their basenesses, and make room for myself to do something better. But *with* thee, with thee, O not *without* thee!

<sup>1</sup> A partner in the publishing firm of Longmans.



Meanwhile, I have set William Fraser to work on other quarters of the Trade ; chiefly to reconnoitre, for, though unspeakably willing, he can do nothing more; and to-morrow, at half-past ten, he is to report progress. He talks of grand possibilities: but I believe in nothing. "Blessed are they which do not hope, for they shall not be disappointed." And yet, is there not something better in us than *lying* Hope, namely, a *true* Hope? Forward, then, *getrosten Muthes!*

. . . Irving, whom I see almost daily (for we are near, and he calls), is bent upon having me remodel *Fraser's Magazine*, sweep it clean, and become Editor of it : and in spite of all my negations insists on sounding the poor Youth,<sup>1</sup> an honest ignoramus of his congregation, who is like to lose £2000 by it, if mercy prevent not. *Davon wird nichts.* . . . The materials of any good among the Littérateurs of this city lie scantily dispersed : such a scandalous set of dogs out of Tophet I should be puzzled where to meet with. The more need of an *honest* one, were it but by way of variety.

Of Jeffrey I may repeat that I can get little good : he really has no leisure to think of anything but his politics ; so that I never get the smallest private talk with him. Indeed, how can he help me? Where, then, lies our help, Dearest? Be God thanked, with ourselves! . . .

Of Jack I have great news. He is actually engaged as Travelling Physician to the Countess

<sup>1</sup> Mr. James Fraser, the proprietor of it.

of Clare, at a salary of 300 guineas (all expenses paid); and commences his engagement on the first of October! It was settled yesterday morning; I must write my Mother to explain it, and comfort her; for she will have a thousand apprehensions. As to myself, I am both glad and wae: everybody here seems to think it a piece of very good fortune, and the only reasonable outlook our Doctor has or ever had for settling in London. Dr. Holland began in that way, and now makes (they say) £10,000 a year. Whether Jack will ever be rich I know not and care not: but I really conceive that with a fair beginning he will make a *good* Physician; and after all kicking and flinging become a respectable man.

And now for Jeannie herself. I am very anxious to hear your voice on the London Journey scheme. Would it be any *enjoyment* to you, or the contrary? The costs of it in other respects I can partly compute: not in this. Be candid with me, Dearest; we *can* manage the business: why not speak out, and say I should *like* it so and so.—Our Lodgings here have various qualities: fresh air, honest landlordship, especially cheapness. Though we pay 26s. for the mere rooms, yet our *whole* expenses (for John and me) do not exceed two guineas; less almost than it used to cost myself. The reason is, we have an *honest* maid-servant, who keeps an eye on overchargers, above all, does not overcharge herself. With you here, there were much improvement possible; for my Jeannie

carries Order and Gracefulness with her : neither, I think, would you find it very uncomfortable ; unless the noises afflicted you (they begin about seven, and end not till eleven at night). . . . Speak then, Lovekin ; speak with thy prophetic voice ! Will it do, or how *should* it be,—if I be kept here say a month still, as is quite possible ? *Ach Gott !* a whole month from my Own. And would you stand better in your loneliness ? Worse, if possible. O my own Dearest Jeannie, my own Wife, God bless thee, and keep thee for me ! I never knew how I loved thee till now. Yes, one day I shall tell thee, thou hast borne me through all, and stood ever by my side, as a true Life-companion and helper in this otherwise so despicable world. But I am a fool ; and *talk* what I should only feel, and act upon. Know thus much of a truth : thou art dearer to me than aught else ; forever dearer to me than the light to my eyes. And be proud of it ; as the Wife of a "Genius" should, when she is a *Wife* to him. Lastly, write, write, O write abundantly, were it the merest prattle, it is better to me than all eloquence. And so God bless thee ! And take my kiss, and *Lebewohl*, and expect to hear from me again on Wednesday, and think of me every hour and moment of thy life, and be a good lassie, and I will be good to thee, and thy own, and we shall be, if not happy, blessed, which is better. Amen ! . . . Farewell, my own Jeannie !—Forever thy own Husband,

T. CARLYLE.

## LXXIII.—To his WIFE, Craigenputtock.

LONDON, 31st August 1831,  
Wednesday night.

DEAREST WIFE—Late as it is I must have a little word of talk with thee before I sleep. Frank and all is ready ; and perhaps to-morrow there may not be so much composure.—The Newspaper coming in your hand this morning quickened my motions over to Jermyn Street : I had *not* gone thither to breakfast ; chiefly because I was very bilious and dispirited ; partly also because the youth Glen was here with some work for me. However, in spite of rain-puddles (which smutted all my white trousers) I was on the spot before noon ; and found on entering, *the* Letter of Letters waiting me. My words were few ; neither were the answers copious, for there seemed to have been some devilry going on : so, after asking for a frank, I rose and took myself away. . . . On the whole, were it not for the franks (which *are* an immense blessing) I might as well discontinue my attendance at Jermyn Street, where positively there is no good to be got, not so much as a serious word. The man is really, I suppose, very busy ; further I take his friendship for me, as I have all along done, to be perhaps three parts palabra, and one part half-sentiment, half-goodwill. Poor Duke ! I will always love him : nevertheless there are two things I vehemently desire : first that I had



£60 to pay him;<sup>1</sup> secondly that I had my Wife's picture out of his hands, which I cannot but think are nowise worthy to hold it. Let me remember also that the pressure of such a situation as mine can be known to him only theoretically; further that as nothing is to be *done* what could be *said* is perhaps of infinitely small moment. Be not unthankful, therefore; be not intolerant!

In any case, I rushed forth with my Letter, and read it in the hurlyburly; with many feelings: gladness, sorrow, love, indignation and defiance. . . .

Considering that such are your views of an abandonment of the Dunscore Tartarus and a trial of the London Terra Incognita,—I say at once: let [it] be considered as resolved on that *we are to pass the winter here!* And so do you now turn all your thoughts on the arrangements that must be made; and by what means poor Puttock may be found standing for us in the best possible repair, at the next spring season; when, as I conjecture, the wearied Dyspeptical Philosopher may be once more glad to return thither for a little while. Do not have the thing dismantled in any way: the very *thought* of it is often worth much to me here. O my little Darling! what a world of wild work for thee: but thou hast a talent for work.—Furthermore, as to the *time* of your setting out hither, be that left wholly to your own wish and con-

<sup>1</sup> For money lent by Jeffrey to Dr. Carlyle in September 830.

venience. This place is habitable even now, though for *three* of us; and poor Jack will vacate it by the first of October. I said, last time, that the Town would be empty and stagnant till perhaps the middle of that month; that perhaps we might visit the Bullers, from whom, however, I have yet no further news: and in these facts, does the whole matter lie as plain to my dear Prophetess as to myself; let her therefore decide upon everything. O that I saw her (as one day through God's mercy I shall) leaping out of the Coach in this wild hurlyburly into her Husband's arms! Yes, Dearest, I think I will kiss thee before the whole world, and call thee mine audibly, mine forever and ever. Study, then, how it is all to be, and when; and say wherein I must help thee. There are, I think, some £33 lying here, sixteen of the Scotch Notes and quite useless for *this* market: say whether I must send some of these, and how many. Or shall I write to *Naso* to pay *you* the Taylor<sup>1</sup> at Dumfries? Consider of everything, and command me as thy billeted Sodger.—And now, good-night, my own heart's Wife! I will kiss thee a million of times for thy bonny new gown, for thy bonny face and heart; and be all to thee, in this world and in all worlds, that weak man can be. So fear nothing, Love; trust in me and in God: though forsaken of all, have we not in the worst case *one another*?

<sup>1</sup> i.e. *Naso* (Napier) to pay *you* for the Article on *Taylor's Historic Survey of German Poetry*.

Jack comes up with news that Goethe has written a Letter (containing simply two stanzas of Poetry about the Seal) to William Fraser; sealing it, very beautifully, with the *Ohne Hast*, etc. So the good old man has got his Gift in due season, and rejoices over it.<sup>1</sup> Thus far is well.—Let me mention also that the thing which Glen brought this morning was the Proof-sheets of *Reinecke Fuchs*,<sup>2</sup> well printed (45 pages), which I have been partially correcting to-day, and am but half through.—More good news to-morrow. Meanwhile, "Supper, Sir!" (alas, not of porridge, for I can realise none here, but of brown bread and milk); so that I must go. Sound sleep, my poor lonely Princess among thy Hills: sound sleep, and dreams—of me! Good-night, Darling! God keep thee always.—

*Thursday morning.* I am on foot again; have breakfasted, and will have a word with my Lady before attacking these Proof-sheets, and so make sure of at least one little pleasure for the day. I am generally in such haste that I cannot even reperuse what I have written: *tant mieux*; it is the more like speech.—Take now some narrative of my life since Monday. . . .

On Tuesday, I called on Bowring with a

<sup>1</sup> Seal sent him from Fifteen English Friends.—See *Correspondence between Goethe and Carlyle*, pp. 291-298.

<sup>2</sup> This article, reprinted as *Early German Literature* (*Miscellanies*, iii, 215), appeared in the *Foreign Quarterly*, No. 16.

view to Fonblanque;<sup>1</sup> found him out of Town, but to be back again probably on Thursday morning; which opportunity you see I have not embraced, the weather being wet, and a better pleasure and duty awaiting me at home. Returning I took to read *Schiller's Life* (the Goethe one); was ere long interrupted by Irving; to whom I expounded frankly my theological views, which he received with kindness, yet with thoughtfully puckered face; seeing it diverge so from his own thaumaturgic theory. From the "work of the Spirit" I have been pretty well relieved of late. Irving and I are to walk out to Coleridge's this evening after tea.—Of Dilke's tea (Dilke<sup>2</sup> is the name) I have little to say, except that the man is very tolerant, hospitable; not without a sense for the good, but with little power to follow it, and defy the evil. That is the temper in which I find many here: they deplore the prevalence of dishonesty, quackery and stupidity; many do it (like Dilke) with apparent heartiness and sorrow: but to believe that it can be *resisted*, that it will and shall be resisted, herein poor *Tenfeldsdrück* is well-nigh singular. . . . They have two or three fine Italian pictures, and a certain *Kunstgefühl*: are better considerably than the average of mortals. Touching the Cunninghams and the wild Irish Dandy and tamed English Driveller that formed the re-

<sup>1</sup> Albany Fonblanque, editor of the *Examiner* and one of the cleverest political writers of the day.

<sup>2</sup> Editor and proprietor of the *Athenæum*.



mainder of our party, there is nothing to be said.—At home I found a confused Note from Empson,<sup>1</sup> urging me to call on Mrs. Austin<sup>2</sup> (who “would give the world to see me”) and arrange about John Mill (the *Spirit of the Age* man), that is, about a meeting with him.

My Wednesday's adventures are partially before Goody's eye already. After reading her Letter on the muddy pavements of Piccadilly or its neighbourhood, I turned northwards, *zornigen Muthes*, to that same Mrs. Austin's residence; which proved to lie some four miles off in a pleasant rural spot, about a mile from this. The Lady was in, but “so sick she could see no one hardly”; bestirred herself, however, at sight of my card, and after some toilette preparations blessed my bodily eyesight. I am not sure but I have here found a sort of friend for Goody through winter; at least so I thought, and even partially said. Mrs. Austin . . . is the most enthusiastic of German Mystics I have ever met with: an exceedingly vivid person, not without insight, but enthusiastic, as it were astonished, rapt to ecstasy with the German Apocalypse; and as she says herself *verdeutsch*t. But I must give you some notion (according to laudable wont) of her visual aspect. Conceive Kate Gilchrist beaten out into symmetrical length (the middle size), with a pair of clearest,

<sup>1</sup> Jeffrey's son-in-law.

<sup>2</sup> At this time living at Hampstead, author (a year or two later) of *Characteristics of Goethe*, and for many years a well-known literary lady.

warm blue eyes (almost hectically intense), considerable mouth, and moustache on the upper lip, compared with which thine cannot name itself (mole and all) in the same week: an eagerness, a warmth in her whole manner and look, which has in it something feverish; as indeed her ill-health seemed to disappear at sight of me, and her face became tinged with a pure flush, which I liked not the look of, it was too consumptive. She would have talked with me till yet, but I was in no mood for prattle; so after settling that I was to take tea there (or hot water, if the weed be green) on Friday night, when Mill and Empson should be summoned,—I took myself away. She had informed me that a Letter despatched towards me, without my address, was at that time wandering over London: a Letter grounded on some mistake, by the servant, of ——'s mumbling, whereby she thought *I* had called. Said Letter actually came last night; delivered by a young man Coke from Norwich, whom I kept to tea. This poor young man I find is partially a disciple of mine, and talks of a small "suffering remnant" more by the title of "us." He is very modest, distinct, earnest-looking, honest-looking. The "Signs of the Times" *we* had settled to be by you, Sir! Taylor of Norwich had become an old sensualist; was grieved a little at some parts of his Review,<sup>1</sup> which he imputed, good easy man, to Sir Walter Scott. This Coke has some small

<sup>1</sup> Carlyle's Review of Taylor's *Survey of German Poetry*.

office in the British Museum, whither he invites me (himself invited to come back hither) to see the more secret sort of curiosities. Almost the only comfort I have had since I came to London is the sight of these poor Disciplekins, whom with Mrs. Irving I might as well call, "Children in the Laart": for they have evidently believed in me, and are ready for more light, could they or I procure such. To investigate their quality, numbers and aims will be my best work through the winter. Men united are strong; single, the strongest is weak. Nay what if Goody too, as I said, should now more resolutely unfold herself, and show other talents than that for silence, whereof she has many and rare? I long to see how the Scottish sense of my little Dame will comport itself amid the copious outpourings of a Mrs. Austin; perhaps as a habitable castle amid boundless shifting quicksands. Nay Mrs. Austin *writes*; why should not Mrs. Carlyle, whose endowment I suspect is considerably greater? I promised that you would agree in condoling over the lot of women: "Oh! I should so like!"—for in truth the rude hand of Time has not yet sufficiently demolished the bloom of that beautiful enthusiasm. *Nous verrons!*

Thus, Dearest, hast thou a picture of what I do or am trying to do. And now I must off: for the day wears apace; and the Proofsheets are clamorous. I feel loth to conclude, as if it were again bidding you farewell. We shall

meet soon ; and not on Paper but in Reality : there lies our comfort.

So go, my little Love, and set thy clear little head to work ; and make the best arrangements thou canst. I advise thee, as yet, in nothing : write what is the aspect of things ; and where doubt is I too will consider. . . .

Thanks, Deary, for thy news from Scotsbrig and messages thither : thou must go down, once more, and bring me all the news ; nay, I forgot, the starting-place itself is Annan. O that it were all over ; and the Screamikin here by me ; and a little, a very little Rest vouchsafed us !—The Book as you see I need not torment myself *so* much with pressing forward ; we shall be here to see it through—“or publish it on our own account, my Love.”—Darling !—Yet I wish it were out ; for now is the time for it. By the bye, is it worth while to mention that Dilke showed me something in *Blackwood* by Wilson about—my speech at Dumfries !<sup>1</sup> Gracious powers, is the world distract ?

. . . *A Dios !* my Dearest : think of me, and ever love me.—Thy own,

T. CARLYLE.

LXXIV.—To his WIFE, Craigenputtock.

LONDON, 8th September 1831.

MY DEAREST—There is no frank to be had to-day, though I tried for one : King William,

<sup>1</sup> At a public dinner to Allan Cunningham.



poor fellow, is getting crowned, and the Duke<sup>1</sup> is "in the Abbey"—happily of Westminster.<sup>2</sup> So thou must just pay for it; seeing I will not disappoint thee. Further I must study to be more concise than usual, and restrict myself to the needful. A half sheet, written last night on the usual principle, must go to waste, or lie waiting for a gratis conveyance.

The history of *Dreck* still sticks simply where it was. . . . That the poor Book is worth something I feel more and more convinced; that it will ever bring us any money seems less and less likely: thank God that we have been able to write it, and to write it *gratis*! For the rest, the hurry with the publishing of it need not now be so furious, when we have to wait on other grounds here.

On the whole, that Tuesday was but a black day for me. True, in the morning I had some good friendly conversation with Empson and Mill at breakfast, of whom some good will come for us, I think: but after quitting Empson's chambers all went wrong with me. Murray first to be walked to through miles of rain and mud, then to be waited for, then *finally* not in: afterwards news for me at the Duke's that two Letters *had* been there for me, and were there no longer. Unlucky enough! yet I strove to wait for the "Twopenny" with as much patience as I could; and bolted from my chair, at his well-known knock, thinking it was all right: alas, he handed

<sup>1</sup> *i.e.* Jeffrey.

<sup>2</sup> Not of Holyrood (once a sanctuary for debtors); *A laird in the Abbey* is an old Scotch cant name for a bankrupt.—M. C.

me in one letter, and that from Goethe! Where was Goody's? Patience! I said, it will be here by the last delivery sometime between this and ten at night. Thou knowest what it is to *wait*: and alas it was waiting in vain; I turned bedwards heavy of heart and quite feverish: blaming the poor Duke (unjustly, considering all his hurries) for not putting both the Letters under one cover. But neither yet were my misfortunes done. Winding up my watch, as gently as usual, something in it gave way; it was evidently broken! Alas, alas! and so I went to bed, and for noises and inward agitations, and (gracious Heaven!) for *bugs* (I need not now conceal it longer) no sleep was to be had till two or three in the morning. It was my miserablest day since I left thee. However, I came to resolutions, and endeavoured to trample it all under foot, and stand above it.

Happily Wednesday morning of itself brought deliverance. My first visit was from the Twopenny of the prior evening, with apologies for last night's mistake, and, infinitely better, with Goody's Epistle! All was forgotten when I saw it: almost did I throw down my razor, or cut my chin, so eager was I to have done with shaving; or to do two impossible simultaneities, to read and shave. Delightful, spiritlike, kind Screaminikin! And yet it was painful to me to take such pleasure; for I saw in it all the inevitable materials of a most wretched headache for the poor one herself. *Festina lente*, my Dearest; there is time enough to see London, and what

good and evil there lies in it for us : do not shatter thy poor nerves in pieces, for thou hast much to go through, and wilt need all thy strength. . . . As to Goethe's Letter,<sup>1</sup> it contains merely a copy of the two stanzas he sent to Fraser, on the one leaf ; and then, on the third page, an announcement that the Parcel came all safe, and he had begun to read in it (*erfreulich*) ; further that the Seal was evidently very gratifying ; also that he had gone into " a consideration of the shades (*Schattenrisse*)<sup>2</sup> and thereby an *incredible* Approximation of the Absent." Good old man ! But I will now keep the Letter here, till I can get kisses for reading it !—This morning I went for a frank, and half incidentally saw the coronation procession, which seventy or eighty thousand woodenheads besides were looking at. It only detained me some five or ten minutes. Mourn not, Goody, that thou wert absent : it was not worth a walk to Stumpy<sup>3</sup> (even without the Gate, which I hope is broken) on a dry day. Quantities of caps and feathers, and *then* at last the royal carriage all made of glass and gilding, more like a huge glass Lantern than anything I ever saw ; and there the poor old King and poor ugly Queen, dimly seen sitting like two foolish wax-dolls (which they were) letting themselves be trailed, in their lantern go-cart. What took

<sup>1</sup> See *Correspondence between Goethe and Carlyle*, p. 295.

<sup>2</sup> Silhouettes of Carlyle.—See *Id.*, p. 258.

<sup>3</sup> A little cottage, now demolished, which stood near the outer gate of Craigenputtock.—M. C.

me I know not : but I burst into the heartiest fit of laughter I have had for some time : and perhaps one ought rather to have cried ; for it was the ghost of the Past perhaps taking *final* leave of a world, where as body or as ghost it has now walked for some three thousand years ! Poor King ! they will be consecrating him and *clothing* him even now in that old Abbey ; and what avails it to him or to me or to any man or woman ! *Ex nihilo nihil fit*. And so here I end my History.

The grand question now is : When, and How will Goody come ? One thing becomes apparent to me, that without fretting herself into a fever, she should *lose no time*. . . . Here, as I doubt, there is no tolerable living (for a permanency) without a house of your own : and of that, no rational hope offers itself at this juncture (eight months' hardest toil, you see, will hardly be accepted "without fee or reward")—nay the utmost that even Irving prophesies is that "in a year or two" I might fall into something. We will hope nothing, and fear nothing. For the present season we are passably secure ; and shall accomplish somewhat by living here : neither after that will our united head and heart, by God's blessing, fail to help us forward in the way wherein we should go. Come then, Dearest, to my arms ; and I will guard thee from all evil, and thou me ; from the only real evil, that of losing our inward light. The outward is but a Golgotha at best, which that other has to make alive : let



us feel ourselves above it, and bid it do its worst.

Now as to the things fit for being brought hither, it is pity that I have obtained no better knowledge about the expense of carriage, and I see now that corresponding either with Liverpool or Edinburgh will needlessly protract matters. Perhaps (if you have not actually written) the best thing will be to make up your Barrel, and bring it to Liverpool, *coûte que coûte*, with such light as we have : your Uncle will get it forwarded by the *cheapest*, which must be far cheaper than 2d. a lb. Doubtless certainty were better, could it be had, but if it cannot ? Besides meal, and a ham, and butter, think generally that whatever is scarce in any town is far scarcer here : also consider the nature of a Lodging-house ; where many little things (jelly-glasses, butter-knife, for example) are not come-at-able, and yet were good to have. Dear Goody, I will leave it all to thy own prophetic judgment ; for truly I have now lost all talent for housekeeping, and depend wholly on *thee*. Warm clothes in abundance bring for thyself and me (the old *frock* will perhaps be my best dressing-gown, but do thou judge) ; stockings, the black trousers ; I think I have shirts enough ; another night-shirt will be good. Nothing of that sort can be had so easily here. With Books I think at this moment I will not trouble thee. Bring me the *Blads* (blotting-paper Boards) ; thy Desk (wilt thou lend it me sometimes ?) : unhappily my dear old Table cannot

be brought. By thy own "talent for silence," I think we shall sit here on separate sides of the fire, all forenoon, and I will write, and thou call to see it, as of old.—This is all very dim, dear Wifekin, but I *have* it no clearer as yet. Do thy best, and I will praise thee for it. What wouldst thou have more? Prophecy too when I am to look for thee? Which of these Letters will be the last! O my Darling, thou art half of me; and I am a poor half without thee. . . . And now "*must* I go?" God ever bless thee, Dearest Wife! Thy own, T. C.

Write a little line to my Mother, to say that she is to see us again in Spring; that in the meanwhile all goes tolerably on; that I will write soon, at great length, when I get time and a frank. Do this, Darling, as if I were doing it. And now again, Dearest, I must kiss thee, and go. Get some sleep, for Heaven's sake do, and dream of —. . . .

LXXV.—To his WIFE, Craigenputtock.<sup>1</sup>

LONDON, *Wednesday, 14th September 1831.*

DEAREST—I have lit my candle, and mounted up hither in the Autumnal dusk; minded, as usual, to take Occasion by the forelock. The folding window is partially open, but the curtains are drawn, and I sit behind the *cheek*<sup>2</sup> that my light may not blow. Hundreds of noisy urchins are sporting on the street; from

<sup>1</sup> A small part of this letter is in Froude's *Life*, ii. 199.

<sup>2</sup> Side.

the New Road comes that old unresting hum of carriage-wheels and quadrupeds and bipeds : if I look out I see upwards the beautiful top of St. Pancras Steeple against the sky ; downwards a flagged snug little street mostly of shops ; among which figures "the Cheapest Shop in the world for Combs and Brushes" — alas ! with its windows closed, and inwardly a mere vacuum of Bankruptcy. Many a half-laugh, half-greet has that poor "Cheapest Shop in the world" caused me : here too was a little adventure, great as the finding of America, for its adventurer ; with resolute daring, the poor little fellow bent him to the emprise ; took the Devil also into partnership, and tried puffing : but it would not do ; day after day the prospect grew darker, till it ended in utter midnight, and now, as we perceive, he has *bankraped and gone out of sight* !<sup>1</sup> Stands it not like a little *Siste Viator*, as a warning to us also ? May the gods avert the omen ! At all events, the Devil shall not be of our firm : neither will we wait till midnight, but retire at sunset. So fear nothing.

However it is not of my local environment but of myself and history that Goody is curious to hear. Listen then, Goodykin, and thou shalt learn Biographical facts unparalleled in importance since the times of P. P. Clerk of this

<sup>1</sup> "To '*bankrape*' is to '*bankrupt*' (used as a verb passive). '*And then he bankrupt, and gaed out o' sight :*' a phrase of my Father's in the little sketches of Annandale biography he would sometimes give me." — T. C. in *Letters and Memorials*, i. 4.

Parish.<sup>1</sup>—And yet why should I mock even over myself and my doings? To one true heart they are infinitely important; in themselves therefore as great as Moscow Retreats and Battles of Austerlitz; or very little smaller, for the whole Planet is extremely small. My Josephine I reckon is the greater of the two. . . .

Tuesday morning my first work was to write off to the Longmans for a copy of that Hope's Book;<sup>2</sup> to which application I have yet had no manner of answer. . . . The poor Author is dead: he sent to his Publisher (Murray), some little time before his death, solemnly taking leave of him, and entrusting that Work to his friendly care. It is full of heterodoxy and scepticism. Whether it will do for a conduit to any of my meditations I doubt: but should like to know. Naso evidently wants me to write: so either on this or something I ere long will. It is my far best course for the time. By and by, I think, there will a new seed arise to do the world service in quite another fashion: nay I can partly see it already sprouting. . . . —That same morning I saw the noble Lady<sup>3</sup> for a moment;

<sup>1</sup> *P. P. Clerk of this Parish*, the feigned author of Arbuthnot's well-known satire burlesquing Bishop Burnett's *History of His Own Time*.

<sup>2</sup> *An Essay on the Origin and Prospects of Man*, by Thomas Hope (3 vols. 8vo), which Napier had recommended Carlyle to review. "The perhaps absurdest book written in our century by a thinking man," forgotten now except as having furnished a text for the "striking paper" *Characteristics*.

<sup>3</sup> Mrs. Montagu.



learned that her Daughter was recovering ; and got the Museum Letter from her, wherewith in few minutes more I had procured a ticket for myself, and was reading on my own basis. It is a quite capital Library : you shall go too, if you have "any talent." The *sights* in the place one can see without ticket. At night John Mill came in, and sat talking with me till near eleven : a fine, clear enthusiast, who will one day come to something. Yet to nothing Poetical, I think : his fancy is not rich ; furthermore he cannot *laugh* with any compass. You will like Mill. Glen<sup>1</sup> is a man of greatly more natural material ; but hitherto he is like a blind Cyclops, *ill* educated, yet capable of good education : he may perhaps reap great profit from us ; as at least he is well-disposed to do. Three days ago he left me *six cigars*, and went off to the North : he will perhaps be at Craigenputtock ! I said within *two* weeks he would find you there, and

<sup>1</sup> Carlyle wrote to his Mother, 25th December 1831 : "One of the most interesting sights we see is that of some young men struggling to escape from the general baseness : one of the strangest of them is a certain W. Glen, a friend of Jack's, born near Craigenputtock, but last from Glasgow, and now struggling forward here to be an Advocate. He has neither father nor mother, nor kith nor kin, but one young Brother, a Clerk in Glasgow. He is almost distracted with the perplexities that have encumbered him ; a man of really wonderful gifts, which he can no way turn to use. Perhaps I can do him some good : at all events he is unspeakably grateful, and looks up to me almost as his Prophet. Last night he was near kissing me !" Glen afterwards became insane, and was boarded at a farm near Craigenputtock. The Carlyles were very kind to him ; Carlyle read Homer with him, and taught him geometry. He died some seven or eight years after this time.

might ride over from Kirkpatrick (where he is to visit). . . .

Rejoicing in my Goody and her love and tidings of departure, I set out with a frank in my pocket to make another clutch at Murray. The Dog was standing on the floor when I entered, and could not escape me ! He is the slipperiest, lamest, most confused unbusinesslike man I have seen. Nevertheless poor *Dreck* was in few minutes settled, or put on the way of settlement : I got a line to his printer (miles off ! it is Clowes, who used to do the *Foreign Review*) ; found him ; expounded to him ; and finally about two in the afternoon saw *Dreck* on the way to the Printing Office, and can hope to get the first page of him to-morrow ! Perhaps a week may elapse (perhaps less, so *exceedingly* irregular is Murray) before we be fairly under steady way ; after which a month or so will roll it all off my hands, and *Dreck* will lie in Sheets till his hour come. Murray speaks of the "beginning of the year" for Publication : *he* is the best judge of that, and will lose no time when the accounts are running on against him. For the present, as he altogether piteously walleth, not a Book, not a volume of any sort can he sell ; it is all dead, and done, and gone to the Devil,—as it ought to be. I am even glad that I have got the poor Book sent to press on *these* terms : Irving, and many others, have *lost* considerable moneys by their Books ! So stands it with the sect named "Literary Men" in this best of all possible eras. Happy that we have still a kail

garden, fertile in potherbs, and a whinstone castle that resists the weather, let Bookselling go as it will ! Depend on it, Jeannie, that is no small blessing even now : one's heart might almost fail him, if he stood otherwise [than] we do. Poor Puttock ! Castle of many chagrins ; peatbog Castle, where the Devil never slumbers nor sleeps ! very touching art thou to me when I look on thy image here, and fancy my Goody within thee. The Frankfort picture of Craigenputtock, and *Teufelsdröck* written there, under the eye of the Flower of Haddington ! Be kind to the poor House, and charge Betty to take care of it. I shall always look upon it with a mixture of love, horror, and amazement ; a quite supernatural abode, more like Hades than the Earth. Yet God be thanked : " my whinstone house my Castle is ; I have my own Four Walls." Perhaps few living Authors have their position so curiously fortified and adjusted.

Properly speaking the History has now reached down to the present hour, and *must* terminate here. . . . Of the Bullers, of the Austins nothing. All the world "is out of Town."—Bring the flesh-brush (it is in the drawer of our dressing closet) ; and the poor *tin mull*<sup>1</sup> of tooth-powder. I love that tin mull more than I could a golden one ; I assure thee *far* more : it was bought for three half-pence, in the West Bow, by Goody ! Poor Goody, dear Goody ! Ottilie's *Semainière*<sup>2</sup> might be of some *use* here, were

<sup>1</sup> Box.

<sup>2</sup> A gift from Ottilie von Goethe.—See *Correspondence between Goethe and Carlyle*, p. 149.

you not afraid of spoiling it—which perhaps you ought to be. The Hatbrush you will remember. I think of nothing more.—Neither will I add any more. I daresay you are reading my Letter about this very time: at Craigenputtock or Templand? I cannot ascertain; but know that you are glad of it somewhere, and *thinking of me*. Think always of me, and remember that properly you are *part of me*, are *I*. God bless thee, Darling! Good night; and dream that I am kind to thee, happy or not.

*Thursday morning.* Dearest, on consideration I find nothing better that I can do than finish out my Letter, and so give you what you deserve, the top of the morning. I had thoughts of pilgriming down to the Strand first, in search of Hope's Book: but it lies at such a distance, and will cut me up for the day; besides it lies partly on the road to *Dreck's* Printer, with whom I shall require one or more personal discussions before we get fairly afloat, and *Dreck*, whatever it may do, is not come yet. Perhaps, indeed, the Longmans, though that is not very likely, may send up the Volumes, or at least, as I requested, instruct me where they are best to be come at. On the whole, I say always, take thy way O World, and I will take mine; do whatsoever seemeth good unto thee, and I also will do the like. At present it is my sovereign will to write to Goody; in the course of a little while it is further my purpose to commence periodical writing (that I may live thereby), which commencement no Longman or



Shortman or any other man or body of men shall finally succeed in obstructing. So let them look to it ; for the edict is published *De par le roi !*

I mention first to avoid dubieties, that Jack has got his Bill ;<sup>1</sup> much to his joy, I should think. . . . I had some particles of business to touch upon (as for example the bringing of my worthy *shaving-jug*) ; and innumerable trivialities to utter trustfully to my kind Goody's heart : but here enters the Doctor Fuseli (Painter Fuseli's nephew, whom I suppose you heard of before) ; he brings a ticket to go and see the *Mint*, at 11½ o'clock, and will take no excuse but a business one : so why should I not go ? The Printer has failed of his hour ; let him now wait for *me*. And cannot Goody go with us ? *Ach nein !* not till she *come* : which, however, shall be soon. Adieu, then, Darling ! I shall be back before Post time ; and add a word.

*Four o'clock.* After three hours and a half of toilsome journeying, we return, *having seen* the *Mint*. The Keeper was a friend of Badams's, knew us when named, and was very civil. It is a strange thing, more especially the *stamping* part of it. You too shall see it all if you like. Fuseli who is the most copious of talkers, sat with us till we had dinner, in which under the name of lunch, he participated. . . .

Heaven grant that poor Goody take no feverish fits or other ailments till she get beside me ! You have really been leading a most

<sup>1</sup> Forty pounds, lent him by his brother Alick.

unreasonable life, out of one ailment into another; enough to make any one sick. Do sleep, if it be possible. Why such hurry? There is plenty of time coming; long nights of winter, and what Time brings us in them. . . .

Edward Irving is not returned yet. He is graver than usual; yet has still the old faculty of laughter. On the whole, a true, sufficient kind of man; very anxious to have me stay here; where "in two years or so," I should not fail to find some appointment. What I lament is that such a mind should not be in the *van*, but wilfully standing in the rear bringing up the tagrag-and-bobtail, however well he do it. "Miracles" are the commonest things in the world here: Irving said to Glen: "*When* I work miracles." He and I have never fastened upon that topic yet; but by and by he shall hear my whole mind on it, for he deserves such confidence. . . .

But I have a little note to write for Jane,<sup>1</sup> and not another moment to spare, were my paper far larger. Good by'e, my Dearest! Heaven send thee safe to me, and soon. Take every care of thyself, Wifekin: there is more than thy own that thou carriest with thee. A thousand kisses; and Farewells, which will soon be Welcomes!—  
Ever thy own Good, T. CARLYLE.

<sup>1</sup> His sister.

## LXXVI.—To his MOTHER, Scotsbrig.

LONDON, 19th September 1831.

MY DEAR MOTHER—Jane, who I hope and believe has been a diligent correspondent to you of late, told me in her last Letter *not* to write to-day, that she might not have the pain of expecting with the risk of expecting in vain. I had previously been of mind to have a Letter waiting for her at Ecclefechan; fancying, as I still partly do, that she must be at Scotsbrig when this arrives: however, I will now address the whole to *you*, so that if she be *not* there, we may still find ourselves in the right. The little Note, which I put in along with this for my good Wifie, is not of any special moment: if she have left you, it can lie safely till we *come back* to seek it,—which period, I trust, is not at any very great distance. Let us hope also that we shall come back with no evil tidings, and not to hear any!

These are strange wanderings and shiftings we have in this world; where indeed, as was long ago written, there is “no continuing city” to be looked for. At this very hour, as I calculate, my Jane and my “little Jane” will be journeying (I hope under some sort of escort) towards Scotsbrig, to be there against tea-time; Jack is down below making ready for a Journey to Italy (getting his Italian lesson even now); Alick is somewhere between Craigenputtock and Scotsbrig, or at one or the other; the rest are perhaps thatching ricks, or perhaps there

are several still to build, this fine day: and here am I, sitting towards the summit of this monstrous brick wilderness (for this is among the highest points of it) uttering a sort of "gathering cry" to remind us all of one another! Happily the great Father is near us all, unless we wilfully withdraw from Him.<sup>1</sup>

Jane will have told you how languidly everything proceeds here with me; how the "*people* are all out of town"; everything stagnating because of this Reform Bill; the book-trade in particular nearly altogether at a standstill; and lastly, how I, as the best thing I could do, have been obliged to *give* my poor Book *away* (that is the first edition of it; whether there will ever be a second is to try for), and am even glad to see it printed on these terms.<sup>2</sup> This is not very flattering news of the encouragement for men of my craft: nevertheless I study to say with as much cheerfulness as I can, *Be it so!* The Giver of all Good has enabled me to write the thing; and also to do *without* any pay for it: the pay would have wasted away, and "flitted out of the bit,"<sup>3</sup> as other pay does; but if there stand any Truth recorded there, *it* will not "flit." Nay, if there be even no Truth (as where is the man that can say with confidence, The inspiration of the Almighty has given *me* understanding), yet it

<sup>1</sup> The three following paragraphs are printed, less incorrectly than usual, but with unnoted omissions, in Froude's *Life*, ii. 201.

<sup>2</sup> Even this scheme failed.

<sup>3</sup> Flitted away from the place.



was the nearest approach to such that I could make, and so, in God's name, let it take its fortune in the world, and sink or swim, as the All-disposer orders. True remains forever the maxim : In all thy ways acknowledge *Him*.

I am earnestly expecting Jane ; that some sort of establishment may be formed here, where we can spend the Winter with more regularity and composure than I have hitherto enjoyed. This Lodging does not look to me as if it would do ; but I form no positive scheme till she come and look at it. Some comfortable enough place can be had for about the same money : there we can look about us over this whirlpool ; superintend the printing of our " bit Book " ; and I, in the meantime, shall most probably write some considerable essay for the *Edinburgh Review* ; that so, when we return, *mall* may not be altogether out of *shaft*, but capable of being wedged in again, and lustily beaten with. Of any permanent appointment here I as yet see (with my own eyes) not the slightest outlook : neither indeed is my heart set on such ; for I feel that the King's Palace with all it holds would in good truth do little for me ; and the Prayer I ever endeavour to make is : Shew me my Duty, and enable me to do it. If my Duty be to endure a life of Poverty, and what " light afflictions " attend on it, this also will not terrify me. However I have some friends here, and reckon that there must be various capabilities in such a scene : all these I will endeavour to see better before I leave it.

Meanwhile I am not without my comforts : one of the greatest of which is to have found various well-disposed men, most of them young men, who even feel a sort of scholarship towards me. My poor performances in the writing way are better known here than I expected : clearly enough also there *is* want of instruction and light in this mirk midnight of human affairs, such want as probably for eighteen hundred years there has not been : if *I* have any light to give, then let me give it ; if none then what is to be done but seek for it, and hold my peace till I find it ?

For the rest be not afraid, dear Mother, that I am not well "taken care of." I have the inestimable possession (for inestimable it truly is) to have a Wife that faithfully loves me, and faithfully loves what is Right so far as she can see it : assure yourself she will take good care of me ; such care as was never taken by any but you. She is also a gleg, little, managing, orderly creature, beyond almost any other : doubt not she will sweep and garnish our little cell, and we shall sit as warm there as any pair can expect or require. The great duty for you therefore is to *forward her on her way* : if she is with you when this comes, help her swiftly and smoothly forward by the *first* steamboat, and let her hasten to me with your blessing. Perhaps about this day week I shall have her here.

So soon as we get into lodgings and see ourselves in any measure settled I will write to you again ; and *regularly* through the winter ; once

in the month at seldomest, oftener if there be any occurrence of moment. What I want much to impress upon you, at the same time, is the great necessity of your also writing to me. I sent a little Note to Jane,<sup>1</sup> stipulating that *she* was to fill me a sheet monthly, with such help as she could get, or with her own hand if she could get none : I beg of you to insist upon this, if it be practicable ; however, *my* writing shall not depend on hers ; for I know how she is situated, and how short the deed must fall of the will. Once a month nevertheless I think she may manage ; and I know that if she undertake she will perform. From Alick I expect to learn all that passes at Craigenputtock : if Jamie were not a man among ten thousand, he also would take up the pen for me ; tell him that he must and shall, it is a true shame for him otherwise.

There is little room here to tell you about any one save myself ; Jack is now, his Italian master being gone, writing to my Father, as I understand, an account of all his goings, which I hope will prove satisfactory. I can still say that I think him much improved ; grown indeed, in several respects, into a *man* ; and that I look forward to much good for him. He seems to me to have in him the elements of a valuable Physician, which next to a Teacher or Priest, who is a Physician of the Soul, I reckon the highest character in this world : what you will prize still higher, he seems to have some Rever-

<sup>1</sup> His sister.

ence of the Highest in him, and has been looking into his eternal interests with much more seriousness than I had seen him do before. Let us hope good of poor Doil, and that all these aberrations and endurances, of which he has had his share, may turn to his great profit. His Countess still pleases him well, he has a pleasant prospect before him for the present, and some distinct outlook into the future.

My Leddy and I are talking of some trip into Cornwall, to see the Bullers for a week or two, till the Town get busy again : but this is very problematic, and will depend some little on the Letter I get from them ; which, having written again, I now expect this week. At all events we shall go out to Badams's for a few days ; it is only twelve miles off, and they are honestly desirous to see us. Edward Irving I meet with very often. He is kinder, stiller than usual ; a very good man, and not at all what I can name an unwise one, though surely but ill-informed, with such a crowd of crack-brained zealots and "silly women" about him, shrieking out at his prayer-meetings, and *clavering*<sup>1</sup> downright jargon, which they name Gift of the Holy Ghost, and Speaking with Tongues !

I must now, my dear Mother, bid you again good day. Fear not that I shall forget to write : it is among my best duties, and best pleasures. Remember me in kindest love to all of them from my Father down to Jenny. God bless

<sup>1</sup> Prating noisily and foolishly.



you all, and be ever near you!—Your affectionate Son,  
T. CARLYLE.

LXXVII.—TO ALEXANDER CARLYLE,  
Craigputtock.

4 AMPTON STREET, MECKLENBURG SQUARE,  
LONDON, 15th October 1831.

MY DEAR BROTHER— . . . You are already aware that Jane arrived safe here; that we have got into new Lodgings, which I may now mention are very quiet and comfortable. My health continues much what it used to be at Craigputtock, tolerable enough: the only real ground of complaint is, that I can yet get on with no work. My whole affairs are so scattered hither and thither, the whole environment is so strange: however, I *must* gird myself up resolutely, and begin, "new bode new play."<sup>1</sup> I have two or three Essays on the anvil for Napier's *Review*; and *will* be through them one way or another. My poor *Book*, as you have perhaps heard, cannot be printed at present; for this plain reason, all Bookselling is *at an end*, till once this Reform Bill of theirs be passed. So, after duly vexatious trial, I have locked up my Manuscript here beside me; and mean to let it lie at least till next month before making any further attempt. So influential even on me are the follies of the noodle Legislators, with their pro-

<sup>1</sup> New stake, new play.

rogations and their stuff,—all which, it is to be hoped, will one day find their true place and value.

Meanwhile we have plenty of people to see and study: the Montagus, the Irvings, Badamses, Jeffreys; as well as sundry new acquaintances, the number of which must considerably enlarge as the Town gets peopled again in November. . . .

Of place or promotion, I think, there is little chance for me in London, or anywhere: however, I am still disposed to believe that I ought to lift up my voice among this benighted multitude, in the way of lecturing or otherwise; and may very probably do it, if no better may be, had I ascertained the ground a little better.—A Letter has come this moment inviting me to dine next week with the Editor of the *Examiner*, whom I am rather ambitious to know. I will tell you about him, if he be worth telling about. . . .

Now, however, I nestle down out of infinite Space, into one little corner thereof; and try to picture for myself some image of your being at the solitary Craig. I hope you and Jenny and your little Jane Welsh<sup>1</sup> are all thriving there; and doing whatsoever you feel to be worthy and best, which is the only true blessedness. O my dear Brother, keep a watch over your footsteps: man walks on the very brink of unfathomable abysses always; if he swerve but a little to the right hand or left, he sinks and is

<sup>1</sup> Alick Carlyle's wife and infant daughter.

swallowed for ever ! The good God has hitherto preserved us all in some measure : let us while we live front the world as *honest* men and as *wise*, be the rest how it may.

... One thing I must long for: to see you once more fixed with a home and employment ; now that you have a family, it is doubly important for you, and may be doubly profitable. I trust the little Daughter whom Heaven has sent you may form the beginning of a new Epoch in your life. There is much good *in* you, and about you : do you faithfully study to bring it *out* purer and purer. Be humble and meek ; we are all too proud, and Pride truly is of the Devil.—I shall be very anxious to know what you do with Dairlaw Hills : the neighbourhood to Scotsbrig is a great recommendation: farming truly is a bad trade ; but which trade is better ? A man must fight through it. . . .

LXXVIII.—To Dr. CARLYLE, Turin.

4 AMPTON STREET, MECKLENBURG SQUARE,  
LONDON, 21st October 1831.

MY DEAR BROTHER— . . . Napier writes that he “trusts to me for a striking Paper in the December Number”—and yesterday I was at length favoured with a copy of *Hope* from the Longmans: so that certainly I must at length bestir myself; but how or on what subject I shall write has nowise become clear to me. *Scribbling* (Notes upon Müllner, etc.) is what I have practised every

day since you left us ; but hitherto am quite out of sorts for *writing* ; all hampered and hemmed in, not in the least at home. I know the disease of old, and know also the remedy. Doubtless, if I stay here, there is much to be *done* : I am even seriously turning over the scheme of *lecturing* ; and think I *could* do it and with profit were my *lips once unsealed*. The gross groping ignorance in which I descry many, almost all, seems to invite and demand me. We shall look at the arena first, and then measure ourselves with it.—As to *Teufelsdrack*, I may conclude this first section of his history in few words. Murray, on my renewed demand some days after your departure, forwarded me the Manuscript with a polite enough note, and a “ Criticism ” from some altogether immortal “ master of German Literature,” to me quite unknown ; which Criticism (a miserable, Dandiacal *quodlibet*, in the usual vein) did *not* authorise the Publication in these times. Whereupon, inspecting the Paper to ascertain that it was all there, we (my good Lady and I) wrapped all up, and laid it by under lock and key, to wait patiently for better times, or if so were ordered, to the *end* of times : and then despatching a very cordial-looking note to Murray, wound up the whole matter, not without composure of soul. Now that the Reform Bill is all to begin again, it may for aught I know be months before the Trade experience any revival ; thus *Dreck* may perhaps be considered as postponed *sine die* : with which



result also I am perfectly contented. What I have written I have written: the reading of it is another party's concern.—In the economical point of view, I know not whether this other small occurrence be worth mentioning: that Montagu (whom we see sometimes quite overflowing with "blessings") kept rather annoying me with urgencies that I would "apply to the Lord Advocate for the Registrarship in one of the Six new Bankruptcy Courts"; whereupon at last I did transmit one of the noble Lady's Notes on that subject to his Advocateship, and further formally called upon Montagu to testify by Letter (if his conscience permitted) that I was fitted for the station. Since which time I have at least been rid of the Montagu importunities (for the matter has never once been hinted at); Jeffrey engaged to speak of it, but seemed to think with myself that there was hardly any hope in it; and so there it rests, in all human probability nothing more than a miserable "chimera,"—with which, however, as I have *done* all that depended on myself, and did indeed care very little for success in it, I give myself no manner of uneasiness. . . . [Mill] and I were, last night, for the first time, at Fonblanque's; dining there. Fonblanque lives far away in the Edgeware Road; and is still lame with his Gig-fall. He has a delightful *Housekin*, with offices, etc. . . . He himself standing on crutches, all braced round with straps (of what seemed cloth-listing) received me very handsomely: a long, thin flail of a man, with

wintry zealous-looking eyes; lank, thin hair, wide, small-chinned mouth, *baggy*, wrinkly care-accustomed face; greatly the air of a Radical. I observed that he had a high forehead, and low crown; as in Müllner's head. We had a pleasant, discursive sitting; about Scotch scenery, Buonaparte, Cobbett, Immorality, and the Tax on Tobacco. I volunteered to call again (for he can call nowhere), which was warmly welcomed. Nothing great will ever come of the man; no genial relation will ever spring up between us: yet he is worth being known, and honoured in his way; *jeder an seiner Stelle*. Mill promises me two other friends: small deer, as I dread; yet will I see them gladly, being *niemals menschenschen*, as was Schmelzle's case too. On the whole, this London is the most *twilight* intellectual city you could meet with: a meaner, more utterly despicable view of man and his interests than stands pictured even in the better heads you could nowhere fall in with. . . .—Your faithful Brother,

T. CARLYLE.

LXXIX.—To his MOTHER, Scotsbrig.

4 AMPTON STREET, MECKLENBURG SQUARE,  
LONDON, *Thursday, 10th November 1831.*

MY DEAR MOTHER— . . . There is no doubt but these are threatening times, full of risk and distress: a country agitated with political discontent, with economical embarrassment; the lower orders, straitened by want, exasperated by disappointment, all ready for

*any* kind of change, whether by revolt or otherwise ; nowhere any Wisdom, any Faithfulness to give them counsel ; and now while the dark Winter is setting in, a pestilential malady arrived on our coasts, to carry off doubtless many into the land of Silence ! Truly may we say, God's judgments are abroad on the Earth : it behoves us all, and each of us for himself to think deeply of it, and so far as strength is given us, with our whole heart, to "consider our ways and be wise." Nevertheless there is always this strong tower of Defence, that it *is* of God's ordering ; that not a hair of our head, of the very meanest head, can fall to the ground without His command ; and the Faith, which is the beginning and the end of Knowledge, teaches us that He commands all things *well*. The greater too ought to be our thankfulness, that *we*, as a household and kindred, are all spared ; and still called only to sympathise with these miseries, not to share in them. Such thoughts, often or rather always more or less distinctly present in my mind, arm me as with triple steel against all the mad vicissitudes of this mad Existence ; which I look upon rather as a heavy Dream, wherefrom, when the Night is past, we shall awaken to a fair Morning ! God is great ; God also is good : this is the sum-total of all the Wisdom I could ever learn. . . .

LXXX.—To Dr. CARLYLE, Florence.

LONDON, 13th November 1831.

MY DEAR BROTHER— . . . I fully agree with you that Employment would be the best of all medicines for —— : neither is Employment, or can it be in a world existing by Labour, impossible to find, whether for Peasantess or Princess. Unfortunately, however, it is often very difficult to find : thus Swing burns ricks, thus Byron writes Satanic Poetry. What man wants is always that the Highest in his nature be *set* at the top, and actively reign there. Did —— seem imbued with a religious feeling, were it only in the "lean and narrow" style of ——, the road to wholesome Activity (such as Beneficence, Self-culture, conscientious creation of the Good), and thereby to peace of mind, were easier ; for there you have *a* vehicle, though now a somewhat crazy one. In any case, she *has* a moral nature, wherein lies the root of weal or woe : this could you but awaken and aliment with fit food, you were her lasting highest benefactor. Perhaps in German Literature (as Literature is now our only symbol of the Highest, and German our only Literature) there may lie some hope. . . .

By no means neglect to keep a journal : you will understand everything the better as well as remember it the better. It is not every one that can see Florence ; go at evening to the top of Fiesole, wander in Val d'Arno, or among the



autumnal leaves of Vallombrosa; or gaze on the Medici Gallery and the Moses of Michel Angelo and the Perseus of friend Benvenuto. Tell me a *little* about all this; but chiefly of your humane relations, of yourself and your *Be-finden* and *Umgebung*, for "it is man only that interests man," much more brother that interests brother. I will send on your Letters to Scotsbrig, unless you wish otherwise: any secret thing you can put in some foreign language by your "gift of tongues."

I was much instructed by your sketches of Saint-Simonism; concerning which I do not differ far from you in opinion or prediction. It is an upholstery aggregation, not a Promethean creation; therefore cannot live long: yet the very attempt to rebuild the old dilapidated Temple, were it only with deals and canvas, is significant. . . .

I have been endeavouring with some zeal to get a piece of writing done (on the "Philosophy of this Era"); but find my hand quite dreadfully out, and must still almost despair of getting honourably through it. I find myself to a strange extent the servant of Habits; wherein lies a Poverty, yet also a Wealth, for the chief price of anything is its *pretium affectionis*. I *will not* give in; once for all *will not*: that is the only course. *Ach Gott!* this is a thorny miry path one has to travel; and so dark, so intricate! Nevertheless, forward! forward! I am still meditating some sort of lecture-work: but as yet it lies at a great distance; my *tongue*

is still *tacked*: could one but "cut it with a sixpence," as they do to speaking Birds, and so give me utterance!—Meanwhile I continue to look about me, and meet here and there with hopeful things. Chiefly among the young: the elder are hide-bound, and have ceased to grow or be green. Glen, as you heard, is returned; and bids fair (in spite of the Montagu prognostication) to be a favourite with the Leddy here: I have appointed John Mill to meet him next Wednesday night, and shall see what relation springs up between them. I have also lent him *Teufelsdröck* to read; which wonderful Book I am again cautiously bestirring myself to get printed, for the "season" has begun, and in rather brisker style than was anticipated. By and by I shall take more decisive steps.—Buller also has come to town; in him too I have some hope. Mill I continue to like: I met with a fresh lot of youths last week by his intervention: one Taylor<sup>1</sup> (of the Colonial Office) was the centre of the group, and is to see me again; the rest were Hyde Villiers (a Member), his Brother, and one Elliot, all Diplomatsists; wholly pleasant young men,—by whom the world will not be made or unmade. We had a gay breakfast however (from Taylor, in Grosvenor Street), and I did not regret my walk. . . .

<sup>1</sup> See *Autobiography of Henry Taylor* for his mention of Carlyle (i. 325), and for an account of some of these men (i. 73-80). See also Carlyle's *Reminiscences*, ii. 278, for a description of Henry Taylor.

LXXXI.—To ALEXANDER CARLYLE,  
Craigputtock.

4 AMPTON STREET, MECKLENBURG SQUARE,  
LONDON, 24<sup>th</sup> November 1831.

MY DEAR ALICK—Your Letter arrived here duly, and was received and read with the heartiest welcome; as by persons long shut out from all tidings, and greatly in want of such. I would have written sooner in answer, had there been anything practical to tell that seemed worth postage: but the old Newspaper every Wednesday would indicate that we were "in the old way," which is the main business of a Letter; and I still waited for franks, for more time, etc. etc., and did not "put pen to paper this night." It is an evil habit; do not you imitate me in it: the Letter of a Brother is always worth its postage, so long as one has money left. To-day, however, there is an actual frank to Templand forthcoming (for Jeffrey, who at present lives in the country, called this forenoon): so you will get this even cheaper. I suspend my *Review* scribbling, for a far more pleasant kind; and send you a hasty word before going to sleep.

. . . I think it every way desirable that you should soon be settled. Your late way of life has been trying for you in many ways: but now were you once set agoing there is a much fairer chance; you will be altogether free; and as a Husband and Father feel new obligation to do your best and wisest. Let us be of good

courage: this ever remains true, *nothing but ourselves can finally beat us*; it is not want of good Fortune, want of Happiness, but want of Wisdom that man has to dread. God keep us all, and guide us all! A toilsome stern life has been appointed the most of us; let us not falter or fall asleep by the way, but struggle forward, be the road thorny or smooth.

You must have grown very still and even dead at Craigenputtock by this day of the year: often I fancy the sepulchral silence of the spot; it comes strangely into my thoughts in this soul-and-body-deafening tumult of the "noble city." News we hope you have *none* (for there *good* news seldom arrive); but that little Jane Welsh is still brisk and noisy, her mother in motion and well; and you working, or profitably resting, and like "a constitutional king," nowise like a military despot, beneficently ruling over both. By the way, I could not but sympathise with the little creature, in her looking at you with recognition, but evidently with fear. Poor little foreigner! this is a very strange country it has arrived in, and it knows not what devilry may be abroad, or who means kindly, who unkindly. Be thankful for the mysterious little Present; and regard it as the message of God to you, and the pledge of new blessings and new duties.

. . . I wrote on the Newspaper a request that you would pay Betty her wages; which I daresay you have done or will do. I hope also you have settled with the smith, in some way



that satisfies your own convictions: Currie's debt for the cart-shaft had been often in my head, and I am glad that you paid it. I remember also that I owed Hiddlestane some three shillings or so for raking the seed into the front green: if you have any opportunity, you might pay him: we will settle about all these matters when you produce your list of outlays in spring. Jane finally bids me mention that she directed Betty to raise<sup>1</sup> the four beds of carrots, and send the produce of two of them over to Templand for Harry: <sup>2</sup> if Betty have not done this, will you "take that trouble" by your first convenience? This, I think, is all I have to remind you of about the Moorlands; from whose stern solitude I may now turn to more populous regions. . . .

As for ourselves we are struggling on here without notable adventure of any kind. Our lodging and way of life continues quite passable; far better than one could hope. . . . The "Cholera Pestilence" [does not] give us much terror: we will fly from it, if it come into our neighbourhood, and grow perilous; but otherwise, as I often say, "What is the good of Fear? The whole solar system were it to fall together about our ears could kill us only *once*."—People are all quiet as yet; in great anxieties about their Reform Bill; and not unlikely, as I calculate, to get into some convulsions, one day, before all be done: but for the present there are no symptoms of it, neither is it I chiefly that

<sup>1</sup> Dig.

<sup>2</sup> Mrs. Carlyle's pony, wintered at Templand.

need apprehend such a thing : so long as they leave *me* the head standing on my shoulders, my main possessions in this world are left uninjured. God knows what will be the end of all this ; the end will not be seen in our day.

Nothing has been done yet about the Book, except speaking a little from afar. However, the publishing season is now begun, and I mean soon to make a new trial. I shall still be disappointed, if I do not bring it home to you *printed*: it will only be that I *could* not get a printer. Meanwhile, I am not altogether idle : we see plenty of people, and get some slight knowledge of their ways (though this is very difficult to come at). . . . Perhaps my best plan will be to spend the summer in writing out my "Notes" at Puttock, and then come hither next winter, and speak aloud in defiance of all men and things.—For the present I am busy enough with a Paper (of no great length) for the *Edinburgh Review*; which straitens me greatly ; my hand is quite out, and "this is no my ain house," where I can work as I was wont, in any sense. However, after struggling and floundering enough, I am at last getting on ; and hope to be through in some three weeks. O that I were ! . . . Of Irving I have got little good for the last two months ; have not had so much as a sight for these three weeks : he does not come hither, and to go to him, and find the "Holy Ghost" raging about him like Bedlam is no inviting journey. Poor Irving !

I am in real anxiety about him : it is thought that he will soon lose his Church (the sane part of his people being quite shocked); and actually runs a risk himself of ending in the Madhouse! God prevent it! One is struck with a painful mixture of grief, scorn, and indignation to think of the end he seems hastening towards, and the company he has chosen.—But now, dear Alick, I must draw bridle, for obvious reasons. Indeed, it is far in the night : I could not afford to wait till to-morrow, having a daily task to do, which of itself will perhaps exceed my ability. So good night, my dear Brother! May nothing worse than poor little Jane Welsh Carlyle ever break your sleep. Also do not, like Selkirk, forget to *spea*k. Write to me soon, very soon. Jane sends her kindest wishes to both of you. All good be ever with you all! Your Brother,

T. CARLYLE.

LXXXII.—TO ALEXANDER CARLYLE,  
Craigenputtock.

4 AMPTON STREET, LONDON,  
4th December 1831.

. . . With regard to that *Money*, about which you so vex yourself, let me beg of you once for all to consider it, what it was from the first, as a thing finally settled, and on which nothing more is to be said. The half of the sum you have, or the whole of it, or twice as much, would do nothing permanent for me ; and to you it is of importance, as a beginning of Life : therefore,

my dear Brother, let me hear nothing more of it; but set yourself agoing with it, and suffer me to enjoy peaceably the small comfort, that here for once I have contributed to do my Brother a little good. We will settle up all little matters in Spring; then mark the amount on some paper document, and so have finally done with it. . . .

I have little to tell you of myself; but that little happily not evil. I am but in a *dramish*,<sup>1</sup> weakly way here (so far as *spiritual* health goes), quite out of sorts for writing; and have had a most miserable, *feckless*<sup>2</sup> kind of struggle to get under way with writing. People come in upon me, and all that; then I have no privacy, as I was wont at Puttock, there to *lash* myself into a heat: here I must even hobble along sprained as I am. However I persevere, through good weather and through bad. The thing I am writing is a sort of second *Signs of the Times*; I expect it will perhaps be in the next Number of the *Edinburgh*: and I hope to have done with it, this day two weeks, when one gladdish man there will be in this city. I shall meddle with nothing more till I have a better *workshop*. As to Lecturing, the encouragement is small I find, and nothing could be prudently ventured in that way as yet: none but quacks have ever been known to lecture here; so the whole thing has an unpromising aspect to all I speak of it with. In other respects my outlooks are

<sup>1</sup> Sickly.

<sup>2</sup> Spiritless.



exactly what they were : into Vacuity, into Nothingness. However, I am not without some Faith ; some Faith in myself (be God ever thanked for it ! ) ; neither does it seem as if this world could be quite dead for me, but I have a thing or two to do here. I believe I *could* speak too ; and shall perhaps one day actually try it ; but not till I see what the meaning of it is.—I am again among the Booksellers with my Manuscript : but have yet got nothing fixed ; not even my first *refusal*. You shall hear about it when anything occurs. These are ungainly times ; and must be worse, for the like of me, before they can be better. Forward ! Forward ! Not the quantity of Pleasure we have had, but the quantity of Victory we have gained, of Labour we have overcome : that is the happiness of Life. Let us on, then, in God's name !—I am close on the end of my sheet, dear Brother, and had innumerable things to say. Would I had a frank ; but there is none within my reach.—Jane has not been very strong, with colds and what not ; but is now better ; and ever assiduous, clear and faithful, a very precious little Wife ; any other woman might have gone mad beside me. She likes London, and all my bits of friends, though some of them are not of the greatest sort of characters ; and this City, especially in these months, is damp, raw-frosty and reeky beyond measure. Your very nostrils are filled with *soot*.—Give our truest wishes to Jenny ; be glad and thankful and cheerful

towards the little stranger ; and all good and happy !—Ever your affectionate Brother,  
T. CARLYLE.

. . . Some wretches are "*burking*"<sup>1</sup> poor stragglers here : three miscreants are to be hanged for that crime to-morrow morning.

This is my birth-night ; my thirty-sixth ! May the worst of our days be over ; at all events the foolishhest !

LXXXIII.—To Miss JANE CARLYLE, Scotsbrig.

LONDON, 25th December 1831.

MY DEAR JANE—I borrowed a frank for you yesterday, expecting to have a little moment of time, when I might thank you for your punctual and so highly welcome Letters ; and send a word or two in the shape of tidings, which at Scotsbrig, I know, are never superfluous. It now turns out that I have very *little* time : however, I will make the most of it.

Your last letter gave us both very great pleasure : it brought gratifying tidings of the welfare of those ever dear to us ; it was also most sensibly and well put together ; wholly a thing creditable to you. Continue to *keep your eyes open* : what else has one any hope in, but to think as earnestly as we have power ; and then having *thought*, and ascertained how matters lie, and what they mean, to *do*, with our whole might, and quickly, whatsoever our hand

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, p. 138. Burke's crime added a word to the language.

findeth to do. Properly, as I often say, there is no loss in this world, but even that same so frequent in it, the *loss of head*. An individual without understanding, wandering about without light to his path, is a truly hopeless figure ; other miserable mortal there is, strictly speaking, none. I expect great things of you, as I have often hinted : nothing less than this, that you will prove wise and true ; and in what sphere soever you find yourself, act honourably the part assigned you there. This is the highest blessedness ; found by few in these sad days ; and yet, if we consider it, there is now or at any period no other possible for us. Be kind to our Mother and Father ; be obedient, loving : bear with their infirmities, even when they seem unreasonable : are we not all here simply to "bear one another's burdens" ? And whose burdens should we more cheerfully bear than those of our Parents, to whom we owe all that we have, all that we are ? Your course is, what mine and every other reasonable creature's is : wherever you find Disorder, Disarrangement (be it external, of mere bodily things, or internal, as improper conduct, unreasonable feelings of the mind), to gird yourself forthwith, in all faithfulness and honest zeal, to remedy such Disarrangement, by superior Arrangement springing from yourself. The *worse* that men or things behave to you, do you behave the better to them ; this is the grand rule, the sum and substance of all others. I know the task is hard, very hard for flesh and blood : neverthe-

less *great* also is your reward. Let us think always, as the Poet Milton said, that "we are ever in our great Taskmaster's eye."—

I must send you some sketches of our situation here; though there is nothing very new since I wrote so largely, by the side of Jack's Letter from Rome. My own health continues good: I have finished off my *Edinburgh Review* Paper, and despatched it a week ago, within the appointed time: whether the Editor will dare to print it I cannot say; for it speaks out in plain English upon some things; neither, indeed, should I mightily care, for when I have once *told* the truth, my part with it is done, and if the world will not listen, the world will just do the other way. The business of writing comes rather awkward to me here: at the same time, now when my hand is in, I do not wish to let it go out again; and so mean to begin to-morrow once more to the trade, and try a sort of sketch upon Dr. Johnson. With this I shall require less pains; perhaps a matter of three weeks will see me through it. Meanwhile *great* plenty of other work comes flowing in upon me; I shall certainly bring home enough to serve me through the summer, let me work as I may. Two or three Magazines more are chirping to me with open arms; even offering to raise their prices! Nay, a certain learned Doctor of this city<sup>1</sup> offers me a kind of outlet for my old *History of German Litera-*

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Lardner, editor of the *Cabinet Cyclopædia*, in which the History was to appear. The scheme fell through.



ture (which went all awry the year before last); and I am not without hope of getting things arranged so that I may close with him. I am doing what I can that way; and shall soon see through it. Whether the *Book* (the already written one) will get printed is still very uncertain: I have partly resolved not to take under £100 for it; and at present everything is kept stagnant by their Reform Bill: indeed the whole business of Literature is a sort of Bedlam-broke-loose, and must soon alter, or utterly disappear; it takes a man with eyes in his head to walk through the middle of it and kick the dirt aside from sticking on him.

My good Wifie has not been so well as I could wish. She made such a hand of herself, galloping and waking and feverishly fretting before she left Scotland that now she necessarily suffers for it. Her strength is smaller than usual; she does not lie in bed, is not even dispirited; but always in a sickly sort of way. I trust however she is now past the worst; I will take better care of her another time. She is at this moment lying at my back (I mean with her feet behind my back) on the sofa: she dare not promise to write you a word to-day (the time too is so near, and so uncertain for people coming in), but will if she can. We see abundance of things and persons, as usual; more and not fewer than are good for us. To-night I am to go and have tea with the Austins (Mrs. Austin was here the other day); the Goody is quite out of case for going in such an even-

ing as it looks to be: one of those horrible frosty fogs; as dark, now at two o'clock, as if it were twilight; smoke everywhere without doors and within, your very nostrils full of soot—wholly a London day! . . .

I grieve, my dear Sister, that the sheet is at an end (and the time with it) when I might have run on to such lengths. I must wait for another season. Tell Jenny that I owe her too a little Note for her contribution to the first Letter: tell "Mister Cairlill"<sup>1</sup> that I owe him none. Jane said he had promised to write: but has he ever done it?—I sent off a little Note for Alick, which he will get on Wednesday: I hope his new farm will do well, above all, that he himself will. Write to me very soon, with all manner of minuteness. The Newspaper has come these two weeks on the Saturday, which gives me the most *abundant* time to read it. If you should belate yourselves any day, do not mind much,—I can still get a glimpse of it on Monday.—And so for the present, dear Crow, I bid thee farewell!—  
Ever your Brother, T. CARLYLE.

LXXXIV.—To Dr. CARLYLE, Rome.

4 AMPTON STREET, LONDON,  
10th January 1832.

MY DEAR BROTHER—I am not without anxieties on your account; for I cannot but recollect that you volunteered, in your letter from Rome, to write "every three weeks," and

<sup>1</sup> His brother James.

now I think it is almost five, and still no second comes to hand. These last ten days, accordingly, I have rather taken to "watch the Post-man"; which you know is none of the most pleasant employments. However, I strive to banish apprehensions, and often say to myself, Why should any evil have befallen even *now*? Many risks have been happily run since you became a Traveller: I will hope that here also there is nothing but some trifling delay caused by irregularity of Posts, or the like, and boding no mischief. At all events, I will wait no longer for your letter; but write as matters stand, that I may not drive you into the same embarrassment. Two letters of mine are still unacknowledged: one to Florence (*Poste Restante, Firenze*); another to Rome, despatched some day or two after yours announcing your arrival in that city had reached me. As I can speculate little about your proceedings, and only hope and pray that all may be well, I will here (in my smallest type) give you what light I can about my own, as if that were the only topic this world afforded: the *best* for you I well know it to be.

Not long ago we had a Letter from Scotsbrig (though I think it was *before* my last communication with you), indicating that all went well. I have written, at large, twice since then, and look for a specific detail ere long. Meanwhile, the *Courier*, which now goes to Scotsbrig first, and *finally* to Craigenputtock, brings us weekly a token of their existence, and last time had "all right" scratched on it in Jane's hand. I sup-

pose Alick to be vigorously bestirring himself for his new Farm ; I have written two Notes to him, but yet have no answer : the Scotsbrig people had been able without difficulty to "meet *him*:"<sup>1</sup> all seemed to be proceeding in the usual fashion. May God be thanked for it! Mrs. Welsh also wrote to us lately : she is in a situation full of discomforts and difficulty ; her Father so failed and helpless, herself so sickly and sad : however, she struggles through courageously, and not without effect does her best. This I think is all the Scottish news we have that can interest you.

For ourselves here, we are not in the most vigorous state, yet nowise entitled to complain. Jane, as was natural after such a tumult as she came through in her passage hither, has had but a weakly time of it, now and then quite disabled : Dr. Irving's medicaments too gave her no satisfaction ; so she took the matter into her own hand ; for the last four or five weeks has been living dietetically like a very Kitchener,<sup>2</sup> and is now growing decidedly better. She walks out every day, all wrapped in furs, cloaks and what not, lifted out of the mud-sea on "French clogs" ; is quite resolute in her own way, and quietly perseverant, and indeed she begins to bloom up again, and look like her former self. She sees little company except what comes here ; but that is enough. . . . It is a climate, this of London, against which all manner of

<sup>1</sup> The landlord on rent-day.—M. C.

<sup>2</sup> Dr. Kitchener, of *Peptic Precepts*, *Cook's Oracle*, etc.



objections might be made, its two great elements being unhappily *reek* and *glar*.<sup>1</sup> we have had "real London fogs" too, the liveliest image of Pandemonium, torch-bearing spectres shouting through the gloom, an atmosphere that you might "dig with shovels." Then rains, and damp chill vapours, and frosts against which, in these gigmanic-fashioned rooms, there is no protection. But what is there in climate that by much vituperating you can alter? It is one of Heaven's ordinances, to be received silently, even thankfully: is not all weather so much *Time* that has been lent us? No Cholera, or other epidemic yet attacks us; nor except with very cowardly people is such greatly apprehended: that Cholera will arrive seems likely, but what then? Except the name, there are other far more frightful maladies which we look on with indifference,—Typhus-fever, for example. At Sunderland, it seems nearly burnt out; also at Newcastle: two weeks ago it appeared at Haddington, where there have been between twenty and thirty cases, and several deaths (to us not known); it has not reached Edinburgh, but of course is dreaded there, where already there seems to be a Fever, much more fatal in its character, though being only *common* death, little heed is paid it. Did you see in the Newspaper that poor Dr. Becker had died of cholera at Berlin? Alas, it is even so; another friend is taken from us! Hegel also is dead of the same malady (the Philo-

<sup>1</sup> Smoke and mud.

sopher Hegel): both these events are now of old date, though perhaps still unknown to you. Nor is my catalogue of mortality yet full: I went to call on Charles Buller the day before yesterday, and he confounded me by mentioning that his uncle Strachey was dead and buried! It had been a most sudden call: on a Tuesday night (exactly this day fortnight) poor Strachey came home complaining; the disease, treated by unskilful Doctors, proved to be inflammation of the liver, which soon became inflammation of the lungs also, and on the next Tuesday Night, it was all over. Mrs. Strachey, it is said, bears it courageously: I design to write, and were I once in travelling order, to go and see her. I believe her to be a genuine woman, a *schöne Seele* such as there are few; and pity her much in her new lonely state. You spoke of writing: have you ever done it? I know not that she now cares much for me; but that does not alter my care for her: we have never met since you were there.

With respect to my personal occupations and outlooks, I will soon give you some light. I have corrected the Proof-sheets of the Article "*Characteristics*" for Napier, who receives it with respect, yet finds it "inscrutable" on a first perusal: my own fear was that it might be too *scrutable*; for it indicates decisively enough that Society (in my view) is utterly condemned to destruction, and even now beginning its long travail-throes of Newbirth. I believe it will be published in a day or two: if

I can find any opportunity (of which I yet hear nothing), you shall have it sent you. Meanwhile I have various other things on the anvil: first a Paper on Johnson, probably for *Fraser*, though that is no good vehicle; I have spent two weeks in merely reading Croker's five volumes,<sup>1</sup> and do not yet see my way: I design to be short and rather superficial. One *has* no right vehicle: you must throw your ware into one of those dog's-meat carts, such as travel the public streets, and get it sold there, be it carrion or not. Each age has its capabilities; these are the capabilities of ours. Perhaps they will mend; at all events, let us use them with our whole wisdom, our whole might. Then I have some trashy thing (I yet know not what) to put together for Bulwer;<sup>2</sup> whom I have not yet seen, but who writes, in sickness, cravingly. Cochrane<sup>3</sup> also engages for the old *Black'sche*<sup>4</sup> rate of wages, and wishes me to do him something on *Diderot*, which I have partly undertaken. Farther, there are one or two bits of pieces which I have in view for Napier: but these will probably lie till I *see* him. Lastly, I must tell you of something much more extensive than all the rest: no less than the *History of German Literature*. At William Gray's, I met a little Templar, named Hayward<sup>5</sup> (Editor of a

<sup>1</sup> Croker's *Boswell's Life of Johnson*.

<sup>2</sup> Then editing the *New Monthly Magazine*.

<sup>3</sup> Editor of the *Foreign Quarterly Review*.

<sup>4</sup> Black, Young and Young's (publishers of the *Quarterly*).

<sup>5</sup> Mr. Abraham Hayward, whose *Memoirs* have been lately (1837) published.

Periodical work, "The Jurist," or some such thing), who took very much to me then and since; on his own motion, went to Lardner of the *Cyclopædia*, and made arrangements about the *History of German Literature* (concerning which I felt indifferent enough); and now, after two interviews between Lardner and me, I think it is nearly settled that I am to have such a thing ready, against next November. I am to have two volumes (and £300) to incorporate all that I have already published in *Reviews* (Black grants me his permission in the handsomest way); and to produce 170 pages of new matter, binding up the whole into a *Zur Geschichte*, to which I can put my name. Lardner, I understand, is a sure ready-money man; offers to get me Books, etc.: so I think the business will come to a bearing; indeed it had come to one apparently last time we met (a week ago), only nothing has yet been written about it: I have not even sent him my list of "Books wanted," having been too busy and *catarrhal* to think maturely of it. There will be much labour here; but also a kind of remuneration: moreover, I shall thereby get my hands washed of German, and my whole say about it honourably said.

It is our present purpose to get on with everything belonging to London with all despatch; to take the Steamboat for Edinburgh about the month of March; arrange what is arrangeable with Napier, perhaps also with Tait (whose projected "Liberal Periodical"



gives no further note of being); and then fix ourselves once more at Puttock for the summer; and be ready to start anywhither (if hope offer) with the ensuing winter, and set the Printers in motion. We both reckon it an all-too hazardous enterprise that of taking up house here; and lodgings, even of the best as we have them here, are full of annoyances and drawbacks. Besides there *is* nothing in London at present but stagnation and apprehension, and Radical Reform: *the Bill* will not pass yet for months, and then—what better shall we be?—With *Teufelsdröck* I believe I can do nothing: I took it back from Dilke last Saturday, who could give me no light but a sort of dull London fog, or darkness visible (though I find him a kindly and not altogether obtuse man); and now it lies in the hands of Charles Buller, who seemed anxious to see it. My chief comfort is in the effect it appears to produce on young *unbestimmt* people like him: Glen was even asking for a *third* perusal of it. The whole matter is none of the weightiest: yet also is it not wholly a Lie that Lucubration of Dröck's; it can rest for twelvemonths and will not worm-eat. British Literature is a mud-ocean, and boundless "mother of dead dogs": nevertheless here too there is stiling (with clean boots), and steering towards true landmarks or false. God give us more and more insight into our Duty; ever new strength to perform it! I have no other prayer.—Of preferment, in any shape, except that of being maintained alive for writing

my best indifferent Prose, there is not the faintest symptom: indeed I scarcely care twopence about it: once get your footing in Eternity, all "Time-vestures" are but a cobweb, and the Chancellor's jupe like any other beggar's blanket. The day is at hand when it will be asked us, not, What pleasure and prog hadst thou in that world? but, What work didst thou accomplish there?

Thus, dear Brother, have I given you the minutest possible description of our whereabouts; you can see in some measure what we are doing, and like to do. You may perhaps get two Letters out of London yet; or perhaps something new may turn up in the interim, and detain us longer. Either way, I am content enough. I do not rue my journey to London; but already feel my mind much stimulated, and as it were filled with new matter to elaborate. It will be very useful for me to come back from time to time: though I think I have hardly found a single man that has given me a new idea, and I have on the whole been called to talk far oftener than listen, yet the very view of such a huge phenomenon as London life works deeply on you, and will have its fruit.— . . . Of Mill (who maintains his place here), the Bullers, the Examiner<sup>1</sup> (whom I mean to see soon), Jeffrey (who comes skipping over twice a week), etc. etc., I shall say nothing this time; for our space is done. Accept this scrawl in good part, my dear Brother; and soon send me another as long and as strictly biographic.

<sup>1</sup> Fonblanque.

I will hope for all good news of you : be wise, be resolute ; there is *nothing* outward that one has to dread. . . . Keep your Journal, think often of me, or rather always : and may God be ever with you, and with us all ! Amen !—Your affectionate Brother,

T. CARLYLE.

LXXXV.—TO ALEXANDER CARLYLE,  
Craigenputtock.

4 AMPTON STREET, GRAY'S INN ROAD,  
LONDON, *Saturday, 14th January 1832.*

MY DEAR ALICK— . . . Several weeks ago I sent you a little Note for the Dumfries Post Office : this I think you must have got, though no answer has yet reached me. The present will be the third Letter for which you are now in my debt. I am getting very desirous to hear from you ; what you are doing and forbearing ; how you get on with the preparatives for Catlinns, what you think of it, and of your outlooks generally ; how we are likely to find you when we return in Spring. Often does the picture of that lone mansion in the Dunscore wold come before me here ; it has a strange almost unearthly character, as it comes before me standing in the lone Night in the wintry moor, with the tumult of London raging around me, who was once your fellow-hermit, and am soon to be a yet more solitary hermit. I am wae to think that this, like all other earthly arrangements, is now drawing to its

close; we shall wander no more along the Glaisters Hill: it is the ugliest of hills, and none of us saw cheerfulness on the face of it, or anything but toil and vexation; nevertheless now when it is all past, how can we be other than sad? Alas, we ourselves are quickly passing; a little while, and *no* place that now knows us shall know us any more at all forever! Let us strive to obtain a "continuing City"; for such, by God's goodness, there yet is; appointed for the just man; who (in some to us wholly mysterious way, yet surely as aught is sure) "shall dwell forever with God." Were it not for some faith in this, I see not how one could endure the tossing and toils of the World: but with this, while it holds steady before us, the very sorrows of our present dream of life, for it is but a dream, are blessings for us. Let us never lament then; let us stand to it like brave men; *expecting* no reward in this world, *wishing* for none; feeling that to serve our heavenly Taskmaster is itself the richest of all rewards. . . .

Our plans here are getting a little more fixed: I can now give you some faint fore-shadow of them. I pride myself that I have never gone half a foot out of my road in search of what are called "prospects": it is yet and has always been clear to me that I was one whom Promotion was least of all likely to visit. Thank Heaven I know my trade: it is to *write truth* while I can be kept alive by so doing, and to die writing it when I can no longer be



kept alive. So feeling, I look upon all mortals with the friendliest humour; let Kings and Chancellors fight their own battles, and all speed to them: let the Devil go his way, and I will go mine. Therefore after settling my Author-business in London, I will not stay an hour, "waiting at the pool," as some advise me. . . . On the whole the world stands related to me very much as I could wish it. I find myself respected by all whose judgment I respect; feared and wondered at by a much greater number; despised, at least openly, by no one. With incessant long-continued exertion, there is *much* possible for me; I may become a Preacher of the Truth, and so deliver my message in this Earth, the highest that can be entrusted to man.—I write all this, because I know well, you love me, and heartily, as a Brother and Scholar, wish me good speed. . . .

T. CARLYLE.

LXXXVI.—To his MOTHER, Scotsbrig.

4 AMPTON STREET, MECKLENBURG SQUARE,  
LONDON, 22d January<sup>1</sup> 1832.

MY DEAR MOTHER—It is not very long since I wrote to you; yet I make no doubt you are wearying to hear from me again; as indeed I am to write again, for there are few things that give me greater pleasure. A letter from Jack having arrived, I have now a decided call made on me; and snatch a few minutes as I can get them to fulfil it. You have no notion

<sup>1</sup> The day of his father's death.

how hard it is even to command minutes here, such streams of visitors and other interruptions come upon one: for example, since I wrote the first sentence of this, there have been no fewer than six persons, simultaneously and successively, breaking in on my privacy, and I have had to talk almost as much as would make a volume. First, Glen and some insignificant *etceteras*; then John Mill with Detrosier (the Manchester Lecturer to the Working Classes, whom you may have seen mentioned in the *Examiner*), and, much stranger, an actual Saint-Simonian Frenchman, arrived as a missionary here!<sup>1</sup> I have since taken my dinner; and now sit writing before tea, after which we have another engagement: to go and hear the famous Mr. Owen<sup>2</sup> (of whom also the Newspapers are full enough) preach in his "Institution" for the perfection of Society, or for something else equally noble, which I forget. So you see partly how I am situated, and will take the wish for the deed.

My worthy and kind Correspondent "little Jean" has been rather stingy with me of late; though I must speak in regret rather than in blame; for were she to dry up on me, what should I do? Remind her only how very long it is since I had a Letter, and how gratifying a Letter from her always is. I am not in any great *anxiety*, for I struggle always to hope the best: indeed Alick wrote to me last week, bringing down the good news, at least want of

<sup>1</sup> Gustave D'Eichthal.

<sup>2</sup> Robert Owen of Lanark.

ill news, to a recent date : neither will I now let myself believe that anything bad has befallen ; but think always that some soon coming day will bring me direct confirmation. Alick said that you, my dear Mother, were fully as strong as usual ; that the rest were all well ; only that my Father was again afflicted with his old complaint of cold. I pray you take all charge of him ; let himself too avoid all exposure to these winter damps : he should get himself warmer clothing, above all sufficient shoes, or well-lined clogs ; and not stir out at all, except he cannot help it, especially when the sun is not shining. This advice applies also to you ; only that I know you are yourself much more of a doctor than he is.

We are struggling along here in the old way, and now see better what we are going to do, and when we are to move. Jane has been sickly almost ever since the winter began ; but by rigorous adherence to regimen is now fairly recovering, and already much stronger than she was. The weather here has been more uncomfortable, and the place altogether more full of annoyances, than one could almost anywhere else experience : *reek* and *glar* and fogs damp and dry, these are the grand elements man lives in on the streets of London. Were it not that the city is full of people whom it is pleasant and profitable to converse with, *this* is nowise the habitation I would choose for myself. You are ill-lodged, in brick houses, thin as shells, with the floors all twisted, and every article

indicating its showiness and its weakness. You are ill-fed, unless you can live upon beef ; your milk is of the bluest, your water of the muddiest ; your eggs rotten, your potatoes watery, and exactly about *ten* times the price they are in Annandale, namely one penny per pound ! You are ill-bedded and ill-clothed unless you prefer show to substance ; all these things are against you. Nevertheless there is a great charm in being here ; at the fountain-head and centre of British activity, in the busiest and quickest-moving spot that this whole Earth contains. I find myself greatly enriched with thoughts since I came hither ; and by no means disposed to repent of my journey. Nor am I without encouragements, such as I need, for holding on my way : in all open minds, I find ready access ; and sometimes even grateful invitation : all people, good and bad, think of me not very much otherwise than I want them to think. Let us fight the good fight, then ! In due time we shall prevail if we faint not. I esteem it a great blessing that I was born, that I am a denizen of God's Universe ; and surely the greatest of all earthly blessings that I was born of parents who were *religious*, who from the first studied to open my eyes to the Highest, and train me up in the ways wherein I should go. My motto is always : Reverence God, and fear nothing ; nothing either of man or devil !— . . .

We have settled that we are to leave this in March ; though the precise day and date, the



manner of our journey, whether we are coming round by Edinburgh *first*, etc. etc., all remains unfixed. So that we shall (God willing) see you all with the first fine weather of Spring! Let us trust and hope that it will be in peace and cheerfulness; in thankfulness to the Giver of all Good, by whom such blessing is vouchsafed us!

I am not going to trouble you with any public news; you see enough of that in the Newspaper; and as for my own ideas on the matter I reserve them till we can speak face to face when I return. It seems as if it would be months yet before their Reform Bill were passed, and in the meanwhile all business is crippled. . . . The poor people are all quiet, though very miserable many of them: it is almost positively painful to walk these streets, and see so many cold and hungry and naked and ignorant beings, and have so little power to help them.—Poor Hogg the Ettrick Shepherd is walking about here; dining everywhere, everywhere laughed at; being indeed the veriest *gomeril*.<sup>1</sup> He appears in public with a gray Scotch plaid, the like of which was never seen here before: it is supposed to be a trick of his Bookseller (a hungry shark, on the verge of bankruptcy) who wishes to attract notice from the Cockney population, and thereby raise the wind a little. He drank whisky punch at that dinner I was at; and clattered the arrantest good-natured *janners*.<sup>2</sup>—Jeffrey often comes here, running over in great haste; and is brisk

<sup>1</sup> Good-natured fool.

<sup>2</sup> Idle and incoherent talk.

and busy as a bee.— . . . The Bullers are here, both parents and sons, all in the friendliest relation to me. I dined there lately, and am very soon going back: the two boys are promising fellows, and may one day be heard of in the world. Charles is almost the most intelligent young man I converse with here.

I must now go, my dear Mother, and let you go. It will give you great comfort to find that Jack is so well: his Letter is unluckily quite too full of Roman antiquities, about which no one of us cares a penny piece; however it brings nothing but good news so far. . . . You must give my brotherly affection to all the young ones; tell them that I vote with you as to this truth: that the *only* blessing in the world is that of good behaviour, which lies in the power of every one. They must love one another: "Little children love one another," this was the departing farewell precept of the Friend of Men. Tell my Father that I love and honour him. Take care of him, dear Mother, and of yourself, that I may find you both well. God ever bless you all!—I remain, my dear Mother, your affectionate Son,

T. CARLYLE.

The Newspaper comes quite prettily every Saturday about Noon. Punctuality is a great virtue.

LXXXVII.—To his MOTHER, Scotsbrig.<sup>1</sup>

LONDON, 24th January 1832.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—I was downstairs this morning when I heard the Postman's knock, and thought it might be a Letter from Scotsbrig : hastening up I found Jane with the Letter open, and in tears. The next moment gave me the stern tidings. I had written to you yesterday, a light hopeful Letter, which I could now wish you might not read, in these days of darkness : probably you will receive it just along with this ; the first red seal so soon to be again exchanged for a black one. I had a certain misgiving, not seeing Jane's customary "all well" ;<sup>2</sup> and I thought, but did not write (for I strive usually to banish vague fears) "the pitcher goes often to the well, but it is broken at last." I did not know that this very evil had already overtaken us.

As yet I am in no condition to write much : the stroke, all unexpected though not undreaded, as yet painfully crushes my heart together ; I have yet hardly had a little relief from tears. And yet it will be a solace to me to speak out with you, to repeat along with you that great saying, which, could we lay it rightly to heart, includes all that man can say : "It is God that

<sup>1</sup> This letter is printed in Froude's *Life*, ii. 248. It is reprinted here (with the correct date) in order that the record of so important an event in Carlyle's life as the death of his father should not be omitted from this epistolary autobiography.

<sup>2</sup> The two strokes on the newspaper.

has done it ; God support us all !"<sup>1</sup> Yes, my dear Mother, it is God that has done it ; and our part is reverent submission to His Will, and trustful prayer to Him for strength to bear us through every trial.

I could have wished, as I had too confidently hoped, that God had ordered it otherwise : but what are our wishes and wills ? I trusted that I might have had other glad meetings and pleasant communings with my honoured and honour-worthy Father in this world : but it was not so appointed ; we shall meet no more, till we meet in that *other* Sphere, where God's Presence more immediately is ; the nature of which we know not, only we know that it is of God's appointing, and therefore altogether *good*. Nay already, had we but faith, our Father is not parted from *us*, but only withdrawn from our bodily eyes : the Dead and the Living, as I often repeat to myself, are alike with God : He, fearful and wonderful, yet good and infinitely gracious, encircles alike both them that we see, and them that we cannot see. Whoso trusteth in Him has obtained the victory over Death : the King of Terrors is no longer terrible.

Yes, my dear Mother and Brothers and Sisters, let us see also how mercy has been mingled with our calamity. Death was for a long time ever present to our Father's thought ; daily and hourly he seemed meditating on his

<sup>1</sup> Words which his mother had written in a postscript to the letter from his sister.



latter end : the end too appears to have been mild as it was speedy ; he parted, as gently as the most do, from this vale of tears ; and Oh ! in his final agony, he was enabled to call, with his strong voice and strong heart, on the God that had made him to have mercy on him. Which prayer, doubt not one of you, the All-merciful *heard*, and in such wise as infinite mercy might, gave answer to. And what is the Death of one dear to us, as I have often thought, but the setting out on a journey an hour before us, which journey we have all to travel : what is the longest earthly Life to the Eternity, the Endless, the Beginningless, which encircles it ? The oldest man and the newborn babe are but divided from each other by a single hair's-breadth. For myself I have long continually meditated on Death, till, by God's grace, it has grown transparent for me, and holy and great rather than terrific ; till I see that " Death, what mortals call Death, is properly the beginning of Life."—One other comfort we have, to take the bitterness out of our tears : this greatest of all comforts, and properly the only one : that our Father was not called away till he had done his work, and done it faithfully. Yes, my beloved friends, we can with a holy pride look at our Father, there where he lies low, and say that his Task was well and manfully performed ; the strength that God had given him he put forth in the ways of honesty and welldoing ; no eye will ever see a hollow deceitful work that *he* did : the world

wants one true man, since he was taken away. When we consider his Life, through what hardships and obstructions he struggled, and what he became and what he did, there is room for gratitude that God so bore him on. Oh, what were it now to us that he had been a king; now when the question is not: What *wages* hadst thou for thy work? But: *How* was thy work done? My dear Brothers and Sisters, sorrow not, I entreat you; sorrow is profitless and sinful; but meditate deeply every one of you on this. None of us but started in Life with *far* greater advantages than our dear Father had: we will not weep for him; but we will go and do as he has done. Could I write my Books, as he built his Houses, and walk my way so manfully through this shadow-world, and leave it with so little blame, it were more than all my hopes. Neither are you, my beloved Mother, to let your heart be heavy. Faithfully you toiled by his side, bearing and forbearing as you both could: all that was sinful and of the Earth has passed away; all that was true and holy remains forever, and the Parted shall meet together again with God. *Amen! So be it!* We your children, whom you have faithfully cared for, soul and body, and brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, we gather round you in this solemn hour, and say, be of comfort! Well done, hitherto; persevere and it shall be well! We promise here before God, and the awful yet merciful work of God's Hand, that we will continue to love and honour

you, as sinful children can ; and now do you pray for us all, and let us all pray in such language as we have for one another ; so shall this sore division and parting be the means of a closer union. O let us all and every one know that though this world is full of briars and we are wounded at every step as we go, and one by one must take farewell, and weep bitterly, yet "there remaineth a *rest* for the people of God." Yes, for the people of God there remaineth a Rest, that Rest which in this world they could nowhere find.

And now again I say do not grieve any one of you beyond what nature forces and you cannot help. Pray to God, if any of you have a voice and utterance ; all of you pray always in secret and silence, if faithful, ye shall be heard *openly*. I cannot be with you to speak ; but read in the Scripture, as I would have done. Read, I especially ask, in Matthew's Gospel that Passion and Death and Farewell blessing and command of "Jesus of Nazareth" ; and see if you can understand and feel what is the "divine depth of Sorrow" ; and how even by suffering and sin man is lifted up to God, and in great darkness there shines a light. If you cannot read it aloud in common, then do each of you take his Bible in private and read it for himself. Our business is not to lament, but to *improve* the lamentable, and make it also peaceably work together for greater good.

I could have wished much to lay my honoured Father's head in the grave : yet

it could have done no one good save myself only, and I shall not ask for it. Indeed, when I remember, that right would have belonged to John of Cockermouth,<sup>1</sup>—to whom offer in all heartiness my brotherly love. I will be with you in spirit, if not in person : I have given orders that *no one* is to be admitted here till after the funeral on Friday : I mean to spend these hours in solemn meditation and self-examination, and thoughts of the Eternal ; such seasons of grief are sent us even for that end : God knocks at our heart, the question [is] Will we open or not ?—I shall think every night of the Candle burning in that sheeted room, where our dear Sister also lately lay. O God be gracious to us ; and bring us all one day together in Himself ! After Friday, I return, as you too must, to my worldly work ; for that also is work appointed us by the heavenly Taskmaster.—I will write to John to-night or to-morrow. Let me hear from you again so soon as you have composure. I shall hasten all the more homewards for this. For the present I bid God ever bless you all ! Pray for me, my dear Mother ; and let us all seek consolation *there*.—I am ever your affectionate,  
T. CARLYLE.

Most probably you are not in want of money : if you are, I have some ten pounds or more which I can spare here, and you have only to send for.

<sup>1</sup> His father's eldest son, Carlyle's half-brother.



LXXXVIII.—To his MOTHER, Scotsbrig.

4 AMPTON STREET [LONDON],  
18th February 1832.

MY DEAR MOTHER— . . . Jane's kind, calm Letter gave us great satisfaction : it was wholly in the spirit, and represented you all as wholly in the spirit which I wished and expected. Our sufferings here are not unmingled with mercy : nay, as faith teaches us, they are all mercies in disguise. My mind also is peaceable ; and if sad, not, I trust, sad after an unholy fashion. Let us not mourn as creatures that had no Hope. We are creatures that had an All-Good Creator ; and this Earth we live in is named the "Place of Hope." For myself Death has long been the hourly companion of my thoughts : I can look upon this earthly world as, in very deed, smoke and shadow ; and Eternity the only substance, the only truth. Thus is "Death, what mortals call Death, properly the beginning of Life." How any reasonable being can exist here below otherwise than thus, might justly seem a mystery.—I am also much gratified to learn that Jamie makes worship among you : nothing *can* be more becoming and needful than in all our ways and days-works to address ourselves, as the beginning of every other effort, to Him who has given us our whole Force ; by whom our whole efforts are overruled, in whom we live, move, and have our being. Tell Jamie that I take this as a *good* token of him ; and will hope

all that is good and just and wise from his future conduct. Thank him for his kind and honest little Postscript; which I will answer, by the first opportunity; would fain answer *now*. He must write me again, at any rate. Finally, my dear Mother, *take care of yourself*; that we may find you well, when it shall please God to bring us together again.

. . . What *day* we are to look forward to for setting out cannot yet be anywise fixed. I am in the middle of *Johnson*, which I wish to finish before setting out; it will take me at least twelve days yet, pretty hard work. Then I have to settle about many other little things: Napier indeed wrote to me (to-day) about *another* little Article for the *Edinburgh Review* to be ready "about the middle of March"; but this I rather think I shall try to write in Dumfriesshire,—say to finish it at Scotsbrig! On the whole, nothing can be fixed: only you may take this fact: Jane is about writing to her Mother to engage a servant she (Mrs. Welsh) was speaking of, to be ready *by the first of April*; we mean also to stay some while with *you*, before looking at Dunscore. This fact also is certain: we are neither of us disposed *to lose any time*; so the harder I work, the sooner I shall get into free air, and to the sight of dear Friends!—We were both of us very thankful that you had despatched Betty Smeal to keep the house of Puttock: it makes us quite easy on that score; and Betty can be figured there as bolting and barring, and burning fires, and keep-

ing everything as it should be.—We cannot yet make out what Alick is specially doing ; for he has never written : probably he is too busy with beginning his new enterprise ; at all events I should like to know *where* he is, were it only for sending the Paper to him. By the way, it did not come this morning ; but I reckon, that means *nothing*.

We have Cholera at last in this city, as you will see : such has been my expectation ever since I first heard of the disease. The people affected hitherto are few in number (perhaps not above the *usual* number of deaths) and far off this quarter of the city. I myself feel no alarm, nor does Jane : when they told me that day, "Cholera is here ! Cholera is here !" — I answered : "When was Death *not* here ?" — Far would it be from me to expose myself without strict necessity ; I would even fly were the danger considered in any measure pressing, and did one know *whither* to fly (but which place is safe, or even much safer than another ?). At the same time, equally far should I wish to be from pusillanimous terror—as if in the midst of the pestilence, as in the midst of health, I were not *in God's hand*.—The truth is, this "Cholera" is little else, if one look at it, than an opening of men's eyes to behold what their usual blindness prevents them from observing : that their Life hangs by a single hair ; that Death is *great*, and forever *close* at their hand. By a singular arrangement, too, this Disease seems to attack almost exclusively, not so

much the poor, as the improvident, drunken and worthless : punishment follows hard on sin. They are passing Acts of Parliament about it, for having the Poor clothed and fed, by assessment, where it is not done voluntarily. This is very right. If the Disease spread and become threatening, you shall instantly hear ; and, in this case, may see us sooner than you expect, for we have nothing to detain us here, at any *risk*. But for the present, there seems none that we can calculate : so be not uneasy, dear Mother ; commit us to God's good keeping, as we, I hope, endeavour to do ourselves ; and fear nothing.

Jane has a headache to-day ; but considers herself, on the whole, and indeed evidently is, in an improving way, "decidedly better than she was." She has had but a sickly time of it here, yet has not been unhappy, "there is such excellent company." She has seen no "sights" hardly ; and cares little or nothing about such. Good talk is what she delights in, and I too ; and here, amid the mass of Stupidity and Falsehood, there *is* actually some reasonable conversation to be come at. She has met with some valuable people ; and I believe has improved herself in more ways than one. Mrs. Austin and she are very fond of each other ; Jane is going up to her, on Thursday, "to have a whole day of it : " I also think Mrs. Austin a very worthy solid-minded woman.—

. . . Of work, as I told you, I have plenty and to spare. This *Johnson* is meant for [James] Fraser (an honest, ignorant, simpleton of a



creature, knowing little but that one and one make two): but if it do not suit his Magazine, I have other use for it. I must also tell you another thing: Fraser came to me the other morning, and, by Jane's help, got me to "stand for my Picture,"<sup>1</sup> to be published in his Magazine! I suppose it will not be out for several months: however, you need not be impatient; for I do not think it at all *like* me, except in the coat and boots, and hair of the head. Goethe's Picture is to appear in the next Number (of that *dud* Magazine); and I have been requested (just as I was beginning this Letter) to write a little Notice to accompany it; which perhaps I should consent to do.<sup>2</sup>—The "Characteristics" has been well received; approved seemingly by every one whose approval was wanted: I am on all hands encouraged to proceed. Forward! Forward!

Meeting Irving the other day on the street, he appointed me to come and take tea with him. The "inspired-tongue" work, I think, is getting a little dulled; at least I heard or saw nothing of it going on, that night; only Irving still full of its importance, and his Wife (a melancholic half-hollow sort of person, not wholly to my mind) still fuller. Irving had read the "Characteristics," with quite *high*

<sup>1</sup> The well-known drawing by Maclise, now in the Forster Collection, South Kensington Museum.

<sup>2</sup> This brief paper, "Goethe's Portrait," appeared in *Fraser's Magazine*, No. 26. It is reprinted in the *Miscellanies*, iii. 379; the portrait "proved a total failure, and involuntary caricature."

estimation of the *talent*, etc. etc. : nevertheless he seemed to think I was going a very wrong road to work, and should consider myself, and take into the "Tongues." He was nobly tolerant in heart ; but in head quite bewildered, almost imbecile. He put into my hands, as "the deepest view he had ever seen," a Paper (in his Prophetic Magazine *The Morning Watch*) written by a namesake of mine in Edinburgh ; or rather *not* by him, "for it was given him"—by the Spirit ! This deepest view I glanced into, and found to be simply the insanest Babble, without top bottom or centre, that ever was emitted even from Bedlam itself.—Poor Irving ! It is still said they are taking steps to cast him out of his Church : what next he is to bring out upon the world I cannot prophesy. A good true-hearted man he will continue ; the truer, the more he suffers from the world : but he has once for all surrounded himself with Delirium and with the Delirious ; and so stands quite exiled from all general usefulness. Nevertheless if he be spared *alive*, he is nowise *done* yet ; but has other outbreakings in store.

. . . And now, dear Mother, take our united filial love ; and let us all be joined together more and more in true affection, and in *well-doing* above all, which is the only bond and basis of affection between reasonable beings. Let us live in thankfulness towards the good Disposer of events, faithfully striving to serve Him, as He gives us strength : then what is

there that can make us afraid?—Be very careful of your health, for the sake of us all. God bless and keep every one of you!—Your affectionate Son,

T. CARLYLE.

LXXXIX.—To ALEXANDER CARLYLE, at Scotsbrig.

TEMPLAND, *Saturday night*  
[14th April 1832].

MY DEAR ALICK—Your little Mare carried us up very handsomely, and with wonderful spirit (especially the last half of the journey) considering how she has been worked of late. We gave ourselves and her rather a long rest at Dumfries; and got here all safe and sound, about eight o'clock.

I have nothing but a miserable squirt of a crow-pen to write with; so must make the fewest words possible serve.

. . . At Dumfries, besides Jack's, there was another Letter (from Fraser, the Magazine man) bringing the mournful tidings that Goethe was no more. Alas! alas! I feel as if I had a second time lost a Father: he was to me a kind of spiritual Father. The world holds not his like within it. But it is appointed for *all* "once to die."

. . . Where I am to lodge or how to move for the next week, I cannot yet with any certainty predict; probably I shall be here most part of it; possibly we may have taken up quarters by the end of it at our own fireside: at all events, it is not unlikely that I may contrive to see *you* there when you come up

for the pigs: if the Sunday is good weather, it might perhaps be permitted me to ride over on such an errand. But it is all, as you see, unfixed, fluctuating: one thing only you can look upon as certain; that after Monday morning I am to be figured *sitting at my work*. Either here or elsewhere I will have a private apartment, and set to: so have I decided it. In some two weeks, I shall be done with this little job: then I am my own master again, and mean to make a sally into Annandale, and see you all with more deliberation. Perhaps in some three weeks; if Harry get any sort of mettle into him. There is much to be said and considered about the new state our whole Brotherhood is thrown into, now that our Head is gone. Meanwhile, let us all strive, by God's grace, to *do* our parts, each for himself, bearing and forbearing, they that are strong helping them that are weak. O let us all be gentle, obedient, loving to our Mother; now that she is left wholly to our charge! "Honour thy Father and thy Mother:" doubly honour thy Mother when she alone remains.

. . . Bid our dear Mother take care of herself: if you have any time, write me a single line to say whether she is better again; for we left her complaining. Tell her that she is to hold fast her trust in the Great Father, and no evil will befall her or hers.

. . . And so, dear Brother, and dear Friends all, take my affectionate good-night. With special love to my Mother (who *must*



finish *Johnson*), I remain always, yours  
heartily, T. CARLYLE.

XC.—To Dr. CARLYLE, Naples.<sup>1</sup>

CRAIGENPUTTOCK, DUMFRIES,  
22d May 1832.

MY DEAR BROTHER—I was very thankful to hear of your continued welfare at Naples, by the Letter of the 30th April, which our Neighbours here brought us up from Dunscore on Sunday evening. I take Tuesday, the very next opportunity of answering it.—There is, as usual, a huge mass of Postage concerns to rectify in the first place; for our correspondence, unhappily, flies out not with one thread meeting another thread, but with a whole ravelled fringe of threads meeting (or missing) another ravelled fringe. Let us be thankful, as you say, that there is *any* post. As to your Letters they seem all to have come. . . . So far well; but with my Letters to you again, it is quite *unwell*; and I must again write you a long empty waybill, with the sad doubt whether one item of it may yet have come to hand.<sup>2</sup> . . . Also the

<sup>1</sup> Part of this letter is given in Froude's *Life*, ii. 270, with many errors, e.g. "Nature's cornucopia" for "Fortune's cornucopia," "make us all happy and honourable" for "make us all helpful and honourable," "houses with some £28" for "houses worth some £28," "our pastoral establishment" for "our Puttock establishment."

<sup>2</sup> Here follows an account of letters and packages sent. At least one letter mentioned, written "some three weeks ago," is absent from this series of letters, and partly explains the hiatus here in the correspondence between Carlyle and his brother John.

cream of all the news I sent was simply "nothing singular; much about our usual way, thank you." Happily this is still the essence of what I write: could I but *shoot* it through space, and reassure your heart from its anxieties!

We are well pleased with your sketches of Naples, with its noisy, empty inmates; its Lazzaroni by profession, or only by practice without profession: there is much to be seen, thought of, and remembered in such a scene. Something it is to stand with your own actual feet on a spot distinguished in some particular beyond all others on our Planet. We are also contented with the appearance of your domestic position; and would fain see further into it, and form a more coherent picture of it. Your noble Patient seems to suffer more than we anticipated. . . . Therein, as in so many other cases, must the Patient minister unto herself. He whom Experience has not taught innumerable *hard* lessons will be wretched at the bottom of Fortune's Cornucopia; and some are so dull at taking up! On the whole, the higher classes of modern Europe, especially of actual England, are true objects of compassion. Be thou compassionate, patiently faithful: leave no means untried, work for thy wages and it will be well with thee.—Those *Herzensergiesungen eines Einsamen* which the late Letters abound in, are not singular to me; the spirit that dwells in them is such as I can heartily approve of. It is an earnest mind seeking some

place of rest for itself, struggling to get its foot off the quicksand and fixed on the rock. The only thing I regret or fear is that there should *be* so much occupation of the mind upon itself. Turn *outward*; attempt not (the impossibility) to "know thyself," but solely to know "what thou canst work at." This last is a possible knowledge for every creature, and the only profitable one: neither is there any way of attaining it, except *trial*, the attempt *to work*. Attempt honestly, the result even if unsuccessful will be infinitely instructive. I can see too, my dear Brother, that you have a great want in your present otherwise so prosperous condition: you have not anything like enough *to do*. I daresay many a poor riding Apothecary with five times your labour and the fifth part of your income is happier. Nevertheless stand to it tightly; *every* time brings its duty. If your Lady require your services another year, you will have as much money as will set you up handsomely wherever you like to try, and then all things lie before you: meanwhile are you not enjoying the inexpressible deliverance of paying off your debts, and inwardly resolving that no earthly influence will ever again lead you into such bondage? It is in this way, if in no other, that "your present state connects itself with your future"; a most favourable and essential connection. For the rest, as I have said some hundreds of times, it seems to me the most insignificant consideration of all, whether you set yourself down to exercise that noble

faculty of Healing, in London or elsewhere, among the higher ranks, or among the lower : among God's immortal creatures, groaning under the fardels of a weary life, it will not fail to be ; and if *honest*, your Doctorship must in any and all situations be a *martyrdom* ; not a working for wages, which latter exist only for the bond Drudge, not for the free Doer. Think of all this, as you are wont ; but think of it rather with a *practical* intent : all speculation is beginningless and endless. Do not let yourself into *Grübeln*, even in your present state of partial inaction. I well, infinitely too well, know what *Grübeln* is : a wretched sink of Darkness, Pain, a paralytic Fascination ; cover it up ; that is to say, *neglect* it for some outward piece of Action ; go resolutely forward, you will not heed the precipices that gape on the right hand of you, and on the left. In Naples, for example, is there not much that you can *do* ? I speak not of sight-seeing : doubtless you have been or will be at Virgil's Tomb, their Dog-Grotto, Vesuvius, Herculaneum, and what not ; and have your eyes open, and your *pen* going : but there is much more than all this to be seen. There are *men* at Naples, and their way of Life, their *practice* in all things, *medical*, moral, legislative, artistic, economic. Is there no "Count Manso" now, living in your Parthenope ? Alas, I fear, none ! Nevertheless you actually should not be so *solitary* : scrape a talking acquaintance with *any* one, rather than with none. Some foolish *Abbate*, or *Signor*, or even *Cicerone* might tell



you about many things. See to form some practical notion and theorem of the matter ; and do not come home (as Alick's mad serving-man said) "with my finger in my mouth, and two men both alike gleg (*klug*) waiting for me." Salvator Rosa's haunts are close by you : also you must not fail to bring me some authentic intelligence of the wondrous Masaniello ; gather whatsoever you can of him ; the village where he dwelt and fished is not far from you. Finally, dear Brother, "be alive" (as my Shrewsbury Coachman told a Methodist Parson) : be *alive* ; all is included in that. We will hope to meet you at your return, a man filled with new knowledge, useful and ornamental ; and ready then to begin his Mastership with manly effect, his Apprenticeship being honourably concluded.—I remark only further that your anxiety to send that money is an excellent omen in my eyes : I will take good care of the cash when it comes to hand, and dispose of it punctually ; and think, it is the first fruits of a Brother's Endeavour, which is henceforth to go on prospering ; of which the securing his own Freedom and civic Independence is to be but a small though a fundamental and preliminary result. And so God keep you, and me ; and make us all helpful and honourable to one another, and "not ashamed to live" (as a Voice we have often heard<sup>1</sup> was wont to pray), "nor afraid to die." Amen.

I sent you all the Scotsbrig news in my last

<sup>1</sup> His father's.—M. C.

Letter. I have been there since ; only last week, and found them all struggling along, much as of old. Our dear Mother holds out well ; is in fair health ; not more dispirited than almost any one would be under her bereavement ; and peaceful, with a high trust in the great Guide of all. We expect her here in about a week, with Alick, who is bringing me up *the* Cart, with some sort of Horse he was to buy for me. I was over at his Farm too (which is named Catlinns) ; a mile from the junction of Corrie and Milk towards Lockerbie : it is a large mass of a *rough* farm, with some considerable space of good land in it ; somewhat *bare*, and the houses, etc., in bad order : but is thought to be *cheap*, by judges. He is toiling at it very hard, looks lean, but otherwise hearty ; diligent and prudent. Jenny has given him a queer lively little girl, which he is very fond of.—We settled everything at Scotsbrig ; the Departed had left it all ready for settlement. Your name or mine (as I had myself requested) is not mentioned in the Will : it was all between my Mother and the other Five. Each had to claim some perhaps £120 (each of the *five* ; our Mother has the Houses worth some £28 yearly, during life) . . . Your Letter had given them all great pleasure ; their affection is as true as steel.

Of ourselves here there is not much new to be said. Jane seemed to grow *very greatly* better whenever she set foot on her native heath ; is now not so well again, yet better than in London. I have written two things : a short

*Funeral Oration* on Goethe; it is for Bulwer's Magazine of June (the *New Monthly*), and pleases the Lady much better than me: then a paper on certain *Corn Law Rhymes* for Napier, of some twenty-five pages; still lying here, but to go off forthwith. I am now beginning a far more extensive Essay on *Goethe* for the *Foreign Quarterly Review*. I am apt to be rather *stupid*; but do the best I can. Venerable, dear Goethe! But we will not speak a word here.—Our Puttock Establishment is much like what it was: duller a little since Alick went; but also quieter. Our new Neighbours have nothing to do with us; except little kind offices of business; articulate speech I hear little; no wiser man than William Corson<sup>1</sup> visits me. My sole comfort and remedy is Work! Work! Rather an unnatural state; but not to be altered for the present. With many blessings too: a kind, true-hearted Wife, with whom a true man may share *any* fortune; fresh air, food and raiment fit for one. The place is even a beautiful place, in its kind; and may serve for a *workshop*, as well as another. Let us work, then; and be thankful. . . . Now excuse my dulness, dear John; love me always; and may God bless you!

T. CARLYLE.

XCI.—TO ALEXANDER CARLYLE, Catlinns.

CRAIGENPUTTOCK, *Friday, 29th June 1832.*

MY DEAR ALICK— . . . Your note with the

<sup>1</sup> Of Nether Craigenputtock.

Scotsbrig enclosure got hither that same night : greatly to our satisfaction, to learn that all was well with you. With us too, as Peter<sup>1</sup> will explain, Craigenputtock "stands where it did;" with little change—except that there is a considerable *Peat-stack* now happily added to its other edifices. The fuel is good stuff, and was well got in.

Jane is complaining still ; yet undoubtedly in the way of mending. I myself, as you understand, have been the busiest man since we parted, *writing* what I could : am now in the very heart of it ; and think other *ten days* will show me daylight on the farther side ; at all events two weeks : so that, say in three weeks, you are most likely to see me in Annandale again. If Jane come with me, we will make for Catlinns *first*.—I have the old still existence, which you know so well here : am quite quiet with it, and happy enough while I am busy. If little good, neither does much evil come to ruffle our solitude : let us be thankful. This is my *workshop*, where there is *room* for my tool-bench to stand, and let me work a little : the Earth can yield no man any more than this same thing, better or worse in some small degree. . . .

The gray mare gives complete satisfaction : a most gentle Beast ; *comes* to be caught when you go for it ; refuses no kind of work, will soon be a quite superior rider, agrees with its grass, and troubles no one. So that your

<sup>1</sup> Peter Austin, of the neighbouring farm, Carstammon.



journey for me to Longtown was not labour in vain, but will often come gratefully to remembrance. . . . Send me up a "scrape of a pen" by Peter: how you are (little Jean included), how you are doing. I could have you a few larch-sticks ready *directly*, if you could come for them. God bless you, dear Brother! —Ever your affectionate, T. CARLYLE.

XCII.—To his MOTHER, Scotsbrig.

CRAIGENPUTTOCK, *Tuesday night,*  
31st July 1832.

MY DEAR MOTHER—I meant at anyrate to write you a line to-night, and here comes, on Sabbath from Church, a brave Letter from John, which will make the package better worth carriage. Our good Doctor is well, and has now heard of our welfare: it is altogether a very comfortable Letter. I have written him a long Answer to-day; wherein I failed not to mention how many kind things you *wished* to say to him, and that he must *imagine* them all. . . .

I got up handsomely enough that day; came upon Ben Nelson on Dodbeck Brae, and *scraiched*<sup>1</sup> two or three miles with him (for he was on a pony that would not lead), then said good-bye, with appointment to meet again in Town; as accordingly we did, and had a long talk together. He told me of Waugh: how old Peg, his aunt, had died, and left him £50; wherewith what does the possessed person do but go off to Benson's and the King's Arms

<sup>1</sup> Screeched, shouted.

with it, and sit there till he has eaten and drunk the last sixpence of it: then back to unpeeled potatoes and repose! Bray a fool in a mortar, he will *not* depart from his folly. . . .

Jane was sitting waiting for me, or rather running out half-distracted to meet me: she bids me say she rued right sore not coming on with me, and will surely do so next time. She is still in the way of improvement; proceeding, slowly. We ride, and drive, and drink *trefoil* (*threefold*) and other bitters, and do the best we can. The weather is very sultry and thirsty; rain would do us good, as well as the grass. Jane goes to Dumfries in the Gig to-morrow with the Boy; a-shopping, and will take this along with her. . . .

The peats are all home; a most effectual-looking stack: ninety cart-loads to front the winter with. We have got hay too; Rowan-tree came and offered me what I wanted at 6d. a stone; I sent Peter Austin down to inspect the weighing for me, and now the loft is quite choke-full: 180 stones of Rowantree's, and perhaps 50 that were left of Alick's. The horses seem very willing to eat it. . . .

As to *my* work, it wears but a sluggish look yet: I have been translating and revising some German things for the Magazine, and am now done; a larger task must forthwith be entered on. I must not come back to you, till this be finished: *when* I cannot positively say; you shall hear from me how I get on. Would it be quite impossible that some of you should

come up hither and see us before shearing-time : say Jane, my valued Correspondent ; would nobody take her work for a week ; she engaging to do the like for that body some other time ? *You* said once, you would come when the rasps<sup>1</sup> were ready : now here they are, and the blackbirds eating them all.

In any case, tell Jane to order me a Leghorn (coarse) broad-brimmed Hat from the Grahames, to be got ready with all despatch : the measure of my Hat, *outside*, is just two feet and one half-inch, no more and no less : my *shape* (of a flattish brim, slightly turned up behind) the people already know. Tell her also to write to me with all minuteness very soon. I am taking it for granted that my dear Mother, and the rest of them, are in the usual way : but need from time to time to be assured of it. M'Diarmid, who clatters everlastingly,<sup>2</sup> about *cholera*, declared last week that it was near you ; as indeed it may soon be near us all. It will go its course, and keep [the path] appointed it, and do the work marked out for it : why flutter and fluster ourselves ? Did our great Creator and sure Redeemer send us the cholera ; or did some other send it ? I think it is a folly even to *speak* of the subject, unless there is some new light to be thrown on it ; such as "the able Editor" has *not* to throw. I enclose you, on a [little card] a small stave by Goethe, which occurred in the thing I was translating.

<sup>1</sup> Raspberries.

<sup>2</sup> In the *Dumfries Courier*, of which he was editor.

Alas, dear Mother, the Paper is done, and hardly begun. But indeed I know not *when* should *end*. I must now out for my gloaming shot<sup>1</sup> on the Glaisters Hill side.—May G keep you all! I forget no day to think you, to *pray* for you in my way. Be good and faithful, “loving one another,” as it is commanded. Good-night! T. CARLYLE.

XCIII.—To ALEXANDER CARLYLE, Catlinns.

CRAIGENPUTTOCK, 12th August 1832

MY DEAR BROTHER—I am just in the bus of setting out to avoid the dirty “Gunn bodies;”<sup>2</sup> and having many things to prepare and adjust, cannot write you more than a line. We had determined on a drive to Kirkchrist Jane to go with me, if she could: I wrote to people to that effect; and now Jane *not* being able to go with me, I must go myself,—*most reluctantly*, now when it has come to the point. Indeed, I think I would willingly give a couple of guineas, had I liberty to stay quietly at home and follow my affairs. These wretched Devil-servants of Gunners! However, I shall try to get round them another year. Meanwhile, to my journey, as in spite of all my reluctance I must *wardly* feel, will do me good. . . .

I have not been idle, at least not at *ease*, since we parted; yet the quantity of *work done* is very

<sup>1</sup> Twilight-interval, an idle time before the candles are

<sup>2</sup> Come for the grouse-shooting, and “felt to be a nuisance by the Carlyles.—See *Reminiscences*, i. 84.

<sup>3</sup> To see his old friends the Churches, late of Hitchill.



small. I have packed off two little (mostly translated) pieces for Magazine Fraser ; this is all I have yet *got quit of*. Another thing or two are on the anvil ; but in a very rough state. I must not look Annandale in the face till I have done at least one of them. You will hear before then. I have now and then enough ado to keep myself stiffly at work : as you know well, however, there is *no* other course for one in this lone Desert ; where if a man did not work, he might so easily run mad. When vapours of solitude, and longings after the cheerful face of my fellow-man are gathering round me, I dash them off, and the first lusty swing of Industry scatters them away, as cock-crowing does spectres of the Night. Let not a living man complain ! His little Life is given him for the sake of an Eternity : let him *stand to it* honestly ; all else is quite unimportant to him. This time fifty years, as I have often said to myself, the question will not be, Wert thou joyful or sorrowful ? but, Wert thou true or wert thou false ? Was thy little task faithfully done, or faithlessly ? So we will move along ; and fear no man, and no devil—but the one *within* us, which also we will to the last war with.

I believe myself to be getting really by some hardly perceptible degree stronger in *health* both inward and outward : perhaps, one day, I may triumph over long disease, and be myself again ! Still I know, healthy or sick, conquering or conquered, the son of Adam has no blessedness to look for but *honest toil* (which will never be joy-

ous but *grievous*): let him toil at the thing *beside* him, and bless Heaven that he has hands and a head! . . .

T. CARLYLE.

XCIV.—To his MOTHER, Scotsbrig.

CRAIGENPUTTOCK, *Tuesday*,  
21st August 1832.

MY DEAR MOTHER—Alick would tell you, and the last Newspaper would tell you to expect a word from me to-night. I will tell you that I am well, that we are both well, and this is nearly my whole message. I have sat these two days, in the solitary moors, reading here (at a French Book, which is my task) from nine in the morning till ten at night, with hardly intermission for my meals and my pipes: so that my head is quite filled with foreign matters, and I could almost forget that beyond these Heaths there is a wide Earth, and I myself *am not out* of the world, but still *in* it. You will be thankful, I know, for any sort of stuff I can write you.

There is the last *Edinburgh Review* with my Paper on the *Corn-Law Rhymes* in it; which you are to read but not *detain*; for the first sight of it properly belongs to Alick, and the Parcel was forgotten by accident when the Boy went down with the Horse. Let Alick have it, I pray you, by the first opportunity (along with that little Note); if you want to see more of it, he will send it back, and you can take pennyworths.<sup>1</sup> The last Number of

<sup>1</sup> Take it by bits, at your leisure.

*Fraser's Magazine* is come to hand; you can return it along with the *Review*, by Notman, when you are satisfied: other little things I might send in the Book way; but this, as I judge, is no reading time with you, but a time for plying sickles, and weary limbs.

My dear Mother, every time I hear that you are well, I hear it as an *unexpected* blessing; and live in a continual kind of apprehension. Let the good Jean take pen again, and tell me all how the matter stands; what you are doing, how you are, and every one is. These foolish fears one should strive to banish; they are unprofitable, perhaps sinful; but a natural cowardice and faint-heartedness is in one. I daresay, the truth is you are all reaping corn; and busy and moderately well: had one only a *glass* to *see* you all at work by, now and then! But it is needless wishing; one would be for a *trumpet* next to *hear* you by, and speak with you by.

I set off, as Alick may have informed you, on Monday morning gone a week, to be out of the road of Gunners and such like: the Gunners, as I found, actually came, and would have staid had I been there. However, I have now set about *letting* the Game of the place, and so shall be troubled with it no more. For the rest, I had a pleasant sort of tour (among the Churches of Kirkchrist, Jeffray<sup>1</sup> of Girthon, etc.); and returned on Thursday evening no worse for my excursion. People were all very

<sup>1</sup> An old college friend, minister of Girthon.

kind ; the country was all beautiful to behold ; I saw various persons familiar to me *very* long ago (at College and elsewhere), whose whiskers were now getting gray, whom I could not look upon without interest. I will *tell* you about it all when we meet. I passed Lochinbreck Well, too, and drank a tumbler of their arsenic water : finally, I was very glad to see the Wife running out to meet me, in her green veil (for midges), and welcome me to my own solitude again.

. . . Except two little trifles for Fraser, not printed yet, I have done as good as nothing since I saw you ! I have not been idle either ; but somehow it has *kithed* ill.<sup>1</sup> I have now begun a long thing (on a Frenchman called *Diderot*), and must not stir, if I can help it, till it be done. Alas ! I have still upwards of twenty large volumes (one per day) to *read*, before I can put pen to paper ! However, it *must* be done ; and so shall be done, if I keep my health. You will hear from me again before that : nay, if it threaten to detain me *too* long, I will run and leave it for three days after all. If I go to Edinburgh in winter, both *this* and another long piece ought to be done first : I must struggle what I can. Jeffrey is not paid yet ;<sup>2</sup> but can now be paid any day, and leave me a handsome enough sum over. Napier I believe owes me more. I am in debt

<sup>1</sup> There is little to show for it.

<sup>2</sup> Probably the money lent by Jeffrey to Dr. Carlyle.— See *ante*, pp. 231, 315.



to no Being—but to you, and the GREAT Lender and Giver; to the rest I pay as well as borrow: what more would I have?

The Paper on Goethe, I see, is published in London last week; it will be here before very long; after which I will send Scotsbrig a reading of it. I reckon it but little worth, either at Scotsbrig or elsewhere. . . .

I still read in the Bible. Did you ever hear of *John Welsh's* Sermons? It is the brave old John Welsh of Collieston, son-in-law to Knox. I saw the Book at Jeffray's of Girthon, who said they were among the *best* sermons he had ever read. I think, for the sake of *relationship* and ancestry,<sup>1</sup> we should seek them out: in Edinburgh I will make a trial; and perhaps find some far earlier and better copy than Jeffray's.

But, at length, dear Mother, good-night! Bid Jean write,—write with minuteness and despatch. I asked about her getting hither: but, alas, I suppose it is over now till after Harvest; we will see to it then. My Brotherly love to Jamie and Jenny and all the rest of them. Tell them all to be good and true; there is *no other* benefit a man with all his cunning can extract from Life. Life is short, Eternity is long! Wise and good was he who commanded, saying, "Little children, love one another."—Good-night, my dear Mother; may God ever be with you!—Your affectionate Son,

T. CARLYLE.

<sup>1</sup> See *Reminiscences*, i. 133.

XCV.—To ALEXANDER CARLYLE, Catlinns.

CRAIGENPUTTOCK, 9th September 1832.

MY DEAR BROTHER—I have got into a small perplexity here, in which I need your assistance. It relates to the gray mare.

Last Wednesday afternoon, Jane and I thought of having a little drive in the Gig, and got yoked and seated accordingly, with the Beast all brushed and corned, whose behaviour on the last occasion, as on all previous ones, had given us no reason for distrust; least of all on the score of *temper*. Nevertheless, at the first crack of the whip what does the brute do but whirl round upon the Green, and attempt rearing; to the infinite terror of the Leddy, who forthwith dismounted, declaring she would venture no step farther! I reassured her; led and then drove, still with some uneasiness, to the outer gate; where, having discovered that the *choke-band* was tighter than it should be, and slackened it, Jane was persuaded to get in again, and away we drove without further sign of obstruction. All went well as possible, till we got to M'Knight's,<sup>1</sup> whose wife and children were busy disloading his cart (about five in the afternoon): the Beast made a kind of volunteer halt there, but easily enough went off again; and then about ten steps farther, we met one of the shoemaker's children trailing a child's cart, at which our quadruped took

<sup>1</sup> John M'Knight, the Glenessland carrier.

offence, and shied considerably, yet got past without splutter, and *then*—simply set to work and kicked and plunged as if Satan were in her, till her harness is all in tatters, and, as she still cannot get away, *lies down*; whereupon I (who had sat doing or saying very little) step out with my reins, seize the bridle, get Jane out, get the foolish brute free of her straps,—and our gigging has reached an untimely end! The suddenness and then the quietness and calm deliberation of the business were matter of astonishment: one minute we are driving prosperously along, in three minutes more we are *gigless*. M'Knight's wife kept disloading her cart all the while, as if it had been nothing out of the common run. The poor woman is very stupid, and indeed in the family way at present. John, however, arrived before all was over, and helped us what he could. We borrowed an old saddle from him, and walked off; leaving the gig-wreck in his warehouse: at Sundaywell I set the poor Leddy on this old saddle, and leading the mare myself in all quietness arrived home in quite other equipment than we had departed. The Boy took Harry and a pair of Cart-ropes, and had the *Clatch*<sup>1</sup> home at dusk: it was far less injured than you would have thought; nothing broken but the leather-mass and two leather straps that fasten on the *splinter*-bar (*swing-tree* bar) which the traces hook upon; and the under wood-work (I mean the *continuation* of the

<sup>1</sup> Old gig.

shaft, nearly above the axle-tree on the left side) rather bruised and twisted than broken. This the Vulcan has already mended, quite effectually, without difficulty. As for the harness it is done utterly; flying in dozens of pieces: you never witnessed such a piece of work as I had to get it thrummed together in any way, so that it would drive as far as the smithy; a *saddle-crupper* fixed on it; one trace lengthened and a new *eye* cut, the other shortened to the utmost (to make both equal): spliced bridle, etc. etc.: the most Irish-looking vehicle perhaps ever seen in these parts. The question now remains: What is to be done?

As for the harness, all things considered, I ought not perhaps to be sorry that it is finished: we seldom went out without something in it breaking; and nobody knows how long one might have gone on cobbling and stitching, always throwing new money away. A quite fresh harness can be got (a Saddler at Thornhill anxiously showed me one, nay two) for little more than five pounds; and it will be best that we are obliged to get a new one. I have no skill at all in these matters; and will not deal with the Thornhill man, till you and I have investigated Dumfries together, and found nothing better there. Harry will draw us at any rate through winter; with the present tackle, one may bring the vehicle down to get new tackle, and that is all we can expect of it.

With regard to the Mare, I must now leave



you to act for me, and judge for me. Jane has declared that she will drive with her no more; and indeed I think it were very unwise, unless with quite other security than any skill of mine. We must sell her then, I suppose, if anything like the value is to be had for her. The *old money* would please me sufficiently; or indeed any money you think her worth. I may mention, however, my own persuasion is that the Beast, after all, is thoroughly what is called *quiet*; that it was my poor driving that mainly caused the accident; had I given her an effectual yerk with the whip when she first began kicking, or rather offering to kick, it had been all right. No shadow of *vice* in the creature have I ever seen before or since.—Unfortunately, as you see, she is in poorish condition for sale; one of the hind feet too has got the hair peeled, which perhaps could not grow in time. The Rood Fair<sup>1</sup> is in two weeks. I have no food here to fatten any quadruped; but Jamie, I think, has plenty of *clover*, and you must take him into counsel. Indeed, he was once talking about *keeping* her, or some like her, for her work till grass-time again; so here is another possibility for us. My persuasion is that any handy man could make this mare do anything he liked without difficulty: and perhaps had she got a winter of carting and ploughing and other sobering, she might be easier to deal with next summer. Manage as you see best. I

<sup>1</sup> An annual fair held at Dumfries the end of September.—M. C.

think the horse a good one and very cheap : however, I have no reluctance to part with her. I do not think she will ever *ride* very handsomely with me ; she is *flail-legged*, skittish a little, and does not seem to thrive here (she has had oats and grass and *very* little work) ; she does nothing well but the *jog-trot*, and about *forty yards* of cantering ; her *synews* are quite loose under you. Larry was quite another at her age. I believe I must renounce the thought of a *riding* horse ; at all events, your little black mare would ride as well as *she* yet does, and for all else would content me infinitely better. Again, I say, decide for me and act for me.

I think there never was such a long-winded deluge of a Narrative poured out by me, as this same, on so small occasion ! I am excessively stupid to-night, and in haste too. So, my dear Brother, you must just interpret what I mean by your own acuteness of wit. Send the Boy off *early* on Tuesday morning ; he has things to get at Dumfries. Of course you can send no *positive* word what is to be done with the mare, till you have seen Jamie and consulted with him, and considered with yourself : but tell me when you can meet me at Dumfries to buy new Harness, and whether the Rood Fair is the only day shortly you could come on, and whether that would do for the purpose. I like such gatherings very ill. Moreover, do not by any means leave your *harvesting* for that errand : we are in no pressing haste.—And so I conclude this

confused interminable story of *The Gig Demolished, or Pride gets a Fall*.

I am tolerably well (and so is Jane); my *reading* is done within two days, and then I have five stern weeks of writing. Wish me good-speed! I must and will be through it. We shall meet before then, I hope.—I often think of you here, in these solitudes; and how the places that once knew you, now know you no more, and I am left alone on the Moor. Courage! Let us stand to our tasks, and give the rest to the winds. We shall meet often yet, in spite of all; and often hear each that the other is behaving *like a brave man*. I know no other *welfare* in this Earth.—Jean writes us that your house is roofed again; we rejoice to fancy you free from rain-drops; and fronting the Winter with better shelter. Catlinns will have a new face when I come,—which will be, I trust, when this “Article” is over.—You would see John’s Letter; you would get the Review and the Printed Piece on Goethe. I can lend you other things of the Magazine kind: but suppose you to be far too busy for reading as yet. Tell me how goes your harvest; when you hope to be done; how you are all.—You will soon see our dear Mother; tell her of our welfare, and that she will before long hear of us again. Thank Jean for her two letters; say the Hat does excellently; no news I can get is so valuable to me as that our Mother and all of you are well. Love one another. One day we shall *not* all be well any longer. Our kindest

wishes to little Janekin and her Mother. The "new creature" will be a great solace to you; receive her and retain her as "sent from God."—Remember me and my Leddy to our Mother and my good Letter-writing Jean, and every other one of them, and say we shall *both* be down ere long, were my Article but done.—God be with you, dear Brother!—Ever your affectionate,  
T. CARLYLE.

XCVI.—To ALEXANDER CARLYLE, Catlinns.

CRAIGENPUTTOCK, *Tuesday*,  
18th September 1832.

MY DEAR ALICK— . . . The Limbs of the Law summoned me down to Dumfries, on Saturday last to "serve as Juryman;" I went; and answered to my name, about half-past ten o'clock: this was all the duty I had to do. The case was a Sheriff's one; of a wretched *sagtail* chimney-sweep, who had stolen an Ass, value twenty shillings, in the Parish of Ewes: they sentenced him to imprisonment; after which the fifty or sixty men who had been obliged to throw by their work and mount their horses on his account, were dismissed, and went their way. I contrived, however, to get my little bits of business done; and so, being very much pressed by work here, was obliged to resolve on not losing *another* day, even though I had the prospect of meeting you there.

The rather as I now find that we can do a while *without new Harness*. I got an awl and



threads up from Dumfries by the Boy, and have made the most surprising job of it ; you would not know that anything had happened. Then, as we are to be away in winter, and so forth, it seemed to me the new Harness might spoil : besides, what is true, there is no superfluity of money going just now. I have paid the Advocate (last Saturday), and have still a few pounds over, and more due ; but it will all be wanted, and more, too, that I have yet to earn for Edinburgh and its expenses. So we will let the Harness lie : if you have any chance, pray inform yourself at the Saddler's what such a thing can be had for ; it will be to purchase by and by, if we keep the *Clatch* running ; which, while resident here, I see not how we can help doing.

Jemmy and you, I daresay, will be at the Rood Fair : can you not come up hither at night, and see what we are doing, and rest yourselves till Saturday ? I fear, not ; and yet it is perhaps possible, if you are through the corn, and the Potatoes not begun yet. We shall see. . . .

We know not yet when we go to Edinburgh ; I have still much work to do ; it cannot be till a month or so after Martinmas. We have hired the old servant, whom you gave a ride to last Whitsunday : she can ride, yoke, etc. ; so that we think of dismissing Robert, for whom there will be no work. Now on this latter point I had a message to you from Jane, and partly from myself : it is to see whether Jamie needs a Boy of that kind through winter, for I think

he had one last winter, and that this might suit him. He is expert enough with horses, rather a *good* carter I think; willing to work, but totally unable to get through with almost any work, unless there be some *commander* near him, when he will stretch himself really handsomely enough. He performs pretty well (not exorbitantly) with the *spoon*, is not ever in the least troublesome: but the thing that interests us above all things in him is the natural *sense* the poor creature manifests; his love of knowledge in all sorts; and what is of infinitely greater moment even than this, his innocence and veracity. We have never detected him telling the smallest falsehood, or so much as prevaricating. I could like well to fancy the poor creature in good hands, where he would see and hear honest sensible things said and done; and be stirred up and *sharpened*, even by *roughish* usage to put himself forth into exertion. He is very desirous, it seems, to learn husbandry work; and could easily learn it, had he a tight stirring master. Tell the Scotsbrig people about all this; and see whether they say anything. We shall likely send him down to the Fair at any rate, and he will see some of you at Beck's.<sup>1</sup>

I have taken up all your sheet with this small *charitable* matter, which is of a sort one ought not to neglect.—There are four Numbers of *Fraser* for you, and a *Life of Mary Woll-*

<sup>1</sup> A coachmaker's, in whose stable the horse was lodged when at Dumfries.—M. C.

*stonecraft* (once a famous woman): I think they will serve you till we come down.—Alas, I have a long *dour* job before me first; but I am toiling at it, and it cannot last me long. Tell my dear Mother that I am as impatient to come as she can be to have me; that I will set off the very day I am at liberty; lastly, that I think surely in four weeks from this date we may hope to see you.

It was cleverly done to slate your house with your "own hand" (as Edward Irving used to sign his name), and get it over before Tirl-trees<sup>1</sup> season. You will have a very tolerable place of it, heartsome in summer, stormtight in winter; I hope and believe it will not disappoint your honest calculations in other respects. Courage, my dear Brother! The willing arm will yet find work, and wages for it: "There is aye life for a living body." We are all born to hard labour; and might easily have been born to worse.—I have filled up all your sheet with "mere nothings;" and must now desist, and wrap up. God be with you always! Ever your affectionate,

T. CARLYLE.

XCVII.—To JAMES CARLYLE at Dumfries.

CRAIGENPUTTOCK, *Tuesday night*,  
25th September 1832.

MY DEAR JAMIE—If Alick saw you, he would be speaking something of this Boy. Since then we have altered our figure a little. The poor honest slut of a Boy would very

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, p. 173.

gladly have gone to Scotsbrig, if he went anywhither; but looked so inexpressibly *wae* to go away at all, that we could not but resolve to leave him in peace. If he is worth his victuals to you, when we set out for Edinburgh, or at any time till we return, you shall have him: if not, he "will go home; and get to the school a while." So it is settled.

I hope you are come<sup>1</sup> to get me rid of that Mare, and will prosper some way. I believe her well worth the money you gave for her; but care not if I never see her face again. Catlinns<sup>2</sup> and you will, I know, make the most of the market, and do for me far better than I could for myself.

We are in great "wishfulness" to know what is going on at Scotsbrig and at Catlinns; whether your Harvest is done, and well done, etc. etc. Will you come up, and tell us: either, or both of you? Otherwise send word with the Boy. At worst, I will *come* by and by, and see.

The Boy has a Basket of wares, and messages to do, then leave to look about him *till four o'clock*. Forward him at that hour, if he come in your way.—My best Blessing with you both!—Your affectionate Brother (very busy),

T. CARLYLE.

<sup>1</sup> Up to Dumfries,

<sup>2</sup> His brother Alick.



XCVIII.—To Mr. JOHN AITKEN, Dumfries.<sup>1</sup>

CRAIGENPUTTOCK, 16th October 1832.

MY DEAR UNCLE—Judge if I am anxious to hear from you! Except the silence of the Newspapers, I have no evidence that you are still spared. The Disease,<sup>2</sup> I see, has been in your street; in Shaw's; in Jamie Aitken's; it has killed your friend Thomson: who knows what further was its appointed work! You I strive to figure in the meanwhile, as looking at it, in the universal terror, with some calmness, as knowing and practically believing that your days, and the days of those dear to you, were now, as before and always, in the hand of God only; *from* whom it is vain to fly; *towards* whom lies the only refuge of man. Death's thousand doors have ever stood open; this indeed is a wide one, yet it leads no farther than they all lead.

Our Boy was in the town a fortnight ago (for I believe, by experience, the infectious influence to be trifling, and quite inscrutable to man; therefore go and send whithersoever I

<sup>1</sup> This letter is reprinted from the *Dumfries Standard*, 9th February 1881.

<sup>2</sup> Cholera, which was exceptionally severe at Dumfries, owing, it is supposed, to its unwholesome "Closes" (a survival from old Border warfare times, when houses had been crowded near the castle for safety); but chiefly to its water supply, taken in carts from the river which served also as the only conduit for the drainage of the town. The population was then 10,000; between the 15th September and 27th November over 500 persons died,—340 lie buried in one grave.—*Macdowall's History of Dumfries*.

have *business*, in spite of cholera); but I had forgot that he would not naturally see Shaw or some of you, and gave him no letter; so got no tidings. He will call on you to-morrow; and in any case bring a verbal message. If you are too hurried to *write* in time for him, send a letter next day "to the care of Mrs. Welsh, Templand, Thornhill": tell me only that you are all spared alive!

We are for Annandale, after Thornhill, and may possibly enough return by Dumfries. I do not participate in the panic. We were close beside cholera for many weeks in London: "every ball has its billet."

I hear the Disease is fast abating. It is likely enough to come and go among us; to take up its dwelling with us among our other maladies. The sooner we grow to compose ourselves beside it, the wiser for us. A man who has reconciled himself *to die* need not go distracted at the *manner* of his death.

God make us all ready; and be His time ours!  
—No more to-night.—Ever your affectionate,

T. CARLYLE.

XCIX.—To Dr. CARLYLE, Rome.

18 CARLTON STREET, STOCKBRIDGE,  
EDINBURGH, 8th January 1833.

MY DEAR BROTHER— . . . It was but last night that we got our household transported hither, by the Thornhill coach; and as neither Jane nor I slept much, Jane not at all (thanks to the Watchman's care about the *hour*), I am

not in very bright spirits at present: however, I have a vacant forty minutes, and will *begin* to do a duty, which is always one's best resource. I have yet seen but little of Edinburgh beyond a few of the cloth-making, shop-keeping sort: I am to go and dine with old uncle Bradfute<sup>1</sup> (at a *precise* moment); will therefore reserve all Edinburgh things till the end of my Letter, which will not be accomplished till to-morrow. —I have been *once* at Scotsbrig since I wrote you (if not twice, for I am dim about my last date); I set off exactly this day gone a week, through a world of frost-mist and snow-slush, being almost superstitiously determined to see my Mother once more before we went. She was sitting at tea (in the low end-room), and stood silent with amazement to see me there all swimming with slobber<sup>2</sup> (for she had despaired of me two days before); but soon got me stript of travelling gear, and otherwise lovingly attended to; and then we sat talking the whole night; for the rest of them were all gone to Brand's of Craighouse to a New-year's Party.<sup>3</sup> She looks older, our dear Mother, within these two years; yet her health is still wonderfully tolerable: her spirits, as we can all understand, have been much weighed down, so that her *old* cheerfulness is gone, perhaps for long; nevertheless the faith she has sus-

<sup>1</sup> A relation of Mrs. Carlyle, a partner in the firm of Bell and Bradfute, booksellers, in Edinburgh.

<sup>2</sup> Slush, liquid mud.

<sup>3</sup> The Brands were relations of the Carlyles.—See *Reminiscences*, i. 40.

tains her from despondency, and the love we all endeavour to show her is most lovingly responded to. She depends much on me, as the eldest; and I feel it as a sacred duty to divide my last fraction of earthly substance or faculty in her cause. One of her very first questions is always: "Hast thou heard onything fra the Doctor?" She speculates greatly about your home-coming; and says if it be the Almighty's good pleasure she shall yet live to meet you. A Letter from you to herself, not so much filled with expressions of feeling, as with minute details about your way of life, purposes, *Befinden und Hoffen*, would gratify her much. She often speaks of you with more joy perhaps, not with more love than formerly; and now and then makes us laugh by some such phrase as "when the Doctor was *sucking*!" The rest were all in their usual heart. . . .

This is not properly a noisy place but the reverse; in a little while we shall learn the train of things, to endure or to avoid, and so do well enough. It is an excellent Floor of its sort; two really dashing Rooms, with three Bedrooms, Kitchen and all *etceteras*, for £4 a month. We have engaged it for three months, that is till the beginning of April. You remember Stockbridge, and a smart street, with large trees growing through the pavement, looking into the river (Water of Leith), called *Dean Street*? You just cross the Bridge, from Edinburgh, and Dean Street stretches to the left. Now Carlton Street is the first street at



still, and know all these things as well as I. . . .

We see by the Newspapers that Lady Clare and Mr. Burrell are still at Rome, at least were lately : you must tell me all your movements and intentions. Your difficulties and disquietudes hide from me no less ; such I know you have, for you are on this Earth : *ubi homines sunt injuriæ sunt*. Let us be thankful each of us that he is rich enough to have a Brother ; one whose fidelity and love will *never* fail, let the contentious flesh introduce what superficial Discords it may. I say we should be thankful for such a possession ; and try to draw from it what good it will yield, taking deliberately precaution against the evil. Perhaps the Future will be kinder to us both : but is not the Present kind, full of work to do ? Write me *all* things, my dear Brother, and fear not that you shall ever want my sympathy. Keep diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving God : that is the sum of all wisdom.—My Paper is near done ; I feel sure I have forgotten much. No news from Irving or of him : the Tongue concern is quite out in this quarter : my poor lost Friend ! Lost to me, to the world and to himself. . . .

And now, alas, dear Jack, I am done also, and must close. Jane (whom I have gone to ask) sends you “no word but her *kind* love,” which is better than nothing. Write soon. God bless you, dear John.—Ever your true Brother,

T. CARLYLE.

C.—To his MOTHER, Scotsbrig.

18 CARLTON STREET [EDINBURGH],

27th January 1833.

MY DEAR MOTHER— . . . In my particular craft there seems to be nothing or very little astir; all people are either selling Penny Magazines, or lying on their oars. I get no good of any Editor or Publisher I have yet seen; come into no closer terms with them; I suppose they rather think me a dangerous sort of fellow: happily too I need not disturb myself a jot about one of them; having work enough elsewhere if I had three hands to work with. The truth is they are all at a kind of stand, poor fellows; and know not clearly on what side to turn them. We see abundance of people; most of them, unhappily, are but unprofitable sights, yet at worst harmless, and good compared to *none*. Jeffrey is here very often; talking like a pen-gun<sup>1</sup> (of very *light* calibre), always brisk and in good humour: he looks a great deal stronger than he did in London, is a little delighted with his Election; and ready again to go and have himself half-killed—for nothing! Such is men's lot. . . . The best man I see here, indeed the only man I care much about, is Sir William Hamilton; in whom alone of all these people I find an earnest soul, an openness for truth: I really think him a genuine kind of man. His learning is great, his talent considerable; we have

<sup>1</sup> Pop-gun.

long talks and walks together. He is the descendant of that "Robert Hamilton of Preston" (rather "a foolish man," as Sir William calls him) who commanded the Cameronians at Bothwell Brig. So much for my society here.

I wish I could say that I had fairly begun work, and was once in the middle of some hearty piece of writing, all on fire about it : but, alas, such is not yet my case ; I am still only preparing and threatening to write. I go almost daily to the Advocates' Library, rummaging among Books, and searching out a variety of things : by and by, I shall get buckled to the gear, and certainly do something notable,—one would think ! In the meantime you can fancy us sufficiently : breakfasting about nine ; reading, or innocently though still more idly employed receiving visitors till one or two ; about which hour I generally go out to walk ; then home to dine at four ; after which the night is very generally our own, and we spend it in some sort of study till eleven, and then, if all have gone right, are sound asleep by twelve. This is the history of our day. . . .

But now here is the end. Give our kind love to all, let all be assured of our continual love. And so God bless you and guard you, my dear Mother !—I am ever, your affectionate Son,

T. CARLYLE.

CI.—To ALEXANDER CARLYLE, Catlinns.

18 CARLTON STREET, STOCKBRIDGE,  
EDINBURGH, 27th January 1833.

MY DEAR BROTHER—I sympathise truly with the painful incident that has befallen you. Your little Son has been lent you but a short while ; has but, as it were, opened his eyes on this strange Chaos of TIME, and then as if affrighted, shrunk back into ETERNITY, hiding himself from the sin and woe in which we that are left on Earth must still struggle. There is something infinitely touching in a history so brief and yet so tragic ; something infinitely mysterious too ; but indeed the longest life is scarcely longer than the shortest if we think of the Eternity that encircles both ; and so it is all mysterious, all awful and likewise holy ; and our sole wisdom is to bow down before our inscrutable Author, and say heartily in *all* things, God's will be done. The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away ; blessed be the name of the Lord !—I have many times pictured to myself that stern awakening you got : "I dinna hear the bairn breathing !" Yet surely, as you observe, it was a blessed mercy that you found the event to have happened, as it were by the will of Providence alone ; and without mischance on your part, which would have rendered the affliction doubly severe. In all our griefs, it is truly said, there is something of mercy mingled. And so we will bid the little Wayfarer, whose journey was



so short, Farewell: he is but gone whither we too are hastening to follow.—This winter I can figure you out in your country home, a little less lonely than the last: your household is more stirring, and you are in a neighbourhood where one likes better to fancy you. I trust piously still that the change was for your good. Continue to be diligent and prudent, and you have nothing evil to apprehend. The times and the country we live in press heavy on us all: but a certain hope of improvement is still reasonable; nay, far better than any hope, a perfect assurance that if our Task be well done (which is always in our own power) all else will be well with us. So let the evil of the day be sufficient for the day: what the future may offer we will try to be ready for. Time and chance, as Solomon long since declared, happen unto all.

It is pleasant for me to consider you as now once more in a Neighbourhood: I need not counsel you to study "as much as in you lies" to live in peace, in goodwill and sympathy with all men, more especially with those nearest you, whom you have most to do with. It is this mainly of having persons one takes interest in around one's house that makes a House into the far more precious thing, a Home. In all mortals one finds flaws; nay *in one's self* more than in any other; therefore let us pity and pardon; even the poor creature that *wrongs* us was sore driven to his shifts, or he would not have wronged us; he too

is pitiable and pardonable. . . . Next time you write I hope you will farther have to tell me that your financial reckonings have not disappointed you; but that the Rent is actually all ready, if not paid; and so the Catlinns speculation looking as we all wish it. We will pray always, May the worst of our days be past! In fine I will ask only one thing: that you would mend that Bridge (down at the old Mill): assuredly some one will get a mischief by it, if you do not; at present I cannot think of it without a kind of horror. Mind this, now, and take warning in time.

I have been living here in a curious unsatisfactory half-awake state: the transition is so singular from bare solitary moors, with only myself for company, to crowded streets and the converse of men. . . . I am carrying on a sort of occupation; but not with so much energy as I could desire; still only with the assurance that I shall grow energetic. The people (of whom we see abundance) are all kind and courteous as heart could reasonably wish: nevertheless I feel myself singularly a stranger among them; their notions are not mine; the things they are running the race for are no prizes to me. In Politics, especially as here manifested, I take no pleasure at all; the Tories, now happily driven into holes and corners, are quite out of date; all the rest is Whiggery and Reform-Bill-for-ever, a most sandblind, feeble sort of concern; a few Radi-

cals of the Henry Hunt<sup>1</sup> sort are a still more pitiable set. The men stare at me when I give voice; I listen when they have the word, "with a sigh or a smile." One great benefit I have, and can enjoy without drawback: abundance of Books. I am almost daily in the Advocates' Library, ransacking many things; my appetite sharpened by long abstinence. On the whole we do well . . . ; and one way or other, generally to profit, the mind is kept full. Edinburgh affects me quite peculiarly after London: it looks all so orderly, so quiet, so little. I incline often to wish we had never left it; yet properly I cherish no regret for what is gone; that too had its worth, its influence on me for good, and lay among the things I had to do. I feel however, more and more plainly that Craigenputtock will absolutely never prove a wholesome abode for me; that I must try to get away from it, the sooner the better; however, there is evidently no immediate prospect of such a thing, and in any case, we will do *nothing rashly*. I privately think sometimes we should not settle upon anything till Jack come home; of which I am very glad that there is now a prospect. Dr. Irving, Keeper of the Advocates' Library, of whom you have heard me speak, has been talking lately very often about a Professorship at Glasgow, which will soon be vacant, the present incumbent being very old: this, as a

<sup>1</sup> A noted political agitator and charlatan who died soon after this time.

thing that will be in the Lord Advocate's gift, our worthy Doctor thinks were the very thing for me. I bite at it with no eagerness; yet have hinted it to Jeffrey, and will not neglect it if it come in my way. We shall see. My own private impression is that I shall never get any Promotion in this world; and happy shall I be if Providence enable me only to stand *my own* friend. That is (or would be) all the prayer I offer to Heaven.—In Literature all is as dull here as it could possibly be; my old Manuscript is lying by me quiet; there is no likelihood of its being printed this winter, for I have not the cash just ready, and it is a thing that can wait. I do not think of vexing my soul with *Booksellers* about it or any other thing again,—so long as I can help it.—But alas, dear Alick, my sheet is done. Our Mother has a Letter too, which she will read you, where will be found a little more news. By the way, may I trust that Jamie and you have come to some final measures about those Ecclefechan Houses<sup>1</sup> and their management; and so relieving our good Mother from anxiety on that score. I know you will do what in you lies, it is well the part of us all. Jane sends her best wishes to her Namesake and every one of you. Let us find you all well and thriving in the month of April! Write to me soon and explain all your hopes and cares to me. Bless God that in a too unfriendly world we are not without Friends.

<sup>1</sup> The property of his mother.



— Ever, my dear Brother, your affectionate,  
T. CARLYLE.

CII.—To ALEXANDER CARLYLE, Catlinns.

EDINBURGH, 4 GREAT KING STREET,  
26th March 1833.

MY DEAR ALICK—I am making up a Parcel to go this day, by the Dumfries Bookseller, to Scotsbrig; and will not neglect, as the very first thing I set about, to answer your kind and acceptable Letter, which we have now had in hand since Saturday morning gone a week. You will not expect much sense of me; for I have many Letters to write, little time, and many interruptions. Mrs. Welsh, and her Niece from Liverpool (a very pleasant young damsel) have been here for about a week; our servant Nancy has *plotted*<sup>1</sup> the skin off her foot, and goes *hirpling*<sup>2</sup> along in most lame style, so that for the time, it is but a confused kind of house. We removed into it out of the old one at Stockbridge. . . .

It gave us great satisfaction to hear from you so good an account of everything at Scotsbrig and Catlinns; and to see that for the present at least your labour does not prove in vain. It is saying much as things now go in this distracted country. Millions (a frightful word but a true one!) millions of mortals are toiling this day, in our British Isles, without prospect of rest, save in speedy death, to whom

<sup>1</sup> Scalded.

<sup>2</sup> Limping.

for their utmost toiling, food and shelter are too high a blessing. When one reads of the Lancashire Factories and little children labouring for sixteen hours a day, inhaling at every breath a quantity of cotton *fuzz*, falling asleep over their wheels, and roused again by the lash of thongs over their backs, or the slap of "billy-rollers" over their little crowns; and then again of Irish Whitefeet, driven out of their potato-patches and mud-hovels, and obliged to take the hill-side as broken men,—one pauses with a kind of amazed horror, to ask if this be Earth, the place of Hope, or Tophet, where hope never comes! A good practical inference too, every one of us may draw from it: to be thankful that with him it is *not* yet so, to be content under many griefs, and patiently struggle on towards a better day; which, even in this world, cannot fail to dawn for the afflicted children of men. One grand remedy against the worst still lies partly open: America and its forests, where you have only the wild *beasts* to strive against!<sup>1</sup> I understand there never was such emigration from these parts, at least from Edinburgh, as this year. People of all sorts are going: labourers, shopkeepers, even Writers to the Signet, and country Lairds. They are very right; *they* will be all the better, and the country all the better for the want of them.—But, in the meanwhile, do you, my dear Brother, go on tilling the Dryfesdale clod, while

<sup>1</sup> Alexander Carlyle did, in 1843, emigrate to America, settling on a farm of his own, near Brantford, Canada West, where he died in 1876.

it will yield you anything : surely it is probable, the Government, before matters come to the utmost press, will apply itself in earnest to Emigration, as the sole remedy for all that most immediately presses on us. Let us "possess our souls in patience, and await what can betide." . . .

Edinburgh continues one of the dullest and poorest and on the whole paltriest of places for me. I cannot remember that I have heard one sentence with true meaning in it uttered since I came hither ! The very power of Thought seems to have forsaken this Athenian City ; at least, a more entirely shallow, barren, unfruitful and trivial set of persons than those I meet with never that I remember came across my "bodily vision." One has no right to be angry with them : poor fellows, far from it ! Yet does it remain evident that "Carlyle is wasting his considerable talent on impossibilities, and can never do any good." Time will show : for the present, poor man, he is quite fixed to *try*. At any rate there are some good Books here, that one can borrow and read ; kindly-disposed human creatures too, who, though they cannot without a shudder see one spit in the Devil's face so, yet wish one well, almost love one. The best is that I have been rather busy writing, and have finished a long sort of thing for *Fraser's Magazine*, to be called *Cagliostro* : it is very wild, but not untrue, so may do its part. Write away my man ! that is thy only chance : these poor persons, demean them as they may, "*can do th*'

*neither ill na' good.*"<sup>1</sup> We have liberty to stay here till near Whitsunday ; but shall not likely continue far beyond the end of April : in May we can hope to see you at Catlinns. Except house-rent it seems hardly more expensive here than at Puttock, so much have things fallen in price ; or perhaps, mainly, so much has housewife cunning risen ! We have not so comfortable a roomy life as there ; but all else is far superior.—What we are to make of ourselves next winter, if we be spared so long, is not clear yet ; but will become so. . . . Jane does not seem to improve of late : however, she has far more entertainment here. She is out at this moment, or would send her little namesake and you her love. And so God bless you all !—Your affectionate Brother,

T. CARLYLE.

CIII.—To Dr. CARLYLE, Paris.

TEMPLAND, THORNHILL, 17th May 1833.

MY DEAR BROTHER—If you arrive as you anticipated, at Paris on the 20th, this Letter again will be too late. A consummation which I have striven honestly to prevent ; but, as you see, and shall hear, without effect. Excuse this limited size of paper too ; for at present I am in the transition-state, and divided from my tools. On Tuesday morning gone a week, our places were all secured in the Thornhill Coach, the baggage happily despatched the week

<sup>1</sup> "Can do thee neither ill nor good." For the origin of this phrase, "become proverbial" with him see Carlyle's note in *Letters and Memorials*, i. 278.



before : but by the foolishhest misunderstanding we found on reaching the North Bridge at half-past six, that the Coach was *gone*—three minutes ago ! There was nothing for it but wearisomely waiting two days longer ; to which painful side of the alternative we reconciled ourselves the best way possible ; lying literally hidden, unknown to all our friends except two ; scarcely stirring out except at nightfall, and then very much with the feeling of *revenants*. I bathed twice in the Forth ; read a *Life of Paul Jones*, pieces of Sir George M'Kenzie, and meditated about enough of things. One incident that most of all reconciled me to the disappointment was the arrival (some two hours after our return) of your Florence Letter, which otherwise we must have waited for, and run the risk of losing, for it had already been at Dumfries, and might not, without hesitation, have been sent back. I determined to write forthwith ; yet not till I had seen the Scotsbrig people, and could tell you a positive tale. Well, on Thursday we did all happily get off, and, after a stifling stew of nine dusty hours, were set down at Glendinning's,<sup>1</sup> all alive, but Jane utterly sick, hardly able to move hither in any fashion, and seized, as it soon appeared, with this universal *Influenza*, which has held her in confinement, generally in bed, ever since. We sent the maid over to Craigenputtock, but no one else has yet been over there. It was Monday morning (for Mrs. Welsh too had

<sup>1</sup> Inn at Thornhill.

taken the *Influenza*) before I could get off for Scotsbrig; writing there I found impossible (for want of time, and even of paper): and it was only yesternight that I returned. Happily, however, after this tedious preamble, I am enabled to inform you that all is quite well in Annandale, that all in Nithsdale is improving and hopeful; and so in the end your heart is set at rest.

The Monday when I set off with Harry and the Gig was a quite beautiful day, and everything that occurred was of a kind to render thanks for. After the meekest of drives, down Æ water and the rest of them, Catlinns House, whitewashed and hospitable, rose on me over *White-ween Hass*<sup>1</sup> about three o'clock; and in few minutes more Alick, hastening home from his potato ground, had his tea-table covered for me, and question and answer was in full progress. . . . At Scotsbrig they had heard my wheels in time; my Mother was running out to meet me as of old; I could thank God that here too I found everything well. Our Mother seems better rather than worse in bodily health; seems patient, contented, even cheerful. The rest of them seem to go on quite tolerably; all in good agreement, in good heart, and proper behaviour. . . .

And now here once more are we, stranded again on the wold (where we hope to be next Monday) with intent to pass another summer

<sup>1</sup> Probably the local pronunciation of Whitewoolen-hass, a hill close by Catlinns. — M. C.

there. We are not out of funds ; we are free from debt, have liberty to live and let live. A Paper on *Diderot* was printed about a month ago ; character not known. Fraser has just sent me Proofs of a *Cagliostro*, one of the most distorted bad things (not to be *false*) I ever wrote ; probably the *last* in that style. These two, worth near £100, the payment of which I reckon sure, form my present disposable capital. My chief project for the summer is to cut Teufelsdröck into slips, and have it printed in *Fraser's Magazine* : I have not proposed it to him yet, and must go warily to work in that, for I have spoiled such things already by want of diplomacy. It will be worth almost £200 to me that way, and I shall get rid of it, which otherwise there is little hope of, to *any* purpose or without great loss ; the Book-trade being still dead,—and as I reckon forever. I have much reading too, much thinking ; prospects of more *society* than last year : so we shall wait in a kind of *rest*. "*Halte still und sel' Dich um* : " that is every way my posture at present. Outwardly and inwardly a kind of closing of the First Act goes on with me ; the Second as yet quite *un-*opened. The world is fast changing, the ways and wants and duties of the world ; I myself am also, or ought to be, changing : there must be a readjustment. . . .

Jane thankfully and not without hope accepts your offer of Physicianship ; I myself am of opinion that you will do her good. She is much weakened with this Influenza, and may

not have her strength again for weeks. A cough too still lingers, loth to leave.—I fancy this will be in Paris by Whitsunday. May it find you safe, waiting to receive it. We shall soon hear from you in reply, and then the next news, if all prosper, is that you are in England! — . . . And for the present, God bless you, dear Brother!—Ever yours, T. CARLYLE.

CIV.—To his MOTHER, Scotsbrig.

CRAIGENPUTTOCK, *Tuesday night,*  
*22d May 1833.*

. . . We got here on Monday, as I had calculated; Jane still weak enough, but glad like me to get to any "bit hadding of her ain fr' a' that." She was rather sick during the drive; but got fresher afterwards. We found everything about the house in complete order; Nancy had been diligent; and Peggy Austin had kept out the damp with great success; indeed Jane says we never were *drier*, and not the smallest thing has gone wrong. Peter too has the Garden all trimmed up as neatly as ever it was: so far as they go nothing could be more perfect than their performance. We have seen none of them yet; but are certainly bound to thank them heartily. "besides payment."

The only thing of any consequence that has gone out of joint is one of the Plantations which M'Adam's people have burnt, in burning their heather. The careless lumber! That men should plant and fence and laboriously rear shelter in this wilderness; and then a hash of



hashes come and in one hour consume the fruit of twenty years' industry ! However, it is needless to *speak* anything about it. One comforting circumstance is that it was rather a bad Planting ; though here again unluckily, it lies close to us, in daily view : it is the one at the north end of the " heathery park ;" between the Glaisters Hillside and the road ; on your *left* hand, as you set out from Stumpy to come hither. Joseph [M'Adam] was in a great *fuff* about it, we learn ; he also writes to Mrs. Welsh that he will " come good for it." *Good* for it ! Can he make these black scrags into green trees again ? I have not seen him yet ; but will.—On the whole, I disturb myself comparatively little : what good shall I ever get of these woods at any rate ? Be not careful over much. . . . We should like you very well, just now ; and have even need of you. Jane is still very feeble (she had a wretched ill-turn of headache, etc., this very evening, not an hour ago) ; and there is no nurse but myself. I feel confident that she is getting strong again ; but it may be weeks before she is as well even as she was. . . . Continue to watch over your children, my dear Mother ; and let us all continue to love and honour you.—Ever your affectionate,

T. CARLYLE.

Jane had several little things to send : but, poor lassie, she is in bed ; and I will not let her rise to seek them. Tell the other Jane to write—directly unless you are coming.

CV.—To Mr. FRASER, Publisher, London.

CRAIGENPUTTOCK, 27th May 1833.

MY DEAR SIR—On the Proofsheets of *Cagliostro* I marked an announcement that you would hear from me soon. I write to-day in more confusion than is desirable; but rather so than lose another half-week.

Most probably you recollect the Manuscript *Book* I had with me in London; and how during that Reform hurly-burly, which unluckily still continues and is like to continue, I failed to make any bargain about it. The Manuscript still lies in my drawer; and now after long deliberation I have determined to slit it up into strips, and send it forth in the Periodical way; for which in any case it was perhaps better adapted. The pains I took with the composition of it, truly, were greater than even I might have thought necessary, had this been foreseen: but what then? Care of that sort is never altogether thrown away; far better too much than too little. I reckon that it will be easy for the Magazine Printer to save me some thirty or forty complete copies, as he prints it; these can then be bound up and distributed among my Friends likely to profit thereby; and in the end of all we can reprint it into a Book proper, if that seem good. Your Magazine is the first I think of for this object; and I must have got a distinct negative from you before I go any farther. Listen to me, then, and judge.

The Book is at present named "Thoughts on Clothes; or Life and Opinions of Herr D. Teufelsdröckh, D. U. J.;"<sup>1</sup> but perhaps we might see right to alter the title a little; for the rest, some brief Introduction could fit it handsomely enough into its new destination: it is already divided into three "Books," and farther into very short "Chapters," capable in all ways of subdivision. Nay some tell me, what perhaps is true, that taking a few chapters at a time is really the profitablest way of reading it. There may be in all some Eight sheets of *Fraser*. It is put together in the fashion of a kind of Didactic Novel; but indeed properly *like* nothing yet extant: I used to characterise it briefly as a kind of "Satirical Extravaganza on Things in General"; it contains more of my opinions on Art, Politics, Religion, Heaven, Earth and Air, than all the things I have yet written. The Creed promulgated on all these things, as you may judge, is *mine*, and firmly *believed*: for the rest, the main Actor in the business ("Editor of these Sheets," as he often calls himself) assumes a kind of Conservative (though Anti-quack) character; and would suit *Fraser* perhaps better than any other Magazine. The ultimate result, however, I need hardly premise, is a deep religious speculative-radicalism (so I call it for want of a better name),

<sup>1</sup> "Now called *Sartor Resartus*," says Carlyle in his Notebook, September 1833. The hero of it, instead of, as hitherto, Teufelsdreck, "I mean to call Teufelsdröckh," he had told his brother John, in a letter of 10th February 1833.

with which you are already well enough acquainted in me.

There are only five persons that have yet read this Manuscript : of whom two have expressed themselves (I mean convinced me that they *are*) considerably interested and gratified ; two quite *struck*, "overwhelmed with astonishment and new hope" (this is the result I aimed at for souls worthy of hope) ; and one in secret discontented and displeased. William Fraser is a sixth reader, or rather half-reader ; for I think he had only got half-way or so ; and I never learned his opinion. With him, if you like, at this stage of the business you can consult freely about it. My own conjecture is that *Teufelsdröckh*, whenever published, will astonish most that read it, be wholly understood by very few ; but to the astonishment of some will add touches of (almost the deepest) spiritual interest, with others quite the opposite feeling. I think I can practically prophesy that for some six or eight months (for it must be published without interruption), it would be apt at least to *keep the eyes* of the Public on you.

Such is all the description I can give you, in these limits : now what say you to it ? Let me hear as soon as you can ; for the time seems come to set these little bits of Doctrine forth ; and, as I said, till your *finale* arrive, I can do nothing. Would you like to see the Manuscript yourself ? It can come, and return, by Coach for a few shillings, if you think of that : it will of course want the Introduction, and various other



"O. Y.'s"<sup>1</sup> that will perhaps be useful. I need not remind you that about showing it to any third party (as I have learned by experience) there is a certain delicacy to be observed: I shall like to hear from you first. Write to me, therefore, with the same openness as I have done to you; we shall then soon see how it lies between us.

. . . My Brother, I keep hoping, will one day ere long walk in upon you: he ought to be at Paris by this time, on his way homeward. . . . The airs are fresh here, the trees of the greenest; and my cabbages flourish as briskly as Dioclesian's.

If you send any Books, etc., by Waugh, pray charge him strictly; his Clerk (as our Proverb says) "*is not to ride the water on.*"

And now, in great haste, adieu! Believe me always, my dear sir, most faithfully yours,

T. CARLYLE.

CVI.—To his MOTHER, Scotsbrig.

CRAIGENPUTTOCK, Tuesday, 25th June 1833.

. . . The *Fraser's Magazine* does contain a kind of Likeness;<sup>2</sup> liker than I expected. Jane specially claims the Number as hers; has got her name on it; and insists much that said title be *respected*. I partly expect from Fraser another copy or two of the Picture; and shall not fail directly to send you one of them as

<sup>1</sup> Notes by "Oliver Yorke."

<sup>2</sup> Of himself, by Maclise, see *ante*, p. 307.

*yours*. The opposite *Page* will edify you very little; in fact, it is hardly intelligible (not at all so except to persons of the craft), but complimentary enough, and for so foolish a business may be considered as better than a wiser thing. The writer is one Dr. Maginn, a mad rattling Irishman; of whom perhaps you may have heard me speak. He wishes me well in his way; which indeed is very far from mine. So let us be thankful for all mercies.

. . . Since my return<sup>1</sup> I have mended and new-stuffed the *Clatch*, which really looks very gate-going;<sup>2</sup> I have read a little, dreamed a little; and that is literally all that I have done. Fraser I believe *is* to have my Manuscript Book; which will therefore require a very little sorting: but on the whole I prefer resting for a while; at least as long as an uneasy conscience will let me. Absolute Idleness is a thing which, were it never so *good*, one *cannot* carry on long here. . . .

CVII.—To Dr. CARLYLE, London.

CRAIGENPUTTOCK, 27th August 1833.

MY DEAR BROTHER<sup>3</sup>—All the pains I had taken were well rewarded on Sunday evening, when your Letter came. It has solaced me here, and will give no less solacement to those

<sup>1</sup> From a visit to Scotsbrig.    <sup>2</sup> Respectable, *road-worthy*.

<sup>3</sup> Since the last letter to him, Dr. Carlyle had returned to England, and made a short visit at Scotsbrig and Craigenputtock, before again going to the Continent as physician to Lady Clare.

that love you elsewhere : I will send it off, as you conjecture, to Scotsbrig, to-morrow. We can now know that you are safe so far, and send our wishes after you with new clearness. My Mother said : "We'll no be sae ill, if we had the first Letter frae him." On Friday or Saturday (the former, as I calculate) a like comfort must be provided for you in return.

Your steamboat, that agitated day, had scarcely cleared the Pier-head, when I was stripping and bathing ; my head and my heart, like your own, all full of painful obstruction and confusion. It was half an hour before we set sail again, and near two o'clock before we reached the Annan shore.<sup>1</sup>

We could see your vessel storming along with you, already far to the west ; and not we only, but all your other Friends each from his several hillside had seen it and watched it, and

<sup>1</sup> From Bowness, whither Carlyle had accompanied his brother in the boat. After mentioning his brother's departure, Carlyle writes in his Note-book, "John is a good man ; with far more talent than even yet he has unfolded fully, though already he begins to show himself as a skilful Physician, likely I imagine to prove useful and also acceptable. He has a boundless affectionateness ; this is his great quality, manifesting itself too at times in strange ways, as in humorous frolicking (even with pigs and horses, if there is no other *living* thing to frolic with), in the trustfullest abandonment to all kinds of innocently foolish talk and sport, throughout, as a genuine inexhaustible fund of *bonhomie*,—the soul of all manner of useful sympathies and activities, of a character *natural*, at once worthy and amiable. How different from me ; how much happier and better ! We all love him, and have good reason. May the Unseen Powers, that mercifully look on mankind, bring him safe back to us !"

could tell at what hour it had vanished behind St. Bees. . . . If it be God's merciful will, we shall yet all live to see your steamboat come foaming *up* the Solway, and bringing you safe back to us. I saw it once so from the Land-heads Brae; and should be thankful for the feeling as long as I live.

Next morning betimes Jamie and I were mounted for Catlinns, and breakfasted with a numerous hay-making party; conjecturing that you might be already in the Mersey; treating this and all things in the tone of Hope. I soon set forth, and plodded wearisomely through the moors to Templand, where I arrived before dinner, with such a jaded, road-worn, woe-worn sort of feeling as you can conceive. The Sunday proved too wet for Dunscore, I went to Closeburn,<sup>1</sup> and there heard Corson, uttering the wonderfulest jumble of affectations, imitations, wind and froth: not till next evening did we reach home, and find ourselves once more thoroughly *alone*. The sorrowfullest blank had occurred here; for me, I could not but feel so *harricd*, so bereaved; the half of my world was gone. . . .

This, dear Brother, is our history since you left us. Nothing has occurred here, except the arrival, on Friday last, of a Piano-tuner, who for the small charge of 5s. 6d. has rehabilitated the Piano, and brought me again the luxury of sweet sounds. We carried the poor instrument into the Dining-room, to

<sup>1</sup> The Parish Church.



avoid the coming frosts, and there nightly I can have my tunes : it stands where the half-table did, against the wall right opposite the window ; the sofa is moved into its place, and the half-table into the sofa's, in the Drawing-room. Let me add also (for you love all these things) that Napoleon,<sup>1</sup> as too large for his station, has been moved into this Library of mine, under his Kinsman Byron, and your little Italian vase, with Goethe's medals in it and other *etceteras*, now stands in his place. The only other arrival was, on Sunday at dinner-time, that of the American Emerson, Gustave d'Eichthal's man ; the most amiable creature in the world, who spent an apparently very happy four-and-twenty hours with us, and then went his way to Wordsworth's Lakes, to Liverpool, and home to Massachusetts on Sunday next. We regretted that you had not seen him, as he that he had not found you in Rome. Of d'Eichthal he could tell me nothing, except that they parted a few weeks ago where you left them, the one for Florence and England, the other for Naples : indeed it appeared they had in reality met only once or twice. If you fall in with d'Eichthal, it will perhaps be friendly if you rather press yourself on him ; I figure him to be somewhat shrouded up within his own sorrow and regret, and understand his family are anxious to have his mind by all means diverted and cheerfully aroused. Tell him that he has much affectionate esteem from me ; that if he will come and see

<sup>1</sup> A small copy in bronze of the Place Vendôme statue.—M. C.

us here, we will give him the most cordial welcome. I suppose you will see his friends in Paris at any rate; and be able there to tell me something more definite about him. . . .

I cannot but see too that your mood of mind is the right one for you: nay, at bottom, as you often urged, were the right one for me also: your earnest counsels for Tolerance will not fail of their effect on me; such are at all times wholesome mementoes, and forever true on their own side, and I know not why I should so often have taken them up at your hands under the argumentative aspect. Perhaps it was like a patient wincing under a bitter drug, which yet when over had its salutary tendencies. . . . God guide and keep you, dear Brother! Amen!

T. CARLYLE.

One Major Irving of Gribton came here the other day, and *took* the shooting of Puttock for £5 rent (of his own fixing), and even insisted on paying the notes down on the spot! I gave them to the Dame for pin money civil services: the *first* help this place ever brought us. . . .

CVIII.—To Dr. CARLYLE, Milan.<sup>1</sup>

CRAIGENPUTTOCK, 1st October 1833.

MY DEAR BROTHER—All your Letters came punctually to hand; the last one from Calais on the Sunday, as you hoped; greatly to our solacement, and to our Mother's, to whom this like the others was without delay transmitted.

<sup>1</sup> Part of this letter is in Froude's *Life*, ii. 369-371.

. . . I reckoned favourably of your company, from the little glimpses you gave us into it: there is, to all appearance, goodness enough in it to ensure moderate peace, and let the diverse elements there brought together work with moderate harmony. Discords too will come, discords are nowhere wanting and can be nowhere wanting in this Earth; but these, as you know, are properly but "*unregulated* concords," and I think will prove no deeper or greater than are essential for the music. You are all kindly people, trustful and deserving trust; of few travelling or resting Parties can so much be said. As for you, continue to remember always that even in *regulating* those same "unregulated concords" does, in all situations, the wise man's task and happiness lie.

With regard to Craigenputtock and ourselves there has nothing of the smallest moment happened since you heard last: no news either here or at Scotsbrig; which means at least no bad news. We have had visitors enough; too many sometimes. On that Wednesday night before you left London, William Graham<sup>1</sup> made his appearance; the white horse glimmered on me through the trees as I stood pruning among them, and next moment the honest man and I were exchanging our somewhat boisterous salutations. He staid till Friday, amid rather bad weather, and rather wearisome conversation (for he has become altogether *rustic* in his

<sup>1</sup> "Who might in his way be called a friend, . . . so long as his life lasted."—See *Reminiscences*, ii. 78-84.

ideas), yet with much honest feeling on all sides; and then on Friday, he and I rode over together to Templand, and spent the night (tolerably enough) there; and parted next day at Auldgarth. . . . Some days after this Jane went off with her Mother and Helen<sup>1</sup> to Moffat, leaving me here in perhaps the most perfect seclusion any European man was suffering or enjoying. I made a point not to be *idle*; and spent those ten days better than I have done many: was glad enough nevertheless to seek my little companion home again from Templand; who for her share seemed no less glad to get back to me. Moffat was "detestable" enough: she had found the Andersons there, however, and could report handsomely of them. . . . The next visitor we got was poor Glen's Brother Archy; one night late, his rap sounded strange through the house; he had come to Dunscore by the Glasgow Coach. A most amiable, sensible creature we found him, one of the best youths I have seen for long. What a blessing, in the mournful state of his household, now all resting on his shoulders alone. We talked greatly about his poor Brother; strove to sift out his true position in *all* respects; in conclusion we came upon this project: to have Glen boarded and lodged with Peter Austin . . .; we shall then have the poor fellow close by, can endeavour to put him on some employment and amusement, and *try* if any influence of ours can assist

<sup>1</sup> Her cousin, from Liverpool.



him. . . . If he come here I will set him to read Homer with me, or something of that kind, and see him as often as I can.<sup>1</sup> Alas, what wreck of young hopes there is in this Earth! Archy Glen was not gone, with his sad errand when, with a whole bevy of biped and quadruped attendants, arrived William Gray and Wife. A couple not very unlike the Badamses. . . .

If you ask now, What in suffering and witnessing all these little matters I have performed and accomplished for myself? the answer might look rather meagre. I have not yet put pen to paper. The *new chapter* of my History as yet lies all-too confused; I look round on innumerable fluctuating masses; can begin to build no edifice from them. However, my mind is not *empty*, which is the most intolerable state. I think occasionally with energy; I read a good deal; I wait, not without hope. What other can I do? Looking back over the last seven years, I wonder at myself; looking forward, were there not a fund of tragical Indifference in me, I could lose head. The economical outlook is so complex, the spiritual no less. Alas, the

<sup>1</sup> "Glen and I are nearly through the second Book [of Homer]. Nothing I have read for long years so interests and nourishes me: I am quite surprised at the interest I take in it. All the *Antiquity* I have ever known becomes *alive* in my head: there is a whole Gallery of Apelleses and Phidiases that I not only look upon but *make*. Never before had I any so distinct glimpse of antique Art; those Pompeii Engravings of yours, and all of the sort I have seen, first get their significance."—Letter to Dr. Carlyle, 25th February 1834.

*thing* I want to do is precisely the thing I cannot do. My mind would so fain deliver itself adequately of that "Divine Idea of the World"; and only in quite *inadequate* approximations is such deliverance possible. I want to write what Teufelsdröckh calls the story of the *Time-Hat*; to show forth to the men of these days that they also live in the Age of Miracle! We shall see. Meanwhile, one of the subjects that engages me most is the French Revolution, which indeed for us is still the subject of subjects. My chief errand to Paris were freer inquiry into this: one day, if this mood continue, I may have something of my own to say on it. But to stick nearer home: I have as good ~~as~~ engaged with myself not to go even to Scotsbrig till I have *written something*. With which view partly, on Saturday last, I determined on two things I could write about (there are twenty others, if one had any vehicle): the first a *History of the Diamond Necklace*; the next an *Essay on the St. Simonians*. I even wrote off to Cochrane, as diplomatically as I could, to ask whether they would suit him. Be his answer what it may, I think I shall fasten upon that *Necklace* business (to prove myself in the Narrative style), and commence it (sending for Books from Edinburgh) in some few days. At this then you can figure me as occupied. For the rest, I have Books enough: your great Parcel came about a fortnight ago; some of the Scotsbrig volumes a little crushed on the back; otherwise uninjured: I sent these latter

forward to their place; and have already read what Mill sent for me. Finally, yesterday, no further gone, I drove over to Barjarg<sup>1</sup> (in the middle of thick small rain) to get the *Keys of the Barjarg Library*; which accordingly, after negotiation enough, I found most handsomely left for me by the Hunters; so that I could seize the Catalogue and some half-dozen volumes and hasten off with them, to return at discretion! It is really a very great favour; there are various important works there; reading which I am far better than at any University. For the first time in my life I have free access to some kind of Book-collection; I a Book-man. One way and other, we look forward to a cheerfullish kind of winter here.

. . . Your sister-in-law seems to me and to herself very considerably improved since you first prescribed for her; Moffat did her considerable mischief; nevertheless she is getting into heart again, into good looks, and anticipates the winter with more spirit than usual. She gives me a little tune or two many a night; and so we sit as still as we can. . . .

Mill tells us in person that he is going to Paris and cannot see us this year. . . . I set him on investigating Paris for us; will probably write him again, for books to be bought, before he go. I find Mill one of the purest, worthiest men of this country; but, as you say,

<sup>1</sup> About eight miles from Craigenputtock, where was, and still is, a fine library which the owner, Mr. Hunter Arundell, had kindly placed (in September 1833) at Carlyle's service.

much too exclusively *logical*. I think he will mend: but his character is naturally not *large*, rather high and solid.

. . . I will try for Fea's *Winckelmann* this week at Edinburgh; yet with no great hope of getting it: the only representative I found of the work last winter was a poor French one with few plates or perhaps none. For you it is naturally the most appropriate study of all; there where you sit in the very scene of it. Study to profit by your place whatever be the produce of it, all places (even Craigenputtock) produce something. I wish I might get *Fea*, for then I should read it with you: I almost need company to carry me through it. In my own heterodox heart there is yearly growing up the strangest crabbed one-sided persuasion, that all Art is but a reminiscence now, that for us in these days *Prophecy* (well understood) not Poetry is the thing wanted; how can we *sing* and *paint* when we do not yet *believe* and *see*? There is some considerable truth in this; how much I have not yet fixed. Now what under such point of view is all existing Art and study of Art? What was the great Goethe himself? The greatest of contemporary men; who however is not to have any follower, and should not have any.

In the *Conversations Lexikon* I find sundry curious things; but sadly huddled together, in the way carriers *pack*, to take up least room: there is a notice about me, almost every word of which is more or less wrong. . . .



I asked Jane whether she had anything to say : she " would read the Letter and then see." I leave the margins ; and will not yet (till bedtime) take final farewell.—Ever yours,  
T. C.

When you write tell us the biographic doings of your travelling party ; dramatically, especially, lyrically. Little touches in all these kinds will bring us far nearer you than all " general views " could. Explain all with copiousness, frankness. Above all be autobiographic as you see I am. Jane says there is nothing that *can* be added to this so minute Letter ; nothing but her sisterly love ! . . .

CIX.—To Dr. CARLYLE, Rome.<sup>1</sup>

CRAIGENPUTTOCK, 21st January 1834.

MY DEAR BROTHER — It is exactly four weeks since I wrote to you ; and three since I received your last Letter : perhaps it had been more in the order of time to wait till next Tuesday ;<sup>2</sup> but as I may be busier then, and had rather be too soon than too late, I set about it now while nothing hinders me. As I conjecture, there are few occurrences in your Roman month that bring more pleasure than news from home : let me be careful then to furnish you as regularly as I can.

On Wednesday gone a fortnight (two weeks

<sup>1</sup> Part of this letter is in Froude's *Life*, ii. 391, 408.

<sup>2</sup> *i.e.* In time for Wednesday, the market day at Dumfries, when there were opportunities of sending and receiving letters.

since, all but a day) I drove down to Dumfries, by appointment, to fetch up our Mother. . . . Jamie's marriage is still understood to be fixed upon. . . . He presses my Mother to retain the two upper rooms at Scotsbrig, and live if not with him, yet under the same roof with him. An arrangement which none of us approves of, except perhaps as a *bad best*. A month or two must now decide. Our Mother says, she knows *who* will provide her a home while she shall need one; and so remains quite quiet and patient. I spoke of building her a house here; and she was gratified at the offer: but my own uncertainty of continuance, the foreign neighbourhood, and its loneliness and dulness, render this a hazardous speculation. We shall struggle to do the best possible. . . .

Glen is just gone to Peter Austin's since I began this paragraph; Jane accompanying him. We were to have both gone down with him last night, and (with Tea) warmed the house for him: but it was a deluge of rain, and none of us stirred out. Archy Glen has sent down a carpet and bed-mattress, with various *electeras*; and now it is really quite a respectable little apartment; where the poor fellow may wait what Providence has decided for him. We can yet form no *fixed* prophecy about him; our experience of such things is so limited. He has two states: one a most quiet, almost languid state, like a kind of collapse; with an appearance of consciousness that delusion is in him, an apprehension to commit himself by

speaking ; his answers are perfectly sane, even judicious and intelligent ; but he originates nothing, or next to nothing ; sits silent or reads in an inattentive wandering manner. His second state is one of much more energy, when his crotchets get the force of beliefs in him ; and he will utter, and even maintain them, though with a singular tolerance of contradiction, and with *arguments* of such a sort for feebleness as you never heard man utter. Mostly however, with me, even in these states, he draws back again ; says he cannot discuss such things at present till he "get sentence." These varieties I have found depend altogether almost on the *state of the digestive organs*. It is here that you could be of the best service ; but I with my utmost care can do too little. . . .

But now, my dear Brother, I have a very mournful piece of news for you ; though hardly an unexpected one. On Saturday came a Letter from Tom Holcroft ; wherein quite incidentally, as if speaking of a thing known, he mentions that poor Badams died in September ! How this affected and affects me you may figure. A deep Tragedy, transacted before one's eyes, you might say in one's very household circle ; for Badams was among the men I loved most in the world. Poor fellow ! With such endowments too, with such worth ; but the spirit of the world, its distractions and its persecutions were too hard for him. . . . It is all over now. I have written to Holcroft to tell me at least where he lies buried ; whether

his Father and Mother still live. Jane speaks of trying if a Letter will find Bessy Barnet<sup>1</sup> (whom we love for his sake and her own), and whether, if she stand desolate and destitute, she could not in some way be attached to us. . . .

Environed as I have been ever since you last heard of me, I could naturally do no work, only wait for a better time. The house within this half hour is clear for the first time these five weeks. . . .

James Fraser writes me that *Teufelsdröckh* meets with the most unqualified disapproval; which is all extremely proper. His payment arrives, which is still more proper. On the whole, dear Jack, it is a contending world, and he that is born into it must fight for his place or lose it. If we are under the *right flag*, let the world do its worst, and heartily welcome! I will now go and walk till Dinner, the weather is not fair, is not absolutely wet.—God bless thee, dear Brother! *Auf ewig.*

T. CARLYLE.

. . . I did drink your health, though not on New Year's Day (for that was the day I went for my Mother, and so *got* no dinner); but next day here, mindful of my duty. Have you begun to any study of Artistics? Or do you find it a pursuit too unproductive for you? My own impression is that the Cant in it is great; but also that there

<sup>1</sup> See *Reminiscences*, ii. 146.



is a Reality in it, though of smaller magnitude.<sup>1</sup> . . .

Jane sends this message, when I ask if she has aught to say : " My kindest affection to him ; that I have a headache, and that everything is said."—What trust can you put in woman ? She engaged to write, and see !—I go to Glen's to-night yet and smoke a pipe with him. He was *very wae*.—Adieu ! I do end here.

CX.—To Mrs. AITKEN,<sup>2</sup> Dumfries.

CRAIGENPUTTOCK, 18th February 1834.

MY DEAR JEAN—I will with great pleasure lend you any Book I have ; on one condition, which I doubt not you would prescribe to yourselves, that they be kept free from dirt and damage. Nothing is more gratifying than to afford so useful an accommodation so easily, to any one that will employ it ; much more to a Brother and a Sister. On the other hand few things vex a methodical character more than thumb-marks when the volume returns : spot of grease, above all, seems to deserve death without benefit of clergy !

I have sent you to-day : *Holcroft's Memoirs*, 3 vols. ; Mackintosh's *England*, 1 vol. ; *Mar-maduke Maxwell*, 1 vol. ; *Young* (for Sundays too), 1 vol. ; Two Magazines : of the latter

<sup>1</sup> Cf. remarks on the modern gospel of Art, in the *Life of Sterling*, p. 213.

<sup>2</sup> His sister Jean, married, in November 1833, to Mr. James Aitken of Dumfries.

kind there are whole barrowfuls here ; but it may be questioned whether they will profit you much. — When you want more, let me know. On the whole I am very glad that you and James take to reading in leisure hours : leisure, of which every mortal has some, cannot in any other way that I know of be so profitably employed. If one *do* not read, wherefore *can* he read ?

We are going on here in the common way ; nothing new except the favourable change of the weather. I have many Books about me, many Thoughts in me : if not *happy*, may hope to grow *happier*.<sup>1</sup>

If Alick come to-morrow, you can give him that Letterkin ; if not, you can commit it to the Lockerbie Carrier (whose name I forget), or to any other conveyance you think better.

Mary tells me our Mother is well ; but there seems to be no kind of settlement made yet, or capable of being made, which I regret, but do not yet see means of mending.

I know not exactly when I shall be down ; but probably it will not be very long.—Commend me to James.—I am, ever your Brother,

T. CARLYLE.

CXI.—To Mrs. AITKEN, Dumfries.

CRAIGENPUTTOCK, 25th February 1834.

. . . I have a piece of news that will surprise you, and not so agreeably. Nay perhaps you

<sup>1</sup> Jeffrey's occasional form of salutation was, "Are you happy?"—M. C.

have it already (if M'Diarmid<sup>1</sup> have put in the Advertisement, that our House is to let), and are already surprised at it. We are speaking quite seriously and practically about setting off for London at Whitsunday! I did not mention it to Alick last Wednesday; because it was not till last Thursday that we started it ourselves. As yet none knows of it but our two selves,—and M'Diarmid, who has if not inserted, got orders to insert the Advertisement. We have long had it in the wind; we are quite buried alive here, and must try to rise of ourselves. Tell nobody of it (at least not Rob<sup>2</sup>) unless the Newspaper have already made it public.—Unless there come something in the Letter way to-morrow I think I must go down about Friday or Saturday and tell our Mother. You shall see me by the road, and hear all about it. God bless you, dear Sister! Commend me to the Goodman.—Ever yours,

T. C.

CXII.—To Dr. CARLYLE, Rome.

CRAIGENPUTTOCK, 27th March 1834.

MY DEAR BROTHER—There is no bigger sheet in the house, except monstrosities of scrolling-sheets, and to procure another, as you know, will detain us some two weeks. My hand shall be cabin'd, crib'd, confin'd to the very uttermost: you shall have my news, and my blessing with them, still. We had a kind of

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, p. 146 n.

<sup>2</sup> Probably the man who brought the letter.

hope of hearing from you yesterday, which was Wednesday ; but it yielded nothing ; so, as we are for Thornhill to-morrow, I will not wait another week. My last despatch to you was dated some four, or more likely five weeks ago ; either of which is far enough back. . . . Time passes here in so noiseless, unproductive a way, one has no natural feeling of its course ; each day being the express image of last (and most of them, like Macadam's Dutch crockery-image, "clean toom"<sup>1</sup>), you are apt to lump large masses of them together, and wonder how they went.— For me, if you received my last Letter, there will be nothing of great moment to add to it : wherefore, as I have been at Scotsbrig since, I will begin with that. It was yesterday gone three weeks that I yoked my *clatch* again, after waiting out all the winter deluges, and looked abroad again into the living world, not without a kind of gladness and almost surprise to find that there still was a living world. At Dumfries whole bags of letters lay waiting me : about our London Expedition from Mrs. Austin and Mill, about the finer sensibilities of the heart from Mrs. Montagu ; an inarticulate shriek from poor Mrs. Badams, as late announcement of her loss, long rambling speculations on the same sad subject from Tom Holcroft, whereby *nothing* I think was learned except that the mortal body of our poor Friend lay in Paddington Churchyard, and that while alive he had been wont to step over from Bartlett's Buildings and drink in

<sup>1</sup> Altogether empty.



Fearon's shop some large measure of brandy every day : alas, the whole of it is a Tragedy all too heart-oppressing ; such as has often been, such as we also were appointed to witness ! Hastily glancing over these Documents, and hastily despatching them home, I dined on " three light-boiled eggs with salt " (a favourite travelling dinner of mine) at Jean's, whom I found well and doing well ; and again taking the road was at Alick's about sunset. He was mending a stone-dyke near yon old ruinous mill of his, and the " Brig of Danger " ; he joyfully answered my hail, led me over, and up the brae, to a clean house, two clean rosy children, and a blazing coal fire.

I learned from him the particulars of an occurrence I had been apprised of quite unexpectedly at Dumfries by a funeral-letter : the death of our poor old Aunt Fanny.<sup>1</sup> She had been buried the day before. The end of her Life was like the course of it ; resolute, indomitable : and as soft almost as the falling asleep of a tired labourer, his day's work being done. She was out (among the cows, overseeing something done to them), though weak as weak could be, the very day before : that night (or rather next morning) about two o'clock, she bade Will, who was watching with her, go to bed and leave her, for he was nothing but disturbing her ; Will obeyed, but rose again about four, and went to look : his Mother had been up, had lighted her pipe, had smoked it, and

<sup>1</sup> His father's eldest sister. — See *Reminiscences*, i. 32.

laid it, with the candle first carefully extinguished, on the back-bar of the bed ; and fallen asleep—to awake no more ! She was the last of a race : one generation we have seen pass away ; we ourselves are the next, also rapidly passing. . . .

But to collect my scattered threads and go on knitting : you are to fancy that Alick has rolled me down, like Jehu, with lamps burning, to the astonishment of the country, and the joyful surprise of Scotsbrig, part of which was even to bed. Our Mother came rushing out of Mary's : one thinks of all these things with joy yet with sadness. Of *all* things there are only *so many times* ; one time is the last.

Various plans were agitated for our Mother's Whitsunday settlement, with much vague speculation, out of which it was not easy to frame any practical result. All things that could be thought of offered objections : it was only a choice of the bad best. Our Mother herself was quiet, yet sad as was natural, and recoiled from the prospect of change, which nevertheless by the adventurousness of the younger ones had become inevitable. . . . It was judged better, since both Jamie and she so objected to a change, that she for this year should continue under the Scotsbrig roof, occupying the two upstairs rooms as her own house, with Jenny, who, however, meant to pass most of the summer in Dumfries, improving herself in sewing and the like. . . . Poor Mother ! I was very sad to see all the old scaffolding of her life falling asunder about her ; and I doubt not, all of us very heartily vowed

that nothing we could do should be wanting to repair what she loses. . . . Our departure for London naturally grieved her much, but she bears up as well as possible; admits willingly that we are doing no good here, and *must* go. I drove her up to Catlinns that morning I returned; and left her there; Alick escorting me with his "black mare" through Lochmaben, when again the "must" interfered, and we went thoughtfully each his way.

This then is the Scotsbrig business, which mainly concerned us at present. With our Craigenputtock doings I must be much briefer. The house has been twice advertised to let; but no tenant offers, or indeed is rightly expected: Mrs. Austin writes in the most cheerful way about undertaking to get us a house. . . . We have further determined now *not* to "burn our ships," in the way of sale by auction which would involve us in much trouble with uncertain issue, but to use them in the way at worst "of firewood," laid up here, or sold as chance opportunities may occur.<sup>1</sup> The disposal of the House and *etceteras* lies still dubious; but perhaps something *may* be made of it. Let me mention too, that we heard last night, for the second time, from Bessy Barnet: she is with the old Badamses at Warwick; will go and serve us anywhere under the heavenly sun; "wages are the last of her thoughts," kindness and to be with those she likes are

<sup>1</sup> The kitchen table of the Carlyles still stands in its place at Craigenputtock.—M. C.

the whole matter. Poor Bëssy! So you see we are provided with a servant, on whose fidelity at least we can rely. As to London generally, my thoughts are of the dimmest, earnest, huge character. To go thither seems inevitable, palpably necessary; yet, contrasted with these six years of rockbound seclusion, seems almost like a rising from the grave. Like an issuing from the Bastille at least: and then the question is, Whether we shall not, like that old man, request with tears to be *taken back*! On the whole, I hope; and my little Dame (whom I often call 'Spairkin, Despairkin) declares naively that "she is not a coward for all that she is desperate." Forward then and try! As to "fame" and all that, I can honestly say I regard it *not*: my wish and hope is that I may live not dishonestly, nor in vain; and it is my confidence too. Soon, soon does a high Eternity swallow up *all* the littleness of Time, were it joyful, were it painful. Curiously enough, the Rhetoric Chair at Edinburgh, just about this time, has fallen vacant: but I make no whisper of pretention to it; Jeffrey as good as assured me *he* could do nothing for me, beforehand, and we hear and shall likely hear nothing further from him. They will give it to Thomas Campbell, or let it lie vacant: at bottom, I believe this better for me. And so I go on reading and studying here, and for exercise digging up and trimming the garden flower-borders, though I shall not see them blow. Glen, whom, in spite of all



contradictory appearances, I consider as improving, looks at *Homer* nightly with me; we are nearly through the Fourth Book, and my delight is still great. Glen is very perfunctory in his scholarship, vague and inaccurate here as in all things; knows much Greek, but knows it very ill. I have got Heyne's *Homer* now and Voss's Translation, etc., and really make something of the business, or try to do it. Voss's is the best translation I ever in my life looked into: it is poetical even, yet *closer* than Clarke's school one. I have also a heap of *Annual Registers* (very interesting) from Liverpool, and abundance of Books from Barjarg.—O this dirty little sheet! It has quite lamed my fingers, writing so small; and lamed my *thought* too: besides I have been interrupted by a woodman coming to clear and prune the woods. Next time better! God bless you, dear Brother! Farewell, and love me, and come safe back to me!

T. CARLYLE.

. . . . .

CXIII.—To Mr. HENRY INGLIS, Edinburgh.

CRAIGENPUTTOCK, 28th April 1834.

MY DEAR SIR—Your Books return to you to-day, which have lain here finished these two weeks, waiting for an opportunity that seemed safe. I hope you will receive them uninjured; you certainly receive them with many just thanks, for they were most kindly sent, as many others have been, and afforded me great

entertainment, as well as a fair modicum of profit too. *Heyne* is a huge quarry ; in which, however, though under chaotic quarry-like arrangement, all manner of needful materials lie : I have dug hither and thither through him, and found several things. *Blackwell*<sup>1</sup> one may call a *flare* of trumpet-music, in the bravura style too common in his time and since ; sweet enough, but meaningless, or nearly so. The best of all, to his bulk, is *Payne Knight*,<sup>2</sup> a sound, methodical, compact man, worthy of all acceptation. Let me add only of the brave *Voss*, that if you at any time want a Translation of *Homer*, you will find Voss's not only the best of that old Singer, but perhaps the best ever executed of any Singer, under such circumstances ; a really effectual work, which one rejoices to look into, true, genuine to the heart in every line. And so here ends for the present my intercourse with *Homer* : I have read several Books of his Rhapsody as with spectacles, and diligently surveyed all the rest ; and leave it with increased knowledge, and love it better than any other Book, I think, except the Bible alone. It is not the richest intrinsically perhaps, but the richest-oldest, and stands in such an environment as no other.

Here, too, I believe, my kind Friend, ends your Book-dealings with Craigenputtock, for

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Thomas Blackwell's *Enquiry into the Life and Writings of Homer*, published in 1735, is now seldom read. Bentley said, he forgot it before he finished reading it.

<sup>2</sup> *Prolegomena in Homerum*, 1820.

all things have an end ! Never more, it is like, will you send me Books hither ; this scene of your activity terminates now, and truly, in retiring, you have a right to say *Plaudite*, or rather *Plaude*, for it is I that am interested in it, which, thinking of all your attentiveness, I can well assure you that I heartily do. Probably the Newspaper I sent last might indicate to you that we were bound for London. It is even so : we go there at Whitsunday ; to what fates the Upper Powers have provided us, for hitherto it is as dark and vague as you could fancy. One must take the flood, and swim in it with a stout heart and an open eye. The whole aspect of Existence has long ceased to give me any transcendent terror ; I know it of old to be hollowness and foam and theatrical sham, yet with an Eternity lying beyond it, looking through it, *which is true*. Considering all this, what manner of men ought ye to be, —whether your forks be of silver, or ye have no forks at all ? The life of an Author, which is now mine without remedy, is externally, and too often internally, among the most difficult and painfulest given to man ; nevertheless, to this also, with all its heights and depths, one must address himself : pray for me only, That I do not become a Scoundrel ;—in the highest garret, I have no other prayer.

Our address, I imagine, will be 4 Holland Street, Kensington ; but till after to-morrow this is not *quite* certain : however, I will take care to send you some token : some special

*written* notice, if we are *not* to anchor there. A Dumfries Newspaper or some such thing may serve to affirm, if that is all that is wanted; for I am like to be very much hurried. We count too that we shall see you from time to time; oftener there than we should do here. I would not have you forget me: when I look up towards Edinburgh now, there is almost nothing else that it gives me much pain to part from. My much-respected Motherland has given me much, much of priceless value, but of men that I love, no great overplus.

And now, my Friend, quitting your end of the Island, my last and continued advice is, Stand by the Truth, though the Arch-Devil hindered you! A man has no other footing in this world, but what is mere pasteboard, which vanishing in reek, *he* sinks to endless depths. Another precept, which perhaps I myself need more than you, is, Not to hate, only to pity and avoid those that follow Lies. Patience! Patience! whosoever is not against us is for us. The noisiest of Gigmens, is not his Gig-spring *already* breaking? Alas! it inevitably breaks; and he—whither goes he? Out of thy way at anyrate. And so,

Jog on, jog on the footpath way,  
And *merrily* hent the stile-a;  
A merry heart goes all the day,  
Your sad one tires in a mile-a.

You see in what a state my Pen is; otherwise I had much more of this sort to dilate on. Better as it is!



Did I tell you that your friend Teufelsdröckh is publishing his lucubrations in a London Magazine? The Public seems to receive him with fixed ——.<sup>1</sup> Little wonder! I hope to forward you a complete copy, so soon as the business is done; perhaps some two months hence. . . .

With friendliest wishes and hopes, I bid you farewell. May God bless you always!

T. CARLYLE.

CXIV.—To his WIFE, Craigenputtock.

4 AMPTON STREET, GRAY'S INN ROAD,  
LONDON, 17<sup>th</sup> May 1834.

DEAREST HEART—Here am I once more seated on the sofa, by this old rickety table, where you have so often sat looking over on me: I have had my frank since yesterday, with Sister Jean's address on it, who will not let the sheet loiter in Dumfries; I give you the top of the morning, and will write down my whole confused experiences for you with as little confusion as I yet can. What a time it seems since we were parted, though by the calendar it counts only some nine days! Oh, my Love, if I were to write all the loving things I have thought of thee, whole quires would not hold it. Blessed be the Heavens, I have thee to wife; my own, while existence is granted us; we are not yet parted forever, but only, by God's grace, for some few days longer. As I have quantities of the most perplexed

<sup>1</sup> Word illegible.

matters to write of, and all things yet stand at sixes and sevens with me, I will take the old-established order of time, and endeavour to sketch you the whole of it that seems sketchable.

You remember the Friday, what a bright day it was. . . . Fancy that I spent the day, as one might in a Solway steamboat of but moderate arrangements (for having declined Dinner at two o'clock, there was *nothing* afterwards to be had but the miserablest Tea, at seven: this I mention for your own guidance); that as the Night sank, the gleam of Liverpool arose far over the waters, and the red Light of "The Rock," and other Lights floating and fixed, amid which steering with address, yet not without bellowings and swearings, we came rushing up to the Clarence Dock about two in the morning, and were informed we could not enter, but might land over planks. . . .

But figure me now mounted at noontide of Monday, on your old *Umpire* Coach (for it has changed its hour), and bowling off towards London at one stretch. Figure us rushing down the steep street of Lichfield, and along my old familiar ways in Warwickshire about midnight; and the dirtiest little chill drizzle beginning, from which on the Coach-box with the breeze on the right cheek I had no means of guarding myself; though your Uncle, good man, had a bran-new umbrella waiting for me at the Liverpool starting-place, having failed to get back my own from Porcus M'Minn, who had staggered off with it the night before.

Alas, the drizzle continued, and became a rain, and I sat nodding there, and starting awake again at the threshold of most comfortless sleep, till about eight in the morning three cups of scalding coffee brought some motion back into my fingers. Particulars to be *often* recapitulated when we sit by the fire together! Not till two o'clock did I see the huge monstrosity of a London, through the Arch at Holloway, again amid rain, and enter it with a kind of defiance. In few minutes, from "the Angel of Islington," I was here, and the glad Mrs. Page recognising me, and the whole house welcoming me, safe so far from my perils. Our old rooms had been vacant for about a week. . . . All hands here express the truest joy at hope of seeing you again. . . . I feel comparatively at home; and so, in respect of lodgings am as fortunate as you could wish.

That same Tuesday evening I strode off to Bayswater, and was welcomed<sup>1</sup> (what think you of that?) with a most graceful little kiss. Alas! in the course of five minutes' speech, I learned that my whole hurry had been useless, that I might have staid with you perfectly as well; that our whole Scotch notion of London houseletting was erroneous from top to bottom. Heard poor man, heard poor wife ever anything so provoking? Whitsunday is no day at all in London:<sup>2</sup> they have four term-days in the year. . . . But now in Kensington Gardens (no delved garden, but the beautifullest im-

<sup>1</sup> By Mrs. Austin.

<sup>2</sup> For the renting of houses.

ments of a Park, with water-pieces and grass-pieces, and sky-high clumps of frondent beeches, where you shall often walk), there starts from a side-seat a black figure, and clutches my hand in both his: it is poor Edward Irving!<sup>1</sup> O what a feeling! The poor friend looks like death rather than life; pale and yet flushed, a flaccid, boiled appearance; and one short peal of his old Annandale laugh went through me with the wofullest tone. . . .

[Wednesday was spent in house-hunting without result.] Next morning, or Thursday, . . . I soon got out with Hunt in wide quest of houses. Chelsea lies low close by the side of the river; has an ancient, here and there dilapidated look; the houses apparently a tenth cheaper; some market articles, especially coals, said likewise to be cheaper. I liked it little. . . .

Hunt gave me dinner, a pipe even and glass of ale; was the blithest, helpfulest, most loquacious of men; yet his talk only fatigued me mostly; there was much, much of it; full of airiness indeed, yet with little but scepticising quibbles, crotchets, fancies, and even Cockney wit, which I was all too earnest to relish. He sent his kind regards to Craigenputtock, and left me on my way to Edwardes Square. . . . Next morning, Friday, I set out westward, and took Buller by the way [house-hunting again, again without success]. . . . Mill did not come till nine o'clock, and then with a strange gaunt-

<sup>1</sup> See *Reminiscences*, ii. 212, for a fuller account of this accidental meeting.



looking "disciple," and so all three sat talking till near one o'clock.

You have thus, dear Wife, my whole history since we parted. Was ever anything more confused? . . .

Thus, dear Goodykin, have I filled you two of the longest sheets you ever read. Dinner is just here, and I dare not begin another. O my wee Wifiekin, how art thou, in these tumults? Alick promised me that he would as far as man could take the burden off you, screen from all toils, of which in spite of him enough would reach you. Take care, take every care. Tell Alick that if he send thee well to me, I will never forget him,—as indeed I never will any way. And now do you ever think of me? Not you, you little wretch! But oh me, I am too serious for jesting; yet not sad. I feel very fearless in this business; "though desperate not cowardly." Be of good cheer; it is for my Dearest's good too. And so God bless and keep thee!

T. CARLYLE.

CXV.—To his MOTHER, Scotsbrig.

4 AMPTON STREET, GRAY'S INN ROAD,  
LONDON, 17th May (*Saturday*) [1834].

MY DEAR MOTHER—I am arrived safely here, and living in my old quarters. I got in on Tuesday, having suffered no damage; had good weather all the way, but the last twelve hours, when it rained, but could not wet me. I have great cause of thankfulness: friends are

all kind to me ; I seem to meet nothing but friends.

. . . Many times, my dear Mother, has your image come over me ; but I let it not be with sadness. Nay, what will you think if I often hummed "Fairest Phillis"<sup>1</sup> on the coach-roof, and actually, when I first saw the great, smoky, immeasurable London, sung to myself with a kind of real defiance, and the right tune, "There's seven foresters in yon forest, and them I want to *see* !"

You shall have plenty of news from me were we settled, a frank every two or at furthest every three weeks ; the newspaper weekly : and remember I am very punctual.

Finally, my dear Mother, commit me in your prayers to God, by whose will I desire to live and to die. With whom are we not all present ?

My health is good, rather better even.—You must learn to *write* ; you must *try* to write, let me rather say, and you can already do it.—There is no fair chance here for *reading* : but I will write plainer the next time. . . .

Send me a Newspaper directed hither. May

<sup>1</sup> Carlyle would sometimes, in his late years, repeat this old song, the first and last verses of which are :—

"Haste, haste, fairest Phillis,  
To the greenwood let's away,  
To pull the pale primrose :  
'Tis the first of the May.

"Then all you pretty, fair maids,  
To the greenwood do not go,  
Till the Priest joins your hands,  
Let your answer be No."—M. C.

God's blessing be with you, my dear Mother,  
and with you all!—Ever your affectionate,

T. CARLYLE.

You shall very soon hear more of me.

CXVI.—To Dr. CARLYLE, Naples.

4 AMPTON STREET, GRAY'S INN ROAD,  
LONDON, 18th May 1834.

MY DEAR BROTHER—Doubtless you are thinking long to hear from me, as I have done these two weeks to write to you. I pitied but could not help you. I hope you yourself have *Heiterkeit*, and do not torment your mind with vain fears on our account. Be of good cheer: all is well with us. Here also, at length, is another broad and long sheet of that "foreign Post" of theirs, with pen and ink, and the length of a whole still Sunday before me: to have a table that would *stand* on its feet were another completion of comfort; which, however, for the present, I must dispense with. My brave true-hearted Jack shall hear to all lengths how it goes with us.

Your last Letter but one arrived only a day after my last was despatched. The last was found lying at Dumfries now nearly a fortnight ago; and in the very best time; for our dear Mother was beginning to call exceedingly often at the Post-office, and no reasoning could have saved her from considerable anxiety, had it lasted long. She had been at Craigenputtock, for a fortnight, on her "*last* visit" there. I took her down on the Friday as far as Alick's,

who would not let us go farther ; then next day forward to Annan to show her Mary, who had actually removed thither into a temporary house a week before ; from which, the same evening, up to Scotsbrig. Passing through Ecclefechan we "called,"<sup>1</sup> as usual ; but poor Postie had nothing for us. However, on the Monday following, as I returned through Dumfries, there lay, in very deed, the long, most kind, most brotherly letter ; which I could read to Jean on the spot, and send our Mother hint of by a Newspaper, with hope of seeing *itself* in the course of that week. Jean went on with me to Puttock, and staid there talking and sewing shirts, till the Thursday when I was to bring her so far down on my road—to London. For you must know, our Holland Street, and all other Austinian house-speculations had, after the most provoking vicissitudes of hope and even of assurance, come suddenly to nought ; whereby, as Whitsunday was so near, it became for us self-evident that I must off in person to do the work, lest it altogether miswent for year and day. Poor Jane was to be left with the Furniture herself ; Alick undertook to come for a week and take the burden off her, which I believe he is now at Craigenputtock struggling with his best effort to do. And so I, wetted with poor Mrs. Welsh's tears (whom Jane seemed anxious to see *done* with her visit, as she then nearly was), lumbered off in my *Clatch*, in rainy weather, to seek new habitations.

<sup>1</sup> *i.e.* At the post-office for letters.



Alas, five minutes after arriving here, I found that my whole hurry had been superfluous ; that Whitsunday is no day at all in London,<sup>1</sup> or this very *Sunday* ; and houses are to be had at any season, and most plentifully of all some two weeks hence ! However, intrinsically there is little ill done : I shall have a House *ready*, I hope, for the poor tired Wife, and as our Goods, having a quick path all marked out for them, will not linger, we shall all the sooner have it over. Let me first, meanwhile, wind up Scottish matters ; then tell you, as far as I can, what London has brought forth.

With regard to our dear Mother, I bid you comfort yourself with the assurance, then, that she is really moderately well ; better, I can say, than you are likely to fancy her. . . . She adjusts herself with the old heroism to new circumstances ; agrees that I *must* come hither, parts from me with the stillest face, more touching than if it had been all beteared. I said to Alick, as we drove up the Purdamstown brae<sup>2</sup> that morning that I thought if I had had all the Mothers I ever saw to choose from I would have chosen my own. She is to have Harry, and can ride very well on him ; will go down awhile to sea-bathing at Mary's ; up to Dumfries ; to Catlinns ; and spend the summer tolerably enough. For winter I left her the task of spinning me a plaid dressing-gown, with which if she get too soon done, she may spin another for you. She has Books ; above all,

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, p. 397.

<sup>2</sup> Close to Scotsbrig.

her *Book*: she trusts in God, and "shall not be put to shame." I am to write once in the three weeks; you also are pressingly charged to keep writing; your Letters to me I shall get forwarded in Franks. I told her, there would be railways too (which is a fact) which, in few years, would bring us to Liverpool in ten hours. If I once again saw you safe here, in September come a year, we would come home together, and once again provide her with some happy days.—To show you several things I will mention a fact: while at Craigenputtock, I made her train me to two song-tunes, and we often sang them together, and tried them often again in coming down to Annandale; nay, one of them, I actually found myself humming with a strange cheerfully-pathetic feeling when I first came in sight (through that Arch on the road) of huge smoky Babylon: "For there's *seven foresters in yon forest*, and them *I want to see*, see, and them, etc.!" I wrote her a little Note yesterday, and told her this.<sup>1</sup>—As for Jamie, you can fancy him providing for a love-marriage, which is to take place shortly. He is no ill-conditioned fellow; very far from it; and with a great natural talent, had he given it any culture. We will heartily wish him joy, and hope well of him.—Jean seems also to be doing very well, to be happy in Dumfries, interested in it, and able to give a good account of what she sees there. I think she loves her husband,

<sup>1</sup> A part of the preceding portion of this paragraph is in Froude's *Life*, ii. 416.

and will help him to be an honest man, which, with very good faculty in all ways, he is truly anxious to be. She wept at parting, when I had eaten my last Dumfries meal with them : I bade them ever remember that it was but a short, short time we had to be tumbled about here, and that all Eternity depended on our way of spending that. And so I left poor Jean ; *guter Hoffnung* (they say) in the German sense ; and I with good hope of her in the universal sense.—My good Alick stood waiting for me at the end of Shillahill Bridge with his black mare, thinking my horse would be weak. It is one of those apparitions I shall never forget. He whirled me, like an arrow, direct down to Highlaw, Breconhill, Ecclefechan, and Scotsbrig, through old scenes unvisited for years : we were within cry of Mainhill (for the new road now goes by the horse-loch almost) ; it stood there still, and we had never more aught to do with it. Alick still votes for Annan, and I fancy will probably accomplish it : he has gained hitherto at Catlinns ; but has no assurance that in a wet year he will not greatly lose : the proprietors also will not afford him the palpably needfulest encouragement ; he will do well to cast it from him.—At Annan, I told you, Mary already was : her husband has had constantly some work from the very first day, and shapes fairly for doing well enough. He is a blithe man, strong, steady. . . . Poor Mary had her two children as clean as new shillings, and the whole little

housekin swept and cleared, and the neatest breakfast laid out for us all that morning I went off. It had been appointed so: I went in the "new steamboat from Annan" (which is also to carry our Furniture); Alick and Jamie, with Ben Nelson, etc., were down with me at the shore; and before noon, at the Waterfoot I had waved my hat to my two Brothers, and gone on my way. — Of Jenny I think I told you all last time; I got her Chambers's two volumes of Songs bound into one, for a most acceptable parting-gift, and so left my little "Prudence." Your Iliad and Odyssey I also got bound then, and have appropriated them for the present. — Alas, how my Paper wanes! I must merely huddle up the rest. . . .

With respect to London, where we are now arrived,<sup>1</sup> I must spare you many details: understand in general that I walk myself daily into lameness and utter lassitude (taking all advantage of *omnibii* too) in search of houses, but still find none, or hardly any: see only that I shall find some. My present view is fixed on two points: one in Edwardes Square, a little quiet green place, far west in Kensington; the second, which as yet I like distinctly better, a detached new-[brick] cottage in Gloucester Terrace, Brompton; built on the very model of Craigenputtock, only wider, without adjoined kitchen (servant's-room being kitchen), and lower in the upper story; a

<sup>1</sup> *i.e.* After having described Liverpool, etc.



solid-looking, clean-yellow house, in the middle of a garden with an Omnibus road in front, and perhaps [half a] mile to Hyde Park: rent, I think, £40. That is my outlook to-morrow. Bayswater I like best of all, especially for the glorious Kensington Gardens; Chelsea is cheapest of all, but I like it not, and also shall be better not too near the Hunts, who overwhelm me with kindness, but will never do good with me. In Kensington or Brompton you are to figure me then; certainly almost, in some western suburb: Bessy Barnet is warned to be here in twelve days, when our Goods arrive; Jane follows instantly, and so with good heart we begin the world. As you must write to me *instantaneously*, it will be better to direct to [James] Fraser, 215 Regent Street: but I expect to hear of you before that also, by Scotsbrig. Our mother took lessons in writing from me; and really can write quite tolerably, though slowly.

In point of employment here I have yet made no accurate calculations: Literature seems *done*, or nearly so; all enterprises languish; Tait has given up his Magazine (or joined it with a certain *Johnstone's*); Cochrane,<sup>1</sup> who really proves no bad fellow, and received me very kindly, I suspect to be in lowest water for money, and not to occupy me mainly on *that* ground. *Fraser's Magazine* is here, and a lot of Books for you from Mrs. Badams: but the man<sup>2</sup> himself I have not seen. Nothing seems to thrive but Penny

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, p. 343 n.

<sup>2</sup> Fraser.

Journals: are we at the *End*, then? Meanwhile be gratified to know that these things and twenty times as many cannot dispirit me. I feel in general that I have wit enough in my head to live; and look upon many things with the cheerfulest "still defiance" I have known for long. A scoundrel, by God Almighty's grace, no man shall ever see me: the rest is leather and prunella. I find friends too, kind friends; will *survey* my element, will understand it, then see whether I can swim there. Here is a professed Teacher, there are innumerable Ignorants: doubtless there *is* a way of bringing them together. Rejoice also that whether by such walking or by the humour I am in, or by what, my health feels especially good since I arrived. Who knows but I shall one day be *healthy*! So Courage! *Andar con Dios!* . . .

T. CARLYLE.

CXVII.—To his WIFE, Liverpool.

AMPTON STREET, 30th May (Friday) 1834.

God be thanked, my own Dearest, here is word from you again! It is long since I have been so happy as when I found your Letter yesterday, as I came into dinner. The last one, which I had longed and languished four days for, left me in the absurd predicament of neither accurately knowing your motions, nor even understanding how to address a Letter to you. I had prepared a Frank for my mother at

Scotsbrig, as the only thing possible; but now that is superfluous for your part of it: you have done as I hoped and calculated you would do if it lay in your power; like a dear Child you are hastening to me; in few days I shall hold you in this bosom, and now once more "it is all right." Could I have spoken I would have said, Do not hasten if your health is to suffer, much as, on all accounts, I long to see you. However, you have heeded none of these hindrances: at this hour I fancy you on the Solway Brine, with one sure hope in your heart, all too overclouded otherwise. God bless you for it; and bring you safe to my heart! But O, my little Lassie, take care of yourself; rest, if rest be possible, when you get to land. I see not how I can forgive myself if you suffer mischief by haste to obey me. But we will hope and pray, it may still not be so. . . .

As to Craigenputtock, take my thanks for your cleverness, adroitness and despatch: I find all quite wonderfully well settled; there is hardly one thing I think of which I would have voted otherwise. . . . Is Chico<sup>1</sup> actually with you? Thou little fool! Yet dear even in thy follies. . . .

But the question is, When is my Goody coming? *When!* Warn me, my little Darling. If you go by Birmingham (which except for Bessy, quite easily managed otherwise, there is not the slightest *need* of your doing), your Uncle must choose you a good Coach *thither*; from Bir-

<sup>1</sup> The canary-bird.

mingham to London I believe they are all good. Would you not like to sleep? or do you feel as if you could not sleep? Decide thy own way, my pretty one. Only tell me pointedly which way you come, and at what hour: I would not miss you for a sovereign. You will jump out round my neck?—For shame! . . . O Dearest, Best, when *will* thou come?—Jeffrey is gone two days ago: I saw him *again*, at Mrs. Austin's, where he was taking leave. His manner to me tremulous and shy; mine kinder and graver than ever. Peace be with him!—By the bye it is reported here that his Majesty is gone mad; and the "present excellent Ministry" in this alarming state. *Eheu! Eheu!*—

Dearest, it is close on five! Thousand thanks for your kind sentiment of *staying at home*. That *is* it, my little brave one. We will be true to Heaven and one another, and fear *nothing*.—Now when will it be that I hear? Monday? Tuesday? God guide thee home to me, my Own! I fear I have forgotten many things; but the interruptions have been numerous; my hurry greater than I looked for.—Ever thy own, heart and soul,

T. CARLYLE.

My kindest regards to Uncle and Aunt and all in kind Maryland Street. Ask Helen to come and see us here: I did.— . . .



## CXVIII.—To his MOTHER, Scotsbrig.

5 GREAT CHEYNE ROW, CHELSEA, LONDON,  
*Thursday, 12th June 1834.*

MY DEAR MOTHER—I promised you that the first frank I filled from our new House should be for you; and here I am, in the middle of a most miscellaneous collection of operative men and women, accomplishing that promise. It is not only the first Letter I have written, but the first time I have put pen to paper. However, I have for the present (while the Bell-hangers are absent) a room to myself; I have my old *firm* writing-table, firm as a rock; my old inkbottle and penholder; and the quietest outlook, through an open window, into green fields and trees; I have even my old Highland bonnet on: so I will tell you the completest story I can, with moderate composure after all.

Jane gave me, in a Letter from Liverpool, a sad tale of your parting at Annan, and how you stood waving your handkerchief to her, in front of a great crowd of people, to make amends for your tears, and keep up her heart. All *that* is past, and too sad to dwell on. Carlyle of Waterbeck<sup>1</sup> was abundantly civil to the poor Traveller; as indeed all people had been and continued to be helpful and civil: so finally, on, I think, the Wednesday afternoon, as I returned to Frederick Street from Mrs. Austin's (where they had kept me to dinner), I was met by the *chirling* of a little Canary-bird (the same as

<sup>1</sup> A relation of the Carlyles.—M. C.

I hear even now, from the under-story), and in the next room, safe in bed, and already well-rested, lay my little Wife, "actually" engaged in drinking tea! She was well, she assured me, and all was well. Let us be thankful; and trust that the rest, too, will be well!

With our renewed house-huntings, and how we dashed up and down for three or four days, in all manner of conveyances, where such were to be had cheap, and on our legs where not,—I need not detain you here. We saw various Houses; but the Chelsea House (though our Dame did not think so at first, but thought and thinks *doubly* so afterwards) seemed nearly *twice* as good as any other we could get at the money: so on Saturday afternoon we finally fixed; and moved hither, according to appointment, on Tuesday forenoon. Bessy Barnet had joined us from Birmingham the night before; and we came all down in a Hackney Coach, loaded with luggage, and *Chico* (the Canary-bird) singing on Bessy's knee. Jane says the little atom put great heart into her frequently through the journey: *he* sang aloud, wherever he might be; praising, in his way, the Maker that gave him Life and Food and fine weather. How much more should we!

. . . The House, which we have now inhabited (in the *Gillha'*<sup>1</sup> style) for two days and nights, is certainly by many degrees the suitablest I could find far or near. . . . We lie safe down in a little bend of the river,

<sup>1</sup> *Make-shift.*

away from all the great roads ; have air and quiet hardly inferior to Craigenputtock, an outlook from the back-windows into mere leafy regions, with here and there a red high-peaked old roof looking through ; and see nothing of London, except by day the summits of St. Paul's Cathedral and Westminster Abbey, and by night the gleam of the great Babylon affronting the peaceful skies. Yet in *half an hour* (for it is under two miles to Piccadilly) we can be, with a pair of stout legs, in the most crowded part of the whole habitable Earth ; and, even without legs, every quarter of an hour, from sun to sun, a Coach will take you for sixpence from your own threshold, and set you down there again for another. We are south-west *from* the smoke ; so during great part of the year we shall have no more to do with it than you. Nay even, in East winds, we are near *five* miles from the old, manufacturing part of London, and the smoke is all but gone before it reaches us.—As for the House itself, it is probably the *best* we ever lived in : a right old strong roomy brick house, built near one hundred and [thirty] years ago, and likely to see *three* races of their modern fashionables fall before it come down : it has all been put in perfect repair, and has closets and conveniences without end. Our furniture suits it too ; being all of a strong *weighty* sort. . . . In addition to the many properties of our House, I should have mentioned a little Garden behind ; where all is

as yet barren or weedy, except a cherry-tree with almost *ripe* cherries on it, and two miserable rose-bushes : however, I have got a new set of Garden-tools (for six shillings), and will soon give it at least a clean face. It is of admirable comfort to me, in the *smoking* way : I can wander about in dressing-gown and straw hat in it, as of old, and take my pipe in peace. I think, were the Railways done, you must see it all with your own eyes, my dear Mother ; that were the shortest way.

Of Bessy Barnet I dare not yet say much : we have seen so little of her ; and that little seems so *very* favourable. She is by far the orderliest, cleverest worker we ever had in the house (hardly even excepting Grace Macdonald), and has manners and an appearance of character totally beyond the servant class : if she go on as we hope, and as she has begun, it will be our duty and pleasure to treat her not as a servant but as a friend. On this side too, therefore, we have as yet *great* reason to be thankful.

You see all things painted here in the colours of Hope : there is no doubt but by and by we shall have them (House, Place, Servant and all) painted in the dingier colours of Reality : nevertheless I think and calculate there will still be much more than Tolerability to boast of : much which, with grateful hearts, we should thank the Giver for, and above all study to improve by welldoing, which is the acceptabest sort of thanks.—I write all to you ; because I know there is not *anything* (down to



our very water-barrel) that you do not feel a motherly interest in for our sake.

The Literary craft is bad, though hardly *so* bad as I expected. I find I shall get my Book (on the French Revolution) *printed* without cost ; but probably nothing more. In the meantime I have some Magazine things in my eye, of a slight kind, to work at, and keep "*mall in shaft*" by ; and then if my Book were *well* written, and out, I shall have a better name to start Lecturing, etc., with ; and so, on the whole, we *shall* make it out, by God's help, better or worse. If to "His glory and my own eternal good," all else will be as dust on the balance, and an exceeding little thing. "They cannot hinder thee of God's Providence:" that is the beautiful part of it.

For the rest, my Friends here continue all very kind, and do more for me than I had any right to expect, or even to wish ; I who profess to depend on no friend, but only on God and myself. Hunt who lives close by, is not only the kindest but the politest of men ; has never yet been near us (which we reckon very civil), but will always be delighted when I go and rouse *him* for a walk ; and indeed a sprightly sensible talker he is, and very pleasant company for a stroll. Jane greatly preferred his "poetical Tinkerdome" to any of the unpoetical Gigmandoms (even Mrs. Austin's) which I showed her. The Hunts, I think, will not trouble us, and indeed be a pleasure so far as they go.

And now, my dear Mother, here surely is enough about London and me for once. As for you and Scotsbrig, I begin to feel exceedingly disheartened about my prospects of news thence. Not one *scrape of a pen* have I yet realised from any of you; not so much as a Newspaper: the very *Courier* has not come, I think, for three weeks. You really must not treat me so; nay I know it is not *you*, dear Mother: but do you, if none else will, get the *Courier* Newspaper yourself, and in your own hand, as you can, write our address upon it: that, with *two strokes*<sup>1</sup> (if happily you can still send them) will be a great comfort to me. But, indeed, I do wrong to accuse the rest of negligence; for surely there is some mistake in it: they are too much occupied otherwise, or perhaps had not rightly understood how to direct to me. Give my love to them all; and not reproaches but entreaties. . . .

O my dear Mother! how much there was to say, which there is now no time for! May the Almighty Father of us all bless you, and guide all your footsteps! Through Time and through Eternity.—Blessings with you all! Ever your affectionate,

T. CARLYLE.

[Postscript by Mrs. Carlyle.]

Is not all this very satisfactory, my dear Mother, and have we not great cause of

<sup>1</sup> "By a certain pair of *strokes* [on the Newspapers], unmeaning to the uninitiated, we inform one another that all is well."—From Letter to Dr. Carlyle, 22d July 1834.

thankfulness? I declare to you I could not have made myself a better house if I had had money at command; and for my servant, I expect she will be sister to me as well as servant.—No fear but we shall get a living, and my Husband will be healthier and happier than he has been for long years.—I will write you a long letter “with my own hand” when I am a little settled, at present I am so busy *fettling* up things! but Bessy is equal to all, and Eliza Miles is come to help me besides. Everybody is kind to me—and *has been* kind to me. I shall ever remember you all with gratitude as well as love. God be with you every one.—Your affectionate,  
JANE.

CXIX.—To Dr. CARLYLE, Naples.

CHEYNE ROW, CHELSEA, LONDON,  
17th June 1834.

MY DEAR BROTHER — . . . You can fancy what weary lonesome wanderings I had, through the dusty suburbs, and along the burning streets, under a fierce May sun with East wind; “seeking through the nation for some habitation”! At length Jane sent me comfortable tidings of innumerable difficulties overcome; and finally (in, I think, the fourth week) arrived herself; with the Furniture all close following her, in one of Pickford’s Track-boats. I carried her to certain of the hopefullest-looking Houses I had fallen in with, and a toilsome time we anew had: however, it was not long; for, on the second inspection, this

old Chelsea mansion pleased very decidedly far better than any other we could see; and, the people also whom it belongs to proving reasonable, we soon struck a bargain, and in three days more (precisely this day week) a Hackney Coach, loaded to the roof and beyond it with luggage and live-passengers, tumbled us all down here about eleven in the morning. By "all" I mean my Dame and myself; Bessy Barnet, who had come the night before; and—little *Chico*, the Canary-bird, who, *multum jactatus*, did nevertheless arrive living and well from Puttock, and even sang violently all the way by sea or land, nay struck up his *lilt* in the very London streets wherever he could see green leaves and feel the free air.<sup>1</sup> There then we sat on three trunks; I, however, with a match-box, soon lit a cigar, as Bessy did a fire; and thus with a kind of cheerful solemnity we took possession by "raising reek," and even dined in an *extempore* fashion, on a box-lid covered with some accidental towel. At two o'clock the Pickfords did arrive; and *then* began the hurly-burly; which even yet has but grown quieter, will not grow quiet, for a fortnight to come. However, two rooms and two bedrooms are now in a partially civilised state; the broken Furniture is mostly mended; I have my old writing-table again (here) *firm* as Atlas; a large wainscoted drawing-room (which is to

<sup>1</sup> See *Reminiscences*, i. 101; the strong grasp of Carlyle's memory on the events of the past is strikingly illustrated by a comparison of the passages.



be my study) with the "red carpet" tightly spread on it; my Books all safe in Presses; the Belisarius Picture<sup>1</sup> right in front of me over the mantel-piece (most suitable to its new wainscot lodging), and my beloved *Segretario Ambulante*<sup>2</sup> right behind, with the two old Italian Engravings, and others that I value less, dispersed around; and so, opposite the middle of my three windows, with little but huge Scotch elm-trees looking in on me, and in the distance an ivied House, and a sunshiny sky bursting out from genial rain, I sit here already very much at home, and impart to my dear and true Brother a thankfulness which he is sure to share in. We have indeed much reason to be thankful every way.

With the House we are all highly pleased, and, I think, the better, the longer we know it hitherto. I know not if you ever were at Chelsea, especially at Old Chelsea, of which this is portion. It stretches from Battersea Bridge (a queer old wooden structure, where they charge you a halfpenny) along the bank

<sup>1</sup> A French print of Belisarius begging alms. The print was valued only because the face of a young Roman soldier in it reminded Mrs. Carlyle of her father, Dr. Welsh.—M. C.

<sup>2</sup> Brought by Dr. Carlyle from Italy. A little common coloured lithograph of a ragged old man, seated behind a board on trestles (a quill in his hand, another behind his ear and a third in his inkbottle), plying his trade, the writing of letters at dictation for illiterate passers-by. Carlyle says, in a letter of the 18th November 1833, "He is a delightful fellow; shows you Literature in its simplest quite steadfast condition, below which it *cannot* sink." Carlyle always liked the little picture, which to the last hung in his bedroom at Chelsea.—M. C.

of the River, westward a little way ; and eastward (which is our side) some quarter of a mile, forming a "Cheyne Walk" (pronounced *Chainie* walk) of really grand old brick mansions, dating perhaps from Charles II.'s time ("Don Saltero's Coffeehouse" of the *Tatler* is still fresh and brisk among them), with flagged pavement ; carriage-way between two rows of stubborn-looking high old pollarded trees ; and then the River with its varied small craft, fast-moving or safe-moored, and the wholesome smell (among the breezes) of sea *tar*. Cheyne Row (or Great Cheyne Row, when we wish to be grand) runs up at right angles from this, has some twenty Houses of the same fashion ; Upper Cheyne Row (where Hunt lives) turning *again* at right angles, some stone-cast from this door. Frontwards we have the outlook I have described already (or if we shove out our head, the River is disclosed some hundred paces to the left) ; backwards, from the ground floor, our own gardenkin (which I with new garden-tools am actually re-trimming every morning), and, from all the other floors, nothing but leafy clumps, and green fields, and red high-peaked roofs glimmering through them : a most clear, pleasant prospect, in these fresh westerly airs ! Of London nothing visible but Westminster Abbey and the topmost dome of St. Paul's ; other faint ghosts of spires (one other at least) disclose themselves, as the smoke-cloud shifts ; but I have not yet made out what they are. At night we are pure and

silent, almost as at Puttock ; and the gas-light shimmer of the great Babylon hangs stretched from side to side of our horizon. To Buckingham Gate it is thirty-two minutes of my walking (Allan Cunningham's door about half way) ; nearly the very same to Hyde-Park Corner, to which latter point we have omnibuses every quarter of an hour (they say) that carry you to the Whitehorse Cellar, or even to Coventry Street, for sixpence ; calling for you at the very threshold. Nothing was ever so discrepant in my experience as the Craigenputtock-silence of this House and then the world-hubbub of London and its people into which a few minutes bring you : I feel as if a day spent between the two must be the epitome of a month. . . . The rent is £35 ; which really seems £10 cheaper than such a House could be had for in Dumfries or Annan. The secret is our old friend, "Gigmanity" : Chelsea is unfashionable ; it is also reputed unhealthy. The former quality we rather like (for our neighbours still are all polite-living people) ; the latter we do not in the faintest degree believe in, remembering that Chelsea was once considered the "London Montpelier," and knowing that in these matters now as formerly the Cockneys "know nothing," only rush in masses blindly and sheep-wise. Our worst fault is the want of a good free *rustic* walk, like Kensington Gardens, which are above a mile off : however, we have the "College" or Hospital Grounds, with their withered old Pensioners ; we have open car-

riage-ways, and lanes, and really a very pretty route to Piccadilly (different from the omnibus route) through the new Grosvenor edifices, Eaton Square, Belgrave Place, etc.: I have also walked to Westminster Hall by Vauxhall Bridge-end, Millbank, etc.; but the road is squalid, confused, dusty and detestable, and happily *need* not be returned to. To conclude, we are here on *literary* classical ground, as Hunt is continually ready to declare and unfold: not a stone-cast from this House Smollett wrote his *Count Fathom* (the house is ruined and we happily do not see it); hardly another stone-cast off, old More entertained Erasmus: to say nothing of Bolingbroke St. John, of Paradise Row and the Count de Grammont, for in truth we care almost nothing for them. On the whole we are exceedingly content so far; and have reason to be so. I add only that our furniture came with wonderfully *little* breakage, and for less than £20, Annan included; that Jane sold all her odd things to Nanny Macqueen on really fair terms; and that we find new furniture of all sorts exceedingly cheap here, and have already got what we need, or nearly so, for less than our own old good, brought us on the spot. . . .

There is now a word to be said on Economics, and the Commissariat Department. Bookselling is still at its lowest ebb; yet on the whole *better* than I expected to find it. Fraser is the only craftsman I have yet seen: he talks still of *loss* by his Magazine; and



I think will not willingly employ me much, were I never so ready, at the old rate of writing. He seems a well-intentioned creature; I can really pity him in the place he occupies. I went yesterday with a project of a series of Articles on French Revolution matters; chiefly to be translated from *Mémoires*: but he could not take them, at my rate, or indeed at almost any rate; for he spoke of £10 a sheet as quite a *ransom*. He has got my name (such as it is), and can do better without me. However, he will cheerfully print (for "half-profits," that is, *zero*) a projected Book of mine on the French Revolution; to which accordingly, if no new thing occur, I shall probably very soon with all my heart address myself, in full purpose to do *my best*, and put my name to it. The *Diamond Necklace Paper* his Boy got from me, by appointment, this morning; to be examined whether it *will* make a Book: as an *Article* I shall perhaps hardly think of giving it to him. For, you are to understand, that Radical Review of Mill's, after seeming to be quite abandoned, has now a far fairer chance of getting started: a Sir W. Molesworth, a young man whom I have seen at Buller's and liked, offers to furnish all the money himself (and can do it, being very rich), and to take no further hand in it, once a Manager that will please Mill is found for it. Mill is to be here to-morrow evening: I think, I must appoint some meeting with Molesworth, and give him my whole views of it, and ex-

press my readiness to take a most hearty hold of it; having the prospect of right companions; none yet but Mill and Buller, and such as we may further approve of and add. It seems likely something may come of this. In any other case, Periodical Authorship, like all other forms of it, seems *done* in the economical sense: I think of quite abandoning it; of writing my Book; and then, with such name as it may give me, starting some new course, or courses, to make honest wages by. A poor Fanny Wright (whom we are to hear to-night in Freemasons' Hall) goes lecturing over the whole world: before sight, I will engage to lecture twice as well; being, as Glen once said, with great violence, to me, "the *more* gigantic spirit of the two." On the whole, I fear nothing. There are funds here already to keep us going above a year, independently of all incomings: before that we may have seen into much, tried much, and succeeded in somewhat. "God's providence they cannot hinder thee of": that is the thing I always repeat to myself, or know without repeating. . . .

God bless you, dear Brother! *Vale mei  
memor.*

T. CARLYLE.

CXX.—To his MOTHER, Scotsbrig.

5 CHEYNE ROW, CHELSEA, LONDON,

6th July 1834.

. . . I have got a heap of Books about me and am actually employing myself daily

in preparation of that Book of my own! It is on the French Revolution, which seems far the eligiblest for my first: there is an appetite for it; there are plenty of Documents and materials; Mill himself laid me out the other day a whole barrowful, and insisted on my getting them over all at once. They are not come yet, but are coming—by the "Carrier," for we have Carriers between district and district of this huge city, some with horses, some with asses, some for aught I know with *dogs*—the lightest draught-cattle in use here.—I am determined to do my very best, and shall, like Cowthwaite, "*mak' an a'f-f-u' struggle*."<sup>1</sup> Do you prophesy well of me? I hope you do. Of your *wishes* for me there could be no improvement. . . .

CXXI.—To Mrs. AITKEN, Dumfries.

5 CHEYNE ROW, CHELSEA, LONDON,  
6th July 1834.

MY DEAR JEAN—Your Letter, which was the first I had received from any of my Friends in Scotland, proved one of the welcomest I ever got. The Postman's two knocks (for all Postmen give two smart thumps, which are known here and elsewhere as the "Postman's Knock") brought me it and the Newspaper, and delivered me from a multitude of vague imaginations. Newspapers indeed had come the week before, and persuaded me that nothing material was wrong: however, it was still the best that could

<sup>1</sup> Cowthwaite, an Annandale neighbour, doubtless a *stutterer*.

happen to have it all confirmed in black-on-white. Tell James that, in spite of his critical penetration, the Letter "*could* go," and did go, and was welcomed as few are.

Whatever you may think, it is not a "ten minutes" matter with me, the filling of a frank that will carry an ounce of thin writing paper : it is a decided *business* which breaks the head of a Day for me ; which breakage, however, I am generally well disposed to execute. Do you also take a large, even a *long*-shaped sheet, a clear-pointed pen, and in the smallest hand you can master, repay it me. By no means must I want Dumfriesshire news, especially news about my Mother. The tax-loaded Post-office is still the most invaluable of Establishments ; and the ancient men, that invented *Writing*, and made the voice of man triumphant over Space and Time, were deservedly accounted next to gods. I would have you in particular, do your endeavour by assiduous practice (there is *no* other method) to perfect yourself in that divine art, the uses of which no man can calculate : in time, as I predict, you will acquire very considerable excellence. As for good composition, it is mainly the result of good thinking, and improves with that, if careful observation as you read attends it : the Penmanship is a secondary matter, and has only three points of perfection, or at most four, that I know of ; in all of which one may advance indefinitely by exertions of one's own : that it be straight across the paper, that it be distinct, that it be rapid,—to which if



you like, add that it be *close*, or *much of it* in a given space. "These are good advices"? They are not mine, but the Apostle Butterworth's!<sup>1</sup>

I did not design answering you so soon by a week or ten days; as I said in Alick's Letter: but there has come a sheet from Naples, which I was beginning to be very impatient for, and I would not keep it back an instant from my Mother, whose impatience probably is still greater. She has already got hint of it in the last *Examiner*, and also that it is coming by you on Wednesday: so I take occasion by the forelock, and hope I shall not miss the day again, as I fear was done in the Catlinns case, after all my exertions: as for you, make up the Parcel again, instantly for Jardine<sup>2</sup> and Scotsbrig, or there will be no forgiveness for you.

As you have doubtless seen or will see the copious despatches I have sent to Annandale about our Household Establishment, wherein nothing from the very watering-pan and marigold flowers upwards is forgotten, I need not dilate farther on that topic. We have at length all but got the last stragglers of the upholsterer squadron handsomely conducted out of doors, with far less damage than might have been apprehended; and sit quietly in a Dwelling-place really much beyond what could have been anticipated; where, if Providence but grant us grace not to be wanting *to ourselves*, the rest may pass quite uncriticised. We have not yet

<sup>1</sup> Of spelling book celebrity in those days.      <sup>2</sup> The carrier.

ceased to admire the union of quietness, and freshness of air, and the outlook into green trees (Plum trees, Walnuts, even Mulberries, they say), with the close neighbourhood of the noisiest Babylon that ever raged and *fumed* (with coal smoke) on the face of this Planet. I can alternate between the one and the other in half an hour! The London streets themselves are a quite peculiar object, and I daresay of almost *inexhaustible* significance. There is such a torrent of vehicles and faces : the slow-rolling, all-defying waggon, like a mountain in motion, the dejected Hackney-coach, that "has seen better days," but goes along as with a tough uncomplaining patience, the gay equipage with its light bounding air, and *flunkies* of colour hanging behind it; the *distracted* Cab (a thing like a Cradle set aslant on its foot-end, where you sit open in front but free from rain), which always some *blackguard* drives, with the fury of Jehu; the huge Omnibus (a painted *Corn-kist*, of twenty feet long, set on four wheels : no, it cannot be *twenty* feet!) which runs along all streets from all points of the compass, as a sixpenny or shilling stage-coach towards "The Bank" (of England); Butchers' and Brewers' and Bakers' Drays : all these, with wheelbarrows, trucks (*hurlies*), dogcarts, and a nameless flood of other *sma' trash*, hold on unweariedly their ever-vexed chaotic way. And then of foot-passengers! From the King to the Beggar; all in haste, all with a look of care and endeavour; and as if there *were* really "Deevil a thing but

one man oppressing another." To wander along and read all this : it is reading one of the strangest everlasting *Newspaper Columns* the eye ever opened on. A Newspaper Column of *living Letters* (as I often say), that was printed in ETERNITY, and is here published only for a little while in TIME, and will soon be recalled and taken out of circulation again !

For the rest, we live exceedingly quiet here ; as yet visited by few, and happily by almost *none* that is not worth being visited by. At any time, in half an hour, I can have company enough of the sort going ; and scarcely above once or twice in the week is my Day taken from me by any intrusion. I am getting rather stiffly to work again ; and once well at work, can defy the whole Powers of Darkness, and say in my heart (as Tom Ker the mason did to Denbie and "the Marquis" or some military minion of his) : "Ye will go your lengths, Gentlemen ; my name's Tom Ker." By and by, if all go right, you shall see some book of mine with my name (not of "Tom Ker") on it, and the best I can do. Pray that it be honestly done, let its reception be what it will.

Of "amusements," beyond mere strolling, I take little thought. By acquaintance with Newspaper people (such as Hunt), I fancy we might procure free admission to the Theatres, even to the Opera, almost every night : but, alas, what would it avail ? I actually went, one idle night before Jane came, to Covent Garden ; found it a very mystery of stupidity and abomi-

nation ; and so tiresome that I came away long before the end, and declare that the dullest sermon I ever heard was cheery in comparison. The night before last, looking out from our (back) Bedroom window, at midnight, I saw the many-coloured rockets rising from Vauxhall Gardens, and thought with myself : " Very well, gentlemen, if you have ' guinea admission ' to spare for it ; only, thank Heaven, I am not within a measured mile of you ! "—There are a few good, even noble people here too ; there must be a few ; if there were not, the whole concern would take fire : of these I even know some, and hope to know more.

But now, my dear Sister, you have enough of London : let me turn a little northward. I am much obliged by your description of Mother's settlement ; I can form a very tolerable notion of her arrangement in the two well-known rooms, and find it the most natural that could be made.<sup>1</sup> I hope, however, the *Clock* is now got safely hoisted up : surely, among so many stout hands, any task of that kind could not be difficult. However, where a Honeymoon is in progress one must *thole*,<sup>2</sup> one must *thole*. I also like very well to hear of your Jamie's boarding with our Mother, while he is at his work in the neighbourhood ; I follow him across the fresh fields, early in the morning, to the *Ha'*,<sup>3</sup> and heartily wish him a *useful* day.

<sup>1</sup> Her son James having recently brought a bride home to Scotsbrig.

<sup>2</sup> Endure, have patience.

<sup>3</sup> Kirkconnell Hall.



There is no other way of making a *pleasant* day, that I could ever hear of. That he finds employment in his honest vocation is a great blessing, for which I trust you are thankful. Tell him to *follow* his vocation honestly, not as a man-pleaser, or one working for the eye of man only, but as one forever under *another* Eye that never slumbers or sleeps, that *sees* in secret, and will reward openly. I hope and believe that this *is* his course, that he will persevere in it, let the wind of accident blow fair or foul; and so I can prophesy all manner of good for him.

. . . There is much loud thunder to-day, and a copious deluge of rain; of all which we hope to reap the benefit to-morrow; for the air was growing foully uncomfortable, and oppressive too; a sour east-wind, amid the sultriest brick-kiln heat, with dusts enough and vapours as we have them on these streets and ways. A day's rain washes everything above ground and beneath it; next morning we can "snuff the *caller* air," for it is there to snuff. . . .

This is a far larger Letter than yours, Dame; and deserves two in return for it; think of that, and of what you are to *do* in consequence. . . . That Scotsbrig residence, I think with you and have always thought, can hardly be permanently comfortable for our Mother; if it serve well for one year, that is all I hope of it: then other outlooks may have opened. In the meanwhile, Toleration, "the Act of mutual Toleration"! One can live

without it *nowhere* on this Earth's surface.—Remember me kindly to dear little Prudence.<sup>1</sup> Tell her to mind her seam, and be considerate and wise, and grow daily wiser; and it will go better and better with her.—Jane, whose health seems better than of old and still improving, sends her love to all of you. . . . And so farewell, my dear Sister. Be true and loving!—Ever your affectionate, T. CARLYLE.

CXXII.—To his MOTHER, Scotsbrig.

5 CHEYNE ROW, CHELSEA, LONDON,  
5th August 1834.

MY DEAR MOTHER— . . . Life here in Cheyne Row goes on in the steadiest manner; nothing to glory in; much to be glad of, and humbly thankful for. Our House is all settled and swept long ago, and proceeding at a fixed rate, our accounts all paid off; so we know in some measure what we have to look for. Living is really not *very* much dearer than at Puttock; one has a less plenteous supply in some things; but on the whole what it amounts to “ultimately” is no such grand matter, “after all.” We calculated that we could live here, everything included, for £200, and seem as if we could for less. At all events there will be no more “fifteen pounds for fodder” or other provoking items of that sort to pay; but for one’s money there will be real *ware* of some kind. In all other respects, as you at once

<sup>1</sup> His youngest sister Jenny.

judge, I am much better off, and feel habitually that here or nowhere is the place for me. Old Annandale itself seems lovelier than it ever did: often in the still sunset, when I am alone, it comes before me with its green *knowes* and clear-rushing *burns*, and all the loved ones that I have there, above the ground and below it; and I feel a sweet unsullied affection for it all, and a holy faith that God is there as here, and in His merciful hand is the life and lot of every one of us for Eternity as for Time. Unspeakably wearisome, in such seasons, were the light cackle of the worldly-minded: but indeed I am not much troubled with that. Once for all one should "set his face like a flint" against the idolatries of men, and determine that *his* little section of Existence shall not be a mad empty Dream, but as far as possible a Reality.

I have not written anything whatever for Reviews or Magazines since we came hither; and am not likely to write. In fact, it is rather my feeling that I should abandon that whole despicable business, and seek diligently out for some freer field to labour in. Nothing can exceed the hollow frothiness and even dishonest blackguardism of Literature generally at present: but what then? This is even the very thing thou art sent to *amend*! Mill's Review is to go on, about New-year's day next; there, it is possible, I may contribute something: but there too I wait till I see further before taking any very *fixed* hold. My former Book, that came out through *Fraser*, is happily at last all

printed within these last days : I hope to send you, and some others of them, a full copy of it about the beginning of next month by the Dumfries Bookseller. You will have leisure to peruse and consider it ; and finding it very *queer*, may not find it altogether empty and false. It has met with next to no recognition that I hear of in these parts ; a circumstance not to be surprised at, not to be wept over. On the other hand, my American Friend<sup>1</sup> (you remember hearing of him at Puttock) sends me a week ago the most cheering Letter of thanks for it (with two *braw* American Books, as a present), and bids me go on in God's name, for in remotest nooks, in distant ends of the Earth, men *are* listening to me and loving me. This Letter, which did me a real benefit, and will give you (the Philosopher's Mother) great pleasure, shall be sent to you : I would send it to-day, but that I fear the frank will be already too heavy. The vain clatter of fools, either for or against, is worth *nothing*, for indeed it *is* simply nothing : but the hearty response of earnest men, of one earnest man, is very precious. Meanwhile I employ all my days in getting ready for the new Book (on the French Revolution), and think, if I am spared with health, there is likelihood that it will be in print, with my name to it, early in spring. I will do my very best and truest ; give me your prayers and hopes ! This task of mine takes labour enough : I am up once or twice weekly

<sup>1</sup> Emerson.



at the British Museum for Books about it; these are almost my only occasions of visiting that fiercely tumultuous region of the city, which is at least four miles from me. I walk slowly up the shady side of the streets; and come slowly down again, about four o'clock, often smoking a cigar, and feeling more or less independent of all men.

Several of our friends (the Bullers for instance) are gone out of town. We have made, at least Jane has made, a most promising new acquaintance, of a Mrs. Taylor; a young beautiful reader of mine and "dearest friend" of Mill's, who for the present seems "all that is noble" and what not. We shall see how that wears. We are to dine there on Tuesday. . . . Hunt, nor the Hunts, does not trouble us more than we wish: he comes in when we send for him; talks, listens to a little music, even sings and plays a little, *cats* (without *kitchen*<sup>1</sup> of any kind, or only with a little sugar) his allotted plate of porridge, and then goes his ways. His way of thought and mine are utterly at variance; a thing which grieves him much, not me. He accounts for it by my "Presbyterian upbringing," which I tell him always I am everlastingly grateful for. He talks forever about "happiness," and seems to me the very miserablest man I ever sat and talked with. . . .

Coleridge, a very noted Literary man here, of whom you may have heard me speak, died about a week ago, at the age of sixty-two. An

<sup>1</sup> Condiment.

Apothecary<sup>1</sup> had supported him for many years : his wife and children shifted elsewhere as they could. He could earn no money, could set himself steadfastly to no painful task ; took to opium and poetic and philosophic dreaming. A better faculty has not been often worse wasted. Yet withal he was a devout man, and did something, both by writing and speech. Among the London Literaries he has not left his like or second. Peace be with him.

Here then is the end, dear Mother ! My kindest brotherly love to *all*, including Jenny ; Jane is not here at the moment to add hers, but would grieve much if it were not habitually understood. All good be with you all !—Ever your affectionate Son,

T. CARLYLE.

CXXIII.—To Dr. CARLYLE, Naples.<sup>2</sup>

5 GREAT CHEYNE ROW, CHELSEA, LONDON,  
15th August 1834.

MY DEAR BROTHER—How long it is since I wrote last is not accurately in my memory ; I know only that your last Letter has been in my hands, and indeed in my Mother's (to whom it was forthwith sent) above a fortnight ; and that *my* last, which was all that remained due when you wrote, must be fairly digested by this time ; so that now, on a day of leisure, another may be fitly despatched. The news of your welfare, your *Seelen-bekennnisse*, your trustful brotherly

<sup>1</sup> Mr. James Gillman of Highgate.

<sup>2</sup> Parts of this letter are given in Froude's *Life*, ii. 446-450, but with many notable errors and omissions.

affection: all this is ever one of the most solacing items of my lot. To address you in return, and impart my satisfaction and anxieties, with the assurance of having them heartily sympathised in, is also one of my agreeablest employments. Would you were here again! But May is coming, and with it flowers. By God's blessing you will be restored to us; not to wander, we will hope, any more.

There came a Letter from Alick very shortly after mine to you was sent away. All is in the usual way in Annandale; for we have heard again only yesterday from Mrs. Welsh who had seen Jean and Jenny at Dumfries: nay this moment, since I began to write, the Dumfries Newspaper arrives with the mark of safety on it. Alick represents our Mother as moving about a good deal on Harry, and keeping her health very tolerably: she does not seem altogether *hefted* yet, he says, at Scotsbrig: however, the new Daughter-in-law seems to be a reasonable young woman, well-disposed to do the best for all parties there: till a new Whitsunday at least there can nothing go very far wrong among them. Jamie and she, it would appear, are still fond as turtle-doves, and prolonging their honeymoon. . . . As for Alick himself, he writes in the middle of a wet abundant hay-harvest, and dates on two successive Sundays: he has signified by Letter to his Catlinns Landlord that unless they abate him £20 of the rent, he cannot keep the Farm longer than Whitsunday; and so waits, in

a kind of confusing uncertainty, the slow issue ; forecasting rather that he will *go*. I am sorry for Alick : he has a heavy burden to bear, and toils at it rather impetuously than steadfastly. There is much wisely-suppressed energy in him too ; but he feels, in general, that he is not in his sphere ; and has internally only an artificial kind of composure. . . .

As for myself, I go on here almost without adventure of any kind. All of us have tolerable health : Jane generally better than before ; I certainly not worse, and now more in the ancient accustomed fashion. I am diligent with the Showerbath ; my pilgrimages to the Museum and on other Town-errands keep me in walking enough ; once or twice weekly, on an evening, Jane and I stroll out along the Bank of the River, or about "the College," and see white-shirted Cockneys in their green canoes, or old Pensioners pensively smoking tobacco. I long much for a *hill*, but unhappily there is no such thing ; only knolls, and these with difficulty, are attainable. The London street tumult has become a kind of marching music to me : I walk along, following my own meditations, without thinking of it. Company comes in desirable quantity, not deficient, not excessive, and there is talk enough from time to time : I myself however, when I consider it, find the whole all-too *thin*, unnutritive, un-availing, and that I am *alone* still under the high vault. All London-born men without exception seem to me narrow-built, considerably



perverted men, rather fractions of a man. Hunt, by nature a *very* clever man, is one instance; Mill, in quite another manner, is another. These and others continue to come about me, as with the cheering sound of temporary *music*, and are right welcome so: a higher co-operation will perhaps somewhere else or sometime hence disclose itself.

“There was a Piper had a Cow  
And he had nought to give her;  
He took his pipes and play'd a spring  
And bade the Cow consider!”<sup>1</sup>

Allan Cunningham was here two nights ago; very friendly, very full of Nithsdale, a pleasant *Naturmensch*. Mill gives me logical developments of *how* men act (chiefly in Politics); Hunt tricky devices, and crotchety whimsicalities on the same theme: *what* they act is a thing neither of them much sympathises in, much seems to know. I sometimes long greatly for Irving, for the old Irving of fifteen years ago: nay the poor actual gift-of-tongues Irving has seemed desirable to me; and I have actually, as you shall hear, made my way through to him again. We dined with Mrs. (Platonica) Taylor and the Unitarian Fox (of the *Repository*, if you know it), one day: Mill also was of the party, and the Husband, an

<sup>1</sup> The next verse supplies the meaning:

“The Cow considered wi' herself,  
That music ne'er wad fill her.  
Gie me a pickle pease strae  
And sell your wind for siller.”

obtuse most joyous-natured man, the pink of social hospitality. Fox is a little thickset bushy-locked man of five-and-forty, with bright sympathetic - thoughtful eyes (the whole face reminded me of Æneas Rait's, compressed, and well buttressed out into broadness), with a tendency to pot-belly, and *snuffiness*: from these hints you can construe him ; the best *Socinian Philosopher* going, but not a whit more. I shall like well enough to meet the man again ; but I doubt he will not me. . . . We walked home however, even Jane did, all the way from the Regent's Park, and felt that we had done a duty. For me, from the Socinians, as I take it, *wird Nichts*. Here too let me wind up the Radical-Periodical Editorship,<sup>1</sup> which your last Letter naturally speculates on. Mill I seem to discern has given it to this same Fox (who has just quitted his Preachership, and will, like myself be out on the world) ; partly I should fancy by Mrs. Taylor's influence, partly as himself thinking him the safer man. *Ebbene !* I can already picture to myself the Radical Periodical, and even prophesy its destiny : with myself it had not been so ; the only thing certain would have been difficulty, pain and contradiction ; which I should probably have undertaken ; which I am far from breaking my heart that I have missed. I may mention too that Mill is so taken with the *Diamond Necklace*, he in a covert way offered the other

<sup>1</sup> Editorship of the short-lived *London Review*, founded by Sir William Molesworth, merged in 1836 with the *Westminster*.

night to print it at his own expense, if I would give it him, that he might have the pleasure and profit of reviewing it! Mill likes me well; and on his embarrassed face when Fox happened to be talked of, I read both that Editorship business, and also that Mill had *known* my want of it; which latter was all that I desired to read. As you well say, disappointment on disappointment only simplifies one's course; your possibilities become diminished, your choice is rendered easier. In general I bate no jot of confidence in myself and in my cause. Nay it often seems to me as if the extremity of suffering, if such were appointed me, might bring out an extremity of energy as yet unknown to myself. God grant me faith; clearness and peaceableness of heart! I make no other prayer.

As to Literary work there is still no offer made that promises to bring in a penny; though I foresee that probably such will come, and, as they often do, all in a rush. Mill will wait if his Fox concern go on; nay poor Heraud was here the other day endeavouring to bespeak me for a Periodical of his; for even he is to have a dud of a Periodical. Cheeriest and emptiest of all the sons of men! Yet in his emptiness, as in that of a dried bladder, he keeps triumphantly jingling his Coleridgean long-gnawed metaphysical cherry-stones, and even "makes a kind of martial music" for himself thereby. I do not remember that I ever met a more ridiculous-harmless froth-lather of a

creature in all my travels. He lets you tumble him hither and thither, and cut him in two as you like; but in the cheerfullest way joins again, and is brisk froth-lather as before. One should surely learn by him.—The *Diamond Necklace*, I should have told you, has been refused by Moxon: shall I *let* Mill print it? I do not know, and really hardly care. As to Moxon I reckon that we are not only done with *this*, but with *all*, and need not for the present come into contact again. . . . [Fraser] has finished *Teufelsdröckh*, and paid me for it instantly (in all, £82 : 1s.); and got me 58 perfect copies (really readable pamphlets of 107 pages, and all made up without break), which I was yesterday despatching far and wide from his shop. Some twenty copies yet remain, which I am in no haste to dispose of. . . . The Book is worth little, now that I see it; yet not worth nothing, and will perhaps amuse you. I rejoice heartily in having done with it.—My grand task, as you already know, is the *French Revolution*; which, alas, perplexes me much. More *Books* on it, I find, are but a repetition of those before read; I learn nothing or almost nothing further by Books: yet am I as far as possible from understanding it. *Bedenklichkeiten* of all kinds environ me. To be *true* or not to be true? there is the risk. And then, to be *popular* or not to be popular? that too is a question that plays most complexly into the other. We shall see, we shall try: *Par ma tête seule!*—Before quitting this of Literature, I must tell you, among numberless discourage-



ments, of two most encouraging messages I have had. The first is from an unknown Irishman from Cork, or rather in Cork :<sup>1</sup> did I tell you of him before ? The second is from that American Craigenputtock friend of ours,<sup>2</sup> from whom there came a Letter and Books lately. Both the two, in the most authentic and credible though exaggerated manner, cry out *Edye!* for which I am heartily obliged to them. It is in regard to *Teufelsdröckh*, and they both make their objections too. The day of small things ! For which, however, one cannot but be thankful. And so enough of my endeavourings and my cares and little pleasures : my good Jack has now as clear a view of [us] all as in a single sheet he could expect. We may say in the words of the Sansculotte Deputy writing to the Convention, of the progress of right principles : *Tout va bien ici, LE PAIN MANQUE!* Jane and I often repeat this with laughter. But in truth we live very cheap here (perhaps not much above £50 a year dearer than at Puttock), and so can hold out a long while independent of chance. Utter poverty itself (if I hold fast by the faith) has no terrors for me, should it even come.

I told you I had seen Irving. It was but yesterday, in Newman Street, after *four* prior ineffectual attempts. William Hamilton, who with his wife<sup>3</sup> was here on Saturday, told me Irving had grown worse again, and Mrs.

<sup>1</sup> Father O'Shea.

<sup>2</sup> Emerson.

<sup>3</sup> A sister of Mrs. Irving.

Irving had been extremely ill: he too seemed to think my Cards had been withheld. Much grieved with this news I called once more on Monday: a new failure. Yesterday I went again with an unsuppressible indignation mixed with my pity: after some shying, I was admitted! Poor Irving! he lay there on a sofa, begged my pardon for not rising; his Wife, who also did not and probably could not well rise, sat at his feet, and watched all the time I was there, miserable, haggard. . . . Irving once lovingly ordered her away; but she lovingly excused herself, and sat still. He complains of biliousness, of a pain at his right short-rib; has a short thick cough which comes on at the smallest irritation. Poor fellow! I brought a short gleam of old Scottish laughter into his face, into his voice, and that too set him coughing. He said it was the Lord's will; looked weak, dispirited, partly embarrassed. He continues toiling daily, though the Doctor (Darling) says, rest only can cure him. Is it not mournful, hyper-tragical? There are moments when I determine on sweeping in upon all Tongue-work and Martindoms and accursed choking Cobwebberies, and snatching away my old best Friend, to save him from Death and the Grave! It seems too likely he will die there. At lowest I will go again soon and often: I cannot think of it with patience.

. . . Mrs. Welsh was up at Craigenputtock; it looks all very wild, and made her greet "*not* that we were gone": she had escorted thither

a certain Indian friend who has (through M'Diarmid) taken the shooting, with right to *lodging*, for £10 a year: old Nanny M'Queen pays us other £10 for the Park and right of living in the House, with charge of taking care of it, and admitting any decent "gunner body" of that kind. Both sums I believe will be faithfully paid; and old Nanny is said to be the carefullest of women. . . . —Alas the paper is quite done. Attend me on the margins.—

I have not said a word about Italy; for indeed, my dear Brother, except you there is nothing there that my thought turns upon; and your position has in it the happy monotony (happy for your friends) of one at rest. Well do I understand those meditations of yours, those goings forth into the uttermost shores of being, those soundings into dim depths. Indulge not too much in them. For the rest, rejoice always that you have found footing; prepare yourself not only to stand on it, but to build on it. I wish much you had some more decisive occupation; but such is not appointed yet for a time. Meanwhile you are *not* idle, you are active as the scene allows; many future years, I trust, will be the better for this leisure. Have you *any* company? Tell me whom. Give me descriptions of them, and "how they *ack i' the vaarious pleaces*."<sup>1</sup>—Do you know Thorwaldsen at Rome personally? This Rennie<sup>2</sup> seems to

<sup>1</sup> Cumberland pronunciation.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. George Rennie, sculptor, and for a short time M.P., mentioned in *Reminiscences*, i. p. 70.

be intimate with him, and to love him well : he has cut a head of him, and has it here : the head of a man of energy and sensibility, with a *nose* of most honest simplicity. Go and see him, and try to get speech of him : a man of genius is always the best worth conferring with.

. . . Jane who is not very well this particular day sends you her sisterly love. She takes well with Chelsea, and seems to be cheerfuller than she was wont. And so, my dear Brother, here must I end. *Gehab' dich wohl ; leb' heiter ; lieb' mich.* May all good things be with you. —I must to Charing Cross where the Post is still open. *Felicissima notte !*—Ever your faithful Brother,  
T. C.

CXXIV.—TO ALEXANDER CARLYLE, Catlinns.

GREAT CHEYNE ROW, CHELSEA,  
28th August 1834.

. . . You are too indignant against Destiny : it is a fault of my own too ; in which my example has perhaps harmed you ; yet a sore fault it is, as I see more and more. Not Pride (from which that indignation, if we examine it, arises) but Humility, the *humbling* and down-pulling of that same Pride, is the lesson *we are to be taught*. Happy for us if we can learn it ; and so with wise submissiveness “bear our cross,” whatever that may be, and *skirt* many an obstacle which we cannot *mount* over, which we would so fain *hurl* from us (were the arms strong enough) and utterly destroy ! Finally, my dear Brother, call, from the depths of your heart, on God to help



you, to guide you in the way, for it is not in man to guide himself; and so with your eye on fixed heavenly loadstars, walk forward fearing nothing—for Time or for Eternity. Nothing! There is *work* on God's wide Earth for all men that He has made with hands and hearts; and we, by His blessing, will seek it, and find it, should we go to the Transatlantic grass-plains for it. And so here will I end. You do not object to my advisings and moralisings; you know that the feeling they spring from is of the deepest: I know you ponder what I say beyond what it deserves; and, in any case, are cheered to consider that you have an elder Brother who in no chance or change can cease to sympathise with your weal or woe, and help you if it be in his ability. Forward then! Steady and strong! . . .

CXXV.—To his MOTHER, at Dumfries.

CHELSEA, LONDON, 1st September 1834.

MY DEAR MOTHER—It is long since I have been so much delighted with anything as I was with your affectionate, good-humoured, excellent little Letter: indeed, I think it was one of the blithest moments it gave me that I have had since I left you. Now at last I can fancy that I shall not want for Letters; you, with the matter in your own hand, will duly think of my necessities in that way, and may at all times be depended on for punctuality. For I calculate that "having put your hand to the plough"

you *will not* in any wise draw back! No, no. Let them rule you a piece of paper, or, what were better, make you a set of permanently ruled *lines*, and then, with a pen and an ink-bottle, you can at any moment tell me your own story independent of any one: were it nothing but "half a drop" it will be welcomer to me than any whole drop, or whole *flood*, that can come from any other quarter. You speak with so much hope and kindness about everything, and take with such a cheerful patience all the changes appointed you (of which in late years there have been enough and too many), and ever are found waiting to welcome the new time, and make the most of it, with glad submission to the will of Him that appointed it, —I confess, my dear Mother, you might be a lesson and a wholesome reproof to the best of us. May the Father of all be thanked that it is so well with you! Nay, while He gives you that spirit, it can never be ill with you. Whatever can betide, for Time or for Eternity, is not He there, the All-powerful, but also the All-loving, All-pitying!

I have endeavoured, from your description, and Jean's former one, to picture out your two Scotsbrig Rooms, with the red curtains and the new window; and fancy that in the pleasant season you will be very *braw* and not uncomfortable: when the winter comes, as it is fast doing, you must keep a good fire; and if the weather detain you from stirring out, yet I know your hand will not lie idle;

and with work to do, one need not weary. Let me find you well, dear Mother, when I come back. And if I bring you a good *new Book* in my hand, will not you have that *new plaid dressing-gown*<sup>1</sup> ready for me! . . .

CXXVI.—To Dr. CARLYLE, Rome.

CHELSEA, LONDON, 21st September 1834.

MY DEAR BROTHER— . . . On the 16th August, there was a Letter in my Mother's own hand, which gratified me extremely: it is short, and in the heart of one from Jean; I think I will copy it for you:

“DEAR SON—After long and regretted silence, I may thank you for your kind attention. You ask how we go on at Scotsbrig: I am happy to say we do very well; they are very kind to me, and Jamie rejoices to see us agree so well. My health is better than when you saw me last. We have shifted the large bed, and dyed the curtains red; they are also up. We are putting a window in the little bedroom where I stay. Be easy in your mind as to me. Commit me to the care of the Great Shepherd, who careth for all that trust in Him. May He enable us all to cast all our cares on Him alone for time and for eternity, and seek His direction in all our undertakings. If so, I hope well of your French Revolution and all other matters. May we therefore endeavour through His strength alone to act.—Peter Austin was in since I began to write: poor Glen is no otherwise. Peter has been down with bark, the last of it but one load: the wood is all gone long ago, as you will have heard, without sending for the neighbours” (alluding to Peter's greed about the Craigenputtock wood-weedings). “What is Jane doing? I think she promised

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, p. 403.

to write me. I think I see her on the deck waving her hand. I confess I was afraid. What reason of thankfulness have we that you got through all so well! Give my best love to John when you write to him: he says much about faith; tell him to seek diligently after the Author and Finisher of it; and may we all have that faith that worketh by love and purifies the heart. Let us pray for each other; and though separated for a time let us try to meet at God's throne of grace, where we are all welcome with our most enlarged petitions. I had a thousand such things to say; but let us both hope and quietly wait. I had a letter from Mr. Church, Kirkchrist, with the magazines with many thanks: I was to tell the Doctor, but this you will do for me. You will see by Jean's I came direct from Mary's, and left them well. Pardon mistakes.—Harry is plump and does well. 'Nothing more but half a drop.'—Your affectionate,  
MOTHER."

This is the whole Letter; written in a cramp but distinct hand, and with hardly any other difference than that of certain punctuations. The little piece, in its humble clearness, its genuine cheerful faith, and affection and simplicity, will speak more to you than some volumes. May God long preserve to us such a Mother; and make her declining days bright with a light which passeth not away! . . .

CXXVII.—To his MOTHER.

5 CHEYNE ROW, CHELSEA,  
23d October 1834.

MY DEAR MOTHER— . . . In the meantime, I sit busy at my Book, which is the only thing I have any business to think of at present: it goes along not so badly; I have three little chapters of it fairly done,



and so the *rusty wheel* is in motion; and I ought to think that like "a begun turn," it is half ended. When once I get fairly afloat in work, I do not care a farthing for all the obstructions of this Devil's den of a world, were it twice as bad. Thou too, as I say to myself, hast a small fraction of a gift: God has given it thee, the Devil shall not take it away! Unfortunately I cannot now run over to Scotsbrig, when I have got a little job done: but you see, I write; which is the next best; and by and by I *shall* run over too, and meet you again (if the good Providence permit), and tell you a whole bag of news. There is plenty of work here for me; and hundred thousands of more feckless characters than I make a living of it too: so I whistle up Johnny o' Cox, and fear nothing. They may use my poor *Revolution* well or ill, or not notice it at all if they like that better: it is a very indubitable fact that no service God meant me to do *can* remain undone; and should one not "learn therewith to be content." Jane rather fancies, however, that this will prove a more readable kind of Book: it shall be the best I, in these circumstances, can make it; and then if the people like to read it, we shall wish them great profit of it. . . . I am afraid, you make nothing or very little of *Tenfelsdröckh*; which however I am very glad to know that you have got. . . . Do the best you can with it! Take it any way as a token of my love. By and by you shall get this "more readable" one.

Our friends now are all coming back: we were at Mrs. Austin's lately (who had been in Jersey, France, etc., and returns as affectionate as ever); we had Mill long last night; have seen the Cunninghams, etc. etc. We spend the evenings very comfortably without company too; reading for the morrow's writing; or even writing when the *task* is behindhand. The *bield*<sup>1</sup> situation of Chelsea is in our favour now, the October gusts can get no painful hold of us; our weather too has been dry and pleasant (till these late days), better I fear than yours. We see comparatively little of the Hunts for some weeks; they have sickness in the house, and many sad cares: poor Hunt himself I think one of the most innocent men I ever saw in man's size; a very boy for clear innocence, though his hair is gray, and his face ploughed with many sorrows. I have met some new people too, not without worth; meet with nothing but regard and kindness from every one. . . . Lastly, we have removed upstairs this day; for I cannot write without fires any longer; and this is a larger room than either *half* of the ground-floor one, where we are obliged to shut the folding-doors in winter time:—so Jane sits here sewing, and I before her (at one of the three windows), and all is as comfortable as it ought. . . .

<sup>1</sup> Sheltered.

CXXVIII.—TO ALEXANDER CARLYLE, Catlinns.

5 CHEYNE ROW, CHELSEA, LONDON,  
24th October 1834.

MY DEAR ALICK—It is many a long day since you sent me the *scrape of a pen*; you are in my debt too I believe for one very long Letter (or more?), and still persist in silence. This is not right; though I know writing is a great burden to you, and from day to day some new thing or other is turning up to frustrate the purpose you may form in my behalf that way.—Well! I look for a frank to-day; and will send you this thin memorial of me: whether you answer or not, I shall know that it gives you pleasure, and never doubt that you send me (in heart at least) your thanks and best brotherly wishes.

We have a new winter at our door; all, as I fancy it, has been got under *thatch and rope* about Catlinns; not without an effort, as I often fancied when thinking of you on the wet harvest days. But the thing I have no means even of guessing here is what arrangement you have found, or whether any yet, with your poor needy and greedy landlords. Are you to leave that *Knowe-head* at Whitsunday; or have they lowered your rent so as to make it tolerable and payable? This last is perhaps the way I ought to wish it, so wasteful are all *changes*. However, I am very anxious to know.—In any case, be of good heart, my dear Brother: let no difficulties darken your mind, or beat down

the vigorous energy that is in you. "To be *weak* is miserable," says the Poet Milton—*that* is the only misery for a man. I am a poor comforter, for I preach up nothing but toil, toil; yet such is the truth, if we saw it, for all men: and for all genuine men, is there not the sure hope of a *reward*? Persevere, then: "in due time ye shall reap if ye faint not."

What passes with myself here I have mainly described in Letters to my Mother, and others of them, which most probably you have seen. The world looks rough on me, but not hostile; I feel that I shall have labour enough, and what payment I ask from the world: meat and clothes. There is nothing like the *deep sulkiness* of Craigenputtock troubles me here: I see always that I am in the right workshop, had I but got acquainted with the *tools* properly; here I must stand to it; here or nowhere! My Mother will tell you that I am getting on with my new French Book: it is calculated that I ought to have it out about March next (that being what they call "a good time," the Parliament and Fashionables all on the spot): but whether I can keep my day or not will depend somewhat on fortune. I strive to be as diligent as possible in all senses and do my best. You have got the old Puttock *Teufelsdröckh* (I hear), the last I wrote near you; and will prize it on that account, I believe; it is *printed* there you see, and cannot now be burnt or lost; and so if there be any good in it, the world has it; if none there is little harm done. I find strictly



*few* to admire it, but then actually a few; and great multitudes to turn up their eyes in speechless amazement.

I saw the fire of the two Parliament Houses; and, what was curious enough, Matthew Allan (of York, you remember) found me out in the crowd there, whom I had not seen for years. The crowd was quiet, rather pleased than otherwise; *whew'd* and whistled when the breeze came as if to encourage it: "there's a *flare-up* (what we call *shine*) for the House o' Lords."—"A judgment for the Poor-Law Bill!"—"There go their *hacts*" (acts)! Such exclamations seemed to be the prevailing ones. A man *sorry* I did not anywhere see.—They will have to build a new house; and it may produce consequences not generally foreseen yet.

Poor Edward Irving is at this moment, I believe, in Glasgow: the accounts I get of him (from William Hamilton) fill me with pain. He is in the worst state of health, and will not rest; threatened with consumption; it now at last begins to seem too likely to me, that the conclusion of all that wild work will be *early death*! Oh dear, what a tragedy is Life to most of us; often to those that seemed the luckiest! I know not what to do in this matter of poor Irving, and can for the present do nothing but grieve.

Alas, my dear Brother, here is the end of the Paper! There will be more franks going soon, and I shall afford you better measure.—Give our love to Jenny:<sup>1</sup> lovingly guide and encourage

<sup>1</sup> Alick's wife.

her in all right ways, as is your duty and engagement.—Little Jane I suppose is become a very "*conversical*" little *kimmer*<sup>1</sup> by this time: even Tom must be beginning to make his observations. Be thankful for them, and yet earnestly anxious: regard them as a gift and a solemn obligation. Write soon. May all good be with you and yours, my dear Brother!—I am ever your affectionate,

T. CARLYLE.

CXXIX.—To Mrs. AITKEN, Dumfries.

LONDON, 24th October 1834.

MY DEAR SISTER— . . . I was very greatly pleased with the news your goodman so punctually despatched me; pray thank him in my name, and say I wish he would write soon again,—and improve in one particular only: in length. Other fault I have none to find with him. And now let me hope you are continuing to do well, and that poor little Sandy (poor little Newcomer!) complains of nothing hitherto in these strange new quarters he has got into! Poor little fellow! He is a Sandy the Second, or even Sandy the Third, of my acquaintance: may he prove no worse man than his foregoers, and a happier one! His Grandfather of the name had a hard battle to fight, but fought it, too, like a man; and so left the *best* inheritance for those he loved. I am often reminded of him here: there is a queer kind of *sub*-likeness to him in our good neighbour Leigh Hunt,—

<sup>1</sup> *Commère*, gossip, companion.

who also is one of the most elastic, unconquerable, innocent-minded mortals I ever met with.—But tell me how the little fellow gets on, and what he says to it. Very little yet, I fancy; he is too busy considering what a singular concern it is.

. . . I depend on you for writing to me, at any rate, if anything go wrong.—Tell me how all is; what James is doing; where his work lies; how he holds out against the spirit of Quackery which is in all trades, in his as well as mine. I wish I were not too far for sending you Books: but 5d. a pound Carriage is too dear for the most of them.—. . . The Parliament fire was noticed out of our back top windows, and I went up to it for two hours. The people had done speaking of it before next day was done: that is their way here. It was but a low confused mass of houses, and did not (the people complained) “make a *good* fire”! “Come now,” they said at times when something flamed up, “that’s not so bad though!”—Write to us, or make James write. Our best wishes and prayers are always with you, dear Sister.—Your affectionate,  
T. C.

CXXX.—To his MOTHER, Scotsbrig.

*Saturday morning, 25th [October 1834].*

MY DEAR MOTHER—The Frank came yesterday, but dated for to-day; so I finish it out, and take it up to Town with me, as I go to Fraser the Bookseller’s to consult about scrib-

bling matters ; specially about a Manuscript, which a certain unknown well-wisher of mine in Liverpool has entrusted me with. Manuscripts indeed have been flowing in of late ; so that at this time I have no fewer than *four* in my hands. It may be an honour, but is no profit : however, one cannot refuse poor people that petition civilly.

Along with the Frank, Mill sent me a whole pile of new Books, some of them I think almost specially *bought* for me : indeed nothing can exceed the obligingness of Mill ; I had already as many Books of his as would load a considerable *cuddy-cart* ;<sup>1</sup> all lent me for unlimited periods ; a perfect outfit for this present enterprise of mine. So I hope, when I write next, it will be that I have got *done* with that " Taking of the Bastille," which is now my next task (or Chapter IV.) : yet it will not be without a hard *tuffle* ; for if the reading of a *Shaiptur*<sup>2</sup> be so easy, the writing of one is another matter.

There was no *Examiner* this week ; Hunt bids me tell you that whenever one is missed, there will be *two* next week : he is a much-harassed, confused, poor man ; sits in the middle of a distracted uproar that would make many a one mad. I borrowed an *old* Paper from him, that you might not be altogether disappointed : he sent me one of January last ; ten months old ; which I should think is among the oldest that ever went by post. However, I marked upon it that you were to have

<sup>1</sup> Donkey-cart.

<sup>2</sup> Chapter.



a Letter next day. Whenever the two *strokes* are wanting, look strictly in the inside; you will usually find some word; though it is a thing I study to avoid when possible. The Newspaper should be at Ecclefechan ready for you after *Preaching*: but disappointments may occur too, for we are nearly two miles from the Post-office (one close by charges an additional twopence), and if it were a very wild afternoon, one might lurk within doors. . . . Jane has a little headache to-day, and sits reading here: she bids me send her kind affection to you all in the kindest words I can. She makes the breakfast herself (like the Tod running his own errand<sup>1</sup>) of late months, as formerly; and has, as poor Irving said, "always a little bower of elegance round her, be where she will": in truth, a shifty, true, gleg little creature, worth any twenty Cockney wives that I have yet met with.—Now write soon, my dear Mother: for *all* sakes take care of yourself. May the great Father ever bless and guard you!  
—Your affectionate, T. CARLYLE.

CXXXI.—To Dr. CARLYLE, Rome.

LONDON, 28th October 1834.

MY DEAR BROTHER—About a week ago, your Letter, which had been rather longed for, arrived to make us a happy day; and even now, I daresay, it may be doing similar service at Scotsbrig; for I sent it off thither in a frank,

<sup>1</sup> The Tod (fox) runs his own errand best, is a Scotch proverb.—M. C.

with store of other news, last Saturday. Our Mother was very anxious about you, by reason of that Eruption of Vesuvius, which I had striven, probably with no full success, to convince her, did not much concern you. As you say, if we were not stupid creatures there needed not thunderbolts and volcanic explosions to teach us by what tenure we hold our life! Dangers deep as the Infinite Abyss environ us at all moments; nevertheless, till *our* moment come, we are preserved, and work as if in safety. One other remark I cannot but make, in reference to that fearful death that has passed so near you:<sup>1</sup> it is, How unfair we are in estimating our own lot. What a small though never so hearty joy we feel at this providential escape of yours, compared with what our endless sorrow would have been had the devouring lightning buried you in that ruin! It is thus everywhere: we *strike our average* far too high, and at best, even if we be "very glad," are seldom "very thankful."—On the whole, however, one feels satisfied to know you fairly out of that Neapolitan Elysium-Tartarus; again safe and lighter of heart in a scene that you are more at home with: let us hope that your next great movement will be northward, across the Alps and sea, hither to Cheyne Row and Annandale! Meanwhile I need not exhort you again to do whatever you possibly can (for I know you are doing it) towards getting some professional oc-

<sup>1</sup> The house in which Dr. Carlyle was living had been struck by lightning.

cupation for your spare hours at Rome : there is no way in which one would like so well to know you employed, both for your present satisfaction and future interests. Never (as I have long felt) till a man get into practical contact with the men round him, and learn to take and give influence there, does he enjoy the free consciousness of his existence. Alas I have long felt this, and felt it in vain. Nevertheless there is a kind of inextinguishable hope in me that it *shall not* always be so ; that once, for some short season, I shall live before I die. With you the prospect is much nearer and surer : if not at Rome, this winter, then here in England, say next winter, you shall actually try what force is in you to work in your vocation. The difficulties for us both, as we often admit, are great ; but we will front them resolutely, and by God's grace they shall not conquer us. At lowest and worst, you have still reading, the power of study, reflection and observation to fill your winter with. The great thing is to take care of the *hours*, the *months* will take care of themselves. If there is anything still in Rome that you have not mastered according to your wants, think that you may not have another opportunity there. All this of Art, Pictures, Architecture, and so forth, I feel, were most sapless provender for my poor soul at present : at the same time I see more and more that there *is* something in all that ; an indisputable element of our modern existence ; which I could still wish (and some

years ago could have much more passionately wished) to understand and make mine. On the whole, dear Doctor, I will give you up to your good genius ; adding only my hopes, especially my wishes and prayers, which you always have. I like to hear of your Journal : there is always a benefit in that ; were it only that in writing down things we are forced to think of them more distinctly. Go on, in all true ways, and prosper !

With regard to our British affairs, take the comfort of knowing that all is much as it was ; and nothing worse than that. . . . As to London, the only news with us is that the new *Book* is fairly under way, and doing not so badly. The first three Chapters are finished ; and now there is a kind of pause for a day or two before I start with the fourth, which may be headed "*Taking of the Bastille*" ! One knows not well what to think of so singular an attempt as it is ; for though studying rather zealously to avoid cramp phrases and all needless cause of offence, I feel at every sentence that the work will be strange ; that it either must be so, or be nothing but another of the thousand-and-one "Histories," which are so many "dead thistles for Pedant-chaffinches to peck at and fill their crops with ;" a kind of thing I for one wish to have no hand in. Jane rather thinks "it will do." So I struggle along with the best heart I may ; and will, if possible, have the thing out in the course of spring. For the present I am busy reading all manner of



Memoirs of Mirabeau ; especially a late large work by a natural son (" *fils adoptif* ") of his. If they have it in Rome (4 volumes are already out), you too might find it interesting. Mill got it, I may almost say bought it, for me, the other day : he is, as always, the most helpful of Book-providers (I have some hundred and fifty volumes of his even now !), and really seems to take a pleasure in assisting me. The *Diamond Necklace*, Fraser, after reading it, thinks ought *not* to be published till after the other ; a judgment I rather agree with ; though poor Mill, who had set his heart on "reviewing" it, is obliged to express the most tragi-comical regret. . . . As for *Teufelsdröckh*, I think he rather meets with approbation and recognition in his bound up shape : had the thing come out as a Book, it might perhaps have done something ; yet, after all, so questionable a production is probably "just as well" in its actual middle-state of published and unpublished ; it cannot be *lost* now, by fire or accident ; afflicts nobody, and is ready if ever wanted.—The business of Literature (which indeed while occupied writing, I think little about, and care almost nothing for) looks not as yet more motherly *nutritive* upon me than it did. I think, if ever I am to live by it, I must have some vehicle of my own, and a public of my own : poor Leigh Hunt, with a three-halfpenny Journal, gets (as I understand) "eight guineas a week" ; which for me were Potosi wages. The Chancellor is going to take off stamps. We must see about

it by and by. A most questionable enterprise ! But if the Ishmael is cast forth into the Desert, with bow and quiver, in his coat of wild skins, shall he not *shoot* such game as there is ? Depend upon it, he must and will ! In the meantime his task (and let that suffice him) is this *Book* of his : forward, and be done with that. *Das Weitere wird sich zeigen, sich geben.*

We are not without society here, from time to time ; but still it is not of the rightly profitable sort. The men I want to see are such as could give me some glimpse of practical insight into the road I have to travel ; of all which there is yet too little going. Indeed, many with any sense, or insight into anything, are singularly rare in this world : one ought ever to be thankful for "the day of small things" ! Mill and one or two of his set are, on the whole, the reasonablest people we have : however we see them seldom (being so far off, etc.) ; and Mill himself, who were far the best of them all, is greatly occupied of late times with a set of quite opposite character, which the Austins and other friends mourn much and fear much over. . . . Fox the Socinian, and a flight of really wretched-looking "friends of the species," who (in writing and deed) struggle not in favour of Duty being *done*, but against Duty of any sort almost being *required*. A singular creed this ; but I can assure you a very observable one here in these days : by me "deeply hated as the GLAR, which is its colour (*die seine Farbe ist*)," and sub-

stance likewise mainly. Jane and I often say : " Before all mortals, beware of a friend of the species ! " Most of these people are very indignant at marriage and the like ; and frequently indeed are obliged to divorce their own wives, or be divorced : for though the *world* is already blooming (or is one day to do it) in everlasting " happiness of the greatest number," these people's own *houses* (I always find) are little Hells of improvidence, discord, unreason. Mill is far above all that, and I think will not sink in it ; however, I do wish him fairly far from it, and though I cannot speak of it directly would fain help him out : he is one of the best people I ever saw, and—surprisingly attached to *me*, which is another merit. Hunt is also a " friend of the species," but we make an exception of him ; though no-wise of the Doctrine as held by him : indeed I find my Cameronian rigour, and denouncement of all paltering, poltroonery and " crying for the want of *taffy*" has quite scared him into seclusion ; and he comes now only some once in the fortnight, and gives us really a most musical evening (for he is far the most ingenious creature I speak with here), concentrating many visits into one : I never in my whole life met with a more innocent childlike man ; transparent, many-glancing, really beautiful, were this Lubberland or Elysium, and not Earth and England. His family also are innocent. . . . We get no harm from them, and some little good. God help him and them ! is our hearty prayer for

them.—Allan Cunningham and his Wife come down, at long intervals; were here lately in the Scotch "fore-supper" style: good people in their kind, and friendly to us; incapable of close sympathy. I have mentioned Eastlake,<sup>1</sup> and that I saw him at Rennie's. The man (very inquisitive about Goethe, and otherwise intelligent and courteous) had rather pleased me: some three weeks ago a Mr. Cockerell<sup>2</sup> (an Architect, Brother-in-law of Rennie) came down very unexpectedly to ask me to meet him again. My rule being to meet all honest persons, I went. . . . Eastlake is a man turned of forty, with bushy eyebrows and hazel eyes that have a glow in them: the rest of his face and figure is sympathetic-precise rather than better; a rational man, raised a little above commonplace, and yet not far above it: I mean to see more of him. . . . The Austins are come home again and Hayward (the *Faust* translator, become *cin und etwas* rather suddenly): we saw them all in full blow lately, talk without end, happiness, admiration (of Mrs. Jameson, and the "swarm that came out with the *Annals*," as Mrs. Cunningham called that sort); and had occasion again to envy the "happiness of Commonplace;" not to say *le bonheur des sots*, for that were too strong here. These are all our associates I will hint at: are there not enough? . . .

T. CARLYLE.

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards Sir Charles, and P.R.A.

<sup>2</sup> Author of the sumptuous volume on *The Temples of Jupiter at Ægina, and of Apollo at Bassæ*, in folio, London, 1860.



CXXXII.—To his MOTHER, Scotsbrig.

CHELSEA, 20th November 1834,  
Thursday night.

MY DEAR MOTHER—You are not to take this for a Letter, but for a mere *off-put*: I am not getting the *Bastille* taken so readily as I expected; so having seen Buller to-day I begged a frank from him merely to say that we were all well, and that I *would* write. It will serve to keep your kind heart quiet about us, which may, not improbably, be disposed to misgivings in such bitter November weather.

The *Book* continues to form my grand occupation: sometimes I incline to fancy that it will prove not so bad a Book; at other times, it looks poor enough: but in either case, I *persevere*, and study to remember your old precept at the shearing: "If it were never so little *it'll no loup<sup>1</sup> in again.*" I have a great deal of reading to go through, and little arrangements to make about it, which consume time: but on the whole "one must just do the best he *can.*" . . .

How are you doing in windy Scotsbrig, when it is so cold in *lown<sup>2</sup>* Chelsea? Many a time I think, If you have a good fire, and are keeping yourself snug within doors? Had one but the little magical glass the Fairy Tales speak of, whereby one could at any moment *see* those he loved, though never so distant! But I suppose, it is better as we are.

<sup>1</sup> Leap.

<sup>2</sup> Windless, sheltered.

Our friends are all come back again, and there are meetings and conversings and callings enough. Mrs. Austin has introduced Jane to a very excellent-looking Scotch lady, who lives close by: a Mrs. Somerville, distinguished in the Literary world (very strangely for a woman) as a *Mathematician*. Far better than that, she seems to have a real fund of mother-wit, good sense and good principle: her husband is Surgeon to the Chelsea Hospital (comes from Kelso, she I believe from Fife); she is a woman turned of fifty, and has seen troubles, and seems to have learned from them. I hope she will be a small acquisition to Jane, who has little sympathy with the *flaffing* ways of the Cockney women, and does not esteem many of them much. . . .

Charles Buller is one of the sensiblest people I see: . . . [he] is going to make himself notable as the most decisive of Radicals: he has come forward with most abundant *promptitude* on this new occasion; is to be President of a Public Meeting to-morrow night, to which I undertook to go as a dumb spectator (being curious to see such a thing) and probably shall go. You are likely to hear something of it in next *Examiner*. This grand change of Ministry appears to be taken very quietly here; rather with surprise as to what it means, or how it will go on, than with any other feeling. For myself I am sorry about it, as about most *changes*: there will likely be a new Election of Parliament, the whole country thrown again into ferment; and as for

the *ultimate* issue, Providence alone can foresee it. That it may well end in mischief, nay, in confusion worse than the Duke dreams of is but too probable. My work as heretofore lies quite out of it: I am an onlooker merely. God guide it all for the best; and take pity of the poor blinded sons of men—whose ways the more I look on them the more surprise me. . . .

CXXXIII.—To his MOTHER, Scotsbrig.

CHEYNE ROW, *Monday afternoon*,  
[1st December] 1834.

MY DEAR MOTHER—Three hours ago came this Letter from our good Doctor; which I know will give you pleasure, the rather as you have been anxiously waiting for it. I will not detain it a moment; but go to Buller, and (if he be at home) perhaps get a frank for it this very night. Jack you will find is all right; and settled for the winter at Rome.

As to myself I have not a moment's time to write; and do not mean to pay my debt to-day. That tough *Bastille* (which I have had work enough with) still holds out; but will be done in two days. There is, after that, another small *Sherra' muir*; <sup>1</sup> and were I over with that, I will treat myself—and you.

For the present, dear Mother, take my

<sup>1</sup> Much ado about nothing,—like the battle of Sheriffmuir (fought between Mar and Argyle 13th November 1715), at which no one was killed, and both parties thought they had gained the victory.

assurance that I am well, no less than busy. Let not your motherly heart be anxious about my health, or anything that concerns me. Depend upon it, I do *not* overwork myself, but study to take it moderately like one that had a *longish* spell of it to do: I am always happiest and best when in the middle of work; provided it will go on with me! Which, indeed, it will not always do. . . .

My dear Mother, you are growing a *capital* writer; positively you need nothing but just to go on, and make me quite independent of all of them: I will tell Jean, by the next frank, to get you a quire of *ruled* paper at Dumfries, and send it out: you may take a whole week over your letter; fill at your leisure, *to the very brim*; and let it be right sure of a welcome! I owe you some long sheets for your last kind little one; which I have still in my breast pocket, and make much of. What a blessing that there is such a thing as writing; that you have learned to write!

I went to Buller's Radical Meeting, and was greatly amused by it. The people were in deep earnest: some two thousand of them, mostly industrious-looking men, the better kind of operatives; many of them under thirty. The murmur of their assent or dissent, above all the kind of *bark* (what we Annandale people call a *goust* or *gollie*) coming from two thousand voices, at any sound or mention of Toryism and its insults, was grand to hear. It was bitter earnest with them; not so with me, who came



thither as a mere onlooker, and did not care much which way it went. Toryism or Radicalism, it seems to me all things are going *to the howe pot*;<sup>1</sup> whether to-morrow or the day after is small concern. God is above all, and will work His own wise Purpose with it;—and support and save those who are worthy. I only hope, they will not get to absolute *breaking of crowns*; which indeed seems a thing no one apprehends.—In Wellington's shoes I would not willingly be: he thinks to rule Britain like a drill-sergeant; but will find it not answer. As bonny a man I have seen before now lose his head in such a business. God pity him, and all!

Plenty of company is here now; and in the cool weather (which is wonderfully clear and dry) I can take long walks. Mill speaks of some [arrange]ment for sending me a daily Paper he gets: in that case, when [anything] special occurs, I can send you a Number. I fear you are short of good reading, when you take to poor *Schiller* a second time: tell me if you are. It were easy to make a better effort to get more for you, even from this distance. I could write to Ben Nelson to give you *share of his share* in the Annan Library: I believe he would do it at once with pleasure. Tell me, if it would be useful. There are stores of good reading there.

My own poor *French Revolution* struggles on as you see. It will keep me all winter: but if the people "read it when it is *irwitten*," or if

<sup>1</sup> Equivalent to the bottomless pit.

it be worth reading, we will not complain. Mill's new Periodical is to go on; and I shall get work there if I want it: but for the present I rather *hold back*, till I see what sort of fellows they prove; what sort of terms they will offer me. I have much to learn here (for it is a most confused singular world this); but it is good that I have come to learn it: I feel no doubt but I shall *swim* in the water, did I once know the currents of it. *None*, when I see what *wights* are swimming! Fear nothing.

I have almost filled my sheet; for I could not send it away vacant: I fear I shall thereby lose the Post for this night; but Buller at any rate had little chance to be in. I will have tea, and then try him. It is four miles off; but I did not walk to-day on purpose for that. Good-night, dear Mother! I see you in the Scotsbrig two rooms, with the gurdy winds about you; but, I hope too, a little comfortable *black teapot* (a *witch* one) on the hob; and kind thoughts to your children that are far or near, and assurance that they send you the like. When will you write to me? I myself will not be long. Our kind love to Jamie and his Dame, to Mary, Jean and them all.—Ever your affectionate,

T. CARLYLE.

CXXXIV.—To his MOTHER, Scotsbrig.

CHELSEA, LONDON, 24th December 1834.

MY DEAR MOTHER— . . . Never was finer winter weather than we have had here; hardly

a drop of rain, hardly a day of *blustering*, and now it is the finest frost. We are come up-stairs now (into my writing room), which is warmer and cheerier : the under apartment is *two* rooms, with folding doors for making them into *one*, and answers best in summer. This is really a fine spacious place ; as broad as your Scotsbrig big room, and somewhat longer ; all lined with wainscot ; a curiously carved mantelpiece, quite a venerable-looking old piece of *sufficiency* ; with three windows, looking to the south-west, over the street, into potherb gardens, then houses, and (when the wind is blowing) *clear* blue sky. There are houses here, let at £300 a-year, not intrinsically better than this, or so good. . . .

I am fighting away at my Book ; have got the *Bastille* all comfortably laid flat ; and am *determined* (alas, I fear in vain !) to have my *First Section* finished on Saturday night. My progress is slower than I expected, and the work grows on my hands ; so that I fear I must make two volumes of it. But if the quality be not *bad*, that will be no disadvantage. We must "do the best we *can*." Do not fear my *overworking* myself : I am very regular ; get breakfast about nine ; work till two ; then go walking till *four* ; and after dinner seldom work more, except reading and the like. The populous roads, parks and streets are very amusing to walk on ; such a bustling flood of life. I have got me a *cloak* (of brown cloth, with fur neck), a most comfortable article, in which I walk, in sharpest weather, as warm as a pie : I

have also a new hat ; and on Friday morning am to have a new frock-coat (of very dark "rifle-green"): really a most smart man!—Poor Jane has got her foot burnt; the maid poured boiling water on it instead of into the coffee-pot, and so the poor Dame sits prisoner; but is getting better. Our maid, who accomplished this feat, is the best-natured, most laborious of *Pluisters*;<sup>1</sup> whom, after all, we reckon far better than a thief or *swingler*,<sup>2</sup> as many of them are.

No more to-night, dear Mother! I will soon write again; nay, perhaps still add a word on the cover. Good be with you, dear Mother!  
—Your affectionate T. CARLYLE.

CXXXV.—To Mrs. AITKEN, Dumfries.

5 CHEYNE ROW, CHELSEA, LONDON,

28th January 1835.

MY DEAR SISTER—I have been in your debt for a Letter, which came most acceptably, and which I did not at the time mean to owe you for so long: my delay, as I hope you have never doubted, arose from occupation, from want of news, from anything but want of care about you. I have an evening to myself just now, and, as I can hope also for a frank, you shall have the benefit of such opportunity.

It gave us great satisfaction to hear that you were safe, and had realised a little Boy, of whom we have learnt since from various quarters to entertain a hopeful opinion. Nourish

<sup>1</sup> Slatterns.

<sup>2</sup> Swindler (Yorkshire form of the word).



up the little Alick with all diligence; that he grow to be a man profitable in his day and generation! Our work in it will be over by and by; and his be beginning. Mrs. Welsh saw you and him and James, and sent us word about it; she subsequently also sent to you for news (she told us), but your own Letter was just coming off. Or perhaps I am confusing all manner of dates here? For the truth is, I have sat so chained to my writing-table these many weeks; that much of the outer world often seems to me almost like a dream.

James, I think, has very likely done well to purchase himself a house. You will find yourself much more comfortable in a "bit *haddin*<sup>1</sup> of your ain for a' that"; indeed, I imagine the house is of itself far better than your present one: besides it tends to give the Goodman a kind of consistency in his Trade; and so I hope every way will turn to good. He has a fair proportion of business, I understand: "the hand of the diligent" had long ago the best word; and even in these times shall not be altogether foiled. I hope all that is favourable of you both; to hear that you live not as fools but as wise: that is the grand blessing for this world and for the next.

As to myself, having already told you of sitting over my papers, and struggling with my evil genius there, I have hardly anything more to say that is important. My health stands out very tolerably, though it is the most unwhole-

<sup>1</sup> Holding, house.

some craft : it is true, I am faithful in walking and so forth, and we have generally weather one can walk in. I do not think I ever saw a year with less than *six* times as much rain : this is a far drier climate than yours, and the present season, moreover, has been unusually dry. In other respects, all goes as it was wont, or nearly so. We have a few friends that come about us, and might very easily have more *visitors* if not friends ; but find no profit in that : the good are *thin-sawn*<sup>1</sup> everywhere, and perhaps not thicker here than elsewhere, though there are *more* to choose among. The quantity of *folly* in all shapes that one finds here is really amazing. Gabble-gabble in every kind under the sun except the *wise* kind : the reasons are "like two wheat-grains in the bushel of chaff." We must even let it go on, as it has done, and will do ; it can, on the whole, "di' tha' naither ill na' guid." At lowest it is my happiness, as it was of that joiner friend of James's (whose name I think was Thomson), that if contradiction is like to drive one mad at any time, one can "take gey guid care ; and aye mostly work in a *place by himsel'!*" I, by the nature of the case, mostly aye work in just such a place.—What the fruit of my working<sup>2</sup> is to be we shall not begin to know yet for seven or eight months ; or perhaps for not as many years : that is the law of the trade, and one must just abide by it. I do the best I can,

<sup>1</sup> Thin-sown.

<sup>2</sup> *The French Revolution.*

and shall pray to be thankful for such reward, or such punishment, as is appointed. One thing alone I am sure of, that if I live I shall *have done* with the weary job ;—and then hope for another that may be easier and more profitable. Probably some of them have told you that the thing was growing on my hands, and threatened to become three volumes ! I was to be done in February or March ; and so, if I have it all fairly off my hands by the end of May I shall think it very tolerable. But *then* indeed, if the guiding Powers continue kind, Jack will be coming homewards, and we shall have a *gliff*<sup>1</sup> of Scotland again ! It is by toil, and the vanquishing of trouble and obstruction, that man lives here below.

I need not tell you about our Elections and public matters ; men have been parading all streets with Election Placards on long poles, or with two *poleless* Placards, one on breast and one on back, fastened with string ; others have been busy singing Ballads, hawking Political squibs, etc. etc., of the like purport ; to all which, I have said : Behold I have no care for thee ! You too, I find, have had the pleasure of an Election, and Sharpe has got once more returned, though with difficulty. It seems to me there are confused times coming ; times that cannot be further some to peaceable men. For these also, however, one must be ready. Meanwhile, they that are called to mingle in such work are not the enviablest ;

<sup>1</sup> Glimpse.

but rather they that can say to it, Go thou thy way, I go mine.

Allan Cunningham has been unwell, and I have not seen him for a great while, though often purposing to do it. He lost a brother here in Autumn, and seemed to suffer from it: his wife also has lost a brother resident here. They are *canny* people; of whom one gets, with some good, no chance of hurt. "There is a Dumfries Mason," Jane said, the first time she saw him; "better such, very considerably, than many a Cockney Literary Gentleman!"

My Mother has written me a Letter since yours, with nothing but good news in it. I fear always she leans to the *favourable side*. Your accounts of her way of doing, the look of her rooms, etc., are very interesting to me, and form the best of what picture I have made out respecting it. She says, last time, you had sent her a cake for New-year's gift. That was right. O be good to her: I need not bid you, I do believe. She has been a blessing to us; and, I trust in God, will long continue so. When I look over the world, and see what Mothers and Fathers the average have, I feel thankful for mine.—She said they had been singing at Scotsbrig; "Johnnie o' Cox" was sung too: I am right glad to hear of a song there. But now, *Missus*, I have a commission for you about that. Will you go over to any Stationer's shop, and buy half a quire (12 sheets) of *ruled* Paper (they have it ruled with blue ink, or can soon rule it); or if one has it not,



go to another, and on the whole *get* it; and send it to my Mother for writing to me on. She wants nothing but straight lines to write a most sufficient slow hand; and unless you bestir yourself in that way, I see no chance of her securing it. Now will you look to that? See in packing it, that you wrap it well, and if possible lay it *flat* (in some Book if there be such a thing; or between two pasteboards); for otherwise it gets creased, and "becomes unpleasant."

I must write some more letters than this; and will not seal till to-morrow: you shall then have "time of day" again,—unless I am too hurried. We are going to dine with the Bullers, who have all taken up their abode in Town, and are very kindly disposed towards us. It is there that I expect a frank; for there will likely be a Radical Member or two present. Charles is becoming a notable in that department; a *liesh* fellow,<sup>1</sup> were he not so loose in the hinges!—Jane is sitting sewing here; she sends you both her kind New-year's wishes. Be happy in your quiet circle there; be faithful, diligent, undaunted. Love one another; bear one another's burdens: how much is there in that! Alas, we have all our faults, our infirmities, our blindnesses, and have much to forgive and be forgiven. God bless you, dear *Craw*!—Your affectionate Brother,

T. CARLYLE.

<sup>1</sup> Brisk, effectual fellow.

[In Mrs. Carlyle's hand.]

Carlyle has the impudence to say he forgot to send his compliments to Jenny, as if it were possible for any one acquainted with that morsel of perfections to *forget* her! Tell her I will write a letter with my own hand; and hope to see her "an ornament to society in every direction."

CXXXVI.—To ALEXANDER CARLYLE, Catlinns,  
Lockerbie.

5 CHEYNE ROW, CHELSEA, LONDON,  
28th January 1835.

MY DEAR ALICK—It is long since I got you written to with any deliberation; I know not how long. I have been so busy; nothing but flying slips of paper, and blotting and scribbling all round me for week after week. However, now for the last eight days, I have been making a sort of pause; occupied only with reading and reflecting: so before falling-to again, I will send you a small word. You may well fancy, judging no doubt by yourself, that I am often, often thinking of you while no writing goes between us: indeed whither should my mind turn, when it has leisure to meditate, if *not* towards Annandale, where so much of my possession in this lower world lies? . . .

My Mother's last letter came the very day I had sent off a hasty scrap to her. The various postscripts and notices contained in that welcome sheet gave me a clear notion of

Scotsbrig, with the winter work you were all busy in: I was particularly glad to hear you had been down shortly before, and that "singing" had been going on among you. Long be the like among us! You cannot imagine how quiet and cheery all that looks from amid the confused din of this Metropolitan Monstrosity! Here, least of all places on Earth's surface, quiet never is; a raging and a roaring; all men hunted or hunting; all things "made like unto a *wheel*"—that turns and turns. I have grown greatly used to it now; and for most part walk the London streets as if they were peopled only with Images, and the noise were that of some Niagara Waterfall, or distracted universal carding-mill. There is something animating in it too; so that in my walks I generally turn Townwards, and go up through a larger or shorter circuit of real London Tumult (hereabouts we are not much noisier than in the stiller parts of Edinburgh, and in *our street* at ten at night and later there is no noise at all): for "man likes to see the face of man;" one's very dispiritment in these peopled spaces is nothing to the gloom of Puttock. My shortest turn (for I have various of various lengths) is to Hyde Park Corner; where I see quality carriages, six-horse waggons (horses all jingling with little bells), mail coaches, etc. etc.; and the Duke of Wellington's House, the windows all barred with iron (since the Reform Bill time), and huge iron railing twenty feet high between him and the street, which, as the

railing is lined with wood too, he does not seem to *like*: there are carriages sometimes about his gate now; and I bless myself that I am not he. Let me mention also that a waggoner occasionally passes this door (of Cheyne Row), whose voice to his horses, "wey-ho!" infallibly brings me in mind of one I have heard 300 miles off and more.—Alas, *this* will never do; the sheet almost done!

Has the Catlinns business got itself settled yet? I was very glad to learn that there was some prospect of its soon being settled; and, on the whole, not sorry that you expected they might make it eligible for you to stay there. Staying is always best, if one can stay; there is such waste every way in removing; waste of time, of money, of habit and connections: "three flittings are equal to a fire." But any way you seem to take it in the right mood: that of courage and patient faith. There is no fear in that case. The world is wide, as you say; and there is a Heaven above us go where we will.—Make my respects to little Tom; and have him speaking a mouthful of Annandale Scotch when I come back: Jane I fancy is a strapping *hizzy* by this time, and able to bear her share in any dialogue. Be careful of them, poor Creatures; and above and before all things, study to train them in the way that they should go.

My own history here may be summed up in very few words. I have finished my "First Part," which may possibly make a First



Volume; and am about beginning the Second and then the Third. On the whole, I am about *half* done; for a great deal of the stuff is laid in. I shall have a tough struggle however; all the way till the summer be come. Other work or thought I do not much occupy myself with: this is the day's task and is sufficient for the day. The hopes I have of it are not very high; though I piously believe with old Johnson that "useful diligence will at last prevail;" and calculate that several other shifts may open before then. . . . By God's blessing I calculate that the Spirit of Dishonesty *shall not* get dominion over me; nor the Spirit of Despondency, nor any other evil spirit; in which case all will and must be *well*. There are many people kind to me, and many that seem to think far more of me than I merit; but it is not in them I trust. On the whole, I do often feel as if all that hindered one were in reality a blessed furtherance towards something better. Let a man toil diligently; cast his bread upon the waters, he shall find it after many days.—But, alas, my dear Boy, the sheet is done. I will hope for another chance soon; and in the meantime pray you to bear in mind that *you* are now clearly my debtor, and that before the ploughing get too hot, you are actually bound to write to me. Send *all* manner of news, about yourself and household, about my Mother, about every one dear to me. My Mother said you had got her a "cask of good ale." It was right well done: I thank

you as if you had given myself a puncheon. I hope you go and see her often ; and will get her in motion again now when the days are lengthening. This spring weather brings me in mind of many things. Jane is gone to bed ; or she would *expressly* send her love. She had a baddish time of it with that foot but is better now.—We have not seen Leigh Hunt for almost three months ! There was no quarrel either : but I believe the poor man is very miserable, and feels shocked at my rigorous Presbyterian principles ; in short is afraid of me ! I pity him much ; but think too, he is perhaps as well where he *is*, and I where I am. Good-night, my dear Alick ! Love to Jenny and the Bairns.—Ever your affectionate Brother,

T. CARLYLE.

. . . . .

CXXXVII.—To his MOTHER, Scotsbrig.

CHELSEA, LONDON, 29th January 1835.

MY DEAR MOTHER— . . . I have told Jean to get you twelve *ruled* sheets of Paper at Dumfries, and send them out for my benefit : it appears to me, you need nothing but straight courses laid out for you to write as well as need be ; you will be slower than some of us ; but you can begin in time always, and fill your sheet independently of any of them. I have strictly charged Jean to look to the paper ; so now it will depend on yourself.—The Letter you sent was very gratifying and cheerful : I could fancy you all there, assembled in peace and goodwill,

and see all the marketing, beef-salting and other winter work going on. . . .

My own work here gets forward as well as it can. I am very anxious to be perfectly accurate (which I find to have been exceedingly neglected by my forerunners); the consequence of that is great searching and trouble; yet the thing when one is doing it ought to *be done*. Hollow work always shows its hollowness one day or other: all men in all places at all times ought to *decline* working hollow. As to the reception I shall meet with, there is no calculating, nor indeed does it give me almost any anxiety whatever. The people that judge of Books and Men in these days are a wretched people, without wisdom, nay, without sincerity, which is the first chance for having wisdom; one is under the necessity of letting them babble out their foolish say, and heeding it no more than the cawing of rooks,—in whose sound, guidance is *not* for man or woman. If I write anything that has meaning [in] it such meaning *cannot* be lost, He that *gave* me the meaning will care fitly for it. I wish, however, I were done with it! But I must stand to my tools first; there is no other way. The trees will be all leafy, and the fields all *gowany* before I even see the end afar off; nevertheless through it I will be, if life and strength are left me. For the rest, dear Mother, be not concerned about my health suffering: I find it from day to day the *thriftiest* way not to overwork myself; and really my health stands wonderfully well. You see I am at this very

time giving myself a half-recreation of ten days. By the time you read this, I hope to be in full activity again.

The Bullers are come to live in London ; Mrs. Buller thinks Charles's health will fare better, were she here to look after it. She is almost fearfully bound up in Charles ; and I think if he were to die, would almost die too : it is not safe to lean so on aught earthly. Charlie, however, is really a good fellow, and rising in his sphere of life ; yet one cannot well prophesy much of him, he is so flighty, not in his purposes, but in his fits of application. He and his mother and the whole of them are Radically given, to a very decided degree. That also is my humour, but I find little profit in speaking it out ; *rebellion*, against authority of any kind, is always a barren matter, full of irritancy, of poor painful feelings which are more of the Devil than of God. We are to dine with the Bullers to-night. I have not been in the Town these three days, but took my exercise in delving the garden, of which I have got a quarter put in order again. You will judge what a dry soil we have by my delving at this season. It is indeed and has been the finest winter I can remember. . . .

CXXXVIII.—To his MOTHER, Scotsbrig.

CHELSEA, 17th February 1835.

MY DEAR MOTHER—I am afraid I do not keep my promise and purpose to you so well as



I ought in the writing way ; it is the weakness of the ability not of the will. I sit here of late so very motionless over my task-sheet, that the world is almost foreign to me : I take no note of its ways ; the flight of days and of weeks goes on unmarked, and I am astonished to find them departed. You get the Newspaper, happily still with its *two strokes* ; and will not be uneasy about me. Besides I think you know so much of my old punctuality as to be pretty sure that if anything really bad were happening, I would not keep you in ignorance. As to the *fash* of putting the Newspaper into the Post-office, that is literally nothing ; I go out to walk daily, and nearly always from choice go up towards the press of the Town (close *past* the Post-office) ; the tumult of these, my brethren, sons of Adam, amuses me. How different from the lone musing stroll along the Glaisters Hill-side ! I never think of that now without a kind of shudder at it ; of thankfulness that I am away from it.— But indeed I ought to write to you more deliberately, and will (were this villainous Book once done) : nay, there is hope that I shall see you again before very long, which will be far better !

Jack's letter when it came in reminded me that I had heard nothing from Annandale since the last time of writing to him ; also that I had not written to you again as I meant.—He is well, the worthy Doctor, and talks of home-coming ! That late illness of Lady Clare's seems to have been a trying kind of predicament for him ; and I think he managed with great honesty

and discretion; really very *well*. The "Homœopathic Medicine" he talks of is a thing the poor *Gomerals* are making a noise about here too: it is probably among the most perfect delusions of its day, as far as I can see into it. Neither for love nor for money let a man have *anything* to do with delusions in any place or at any time! Jack, I trust, will come back to us *grown* in many respects; I hope we shall all meet again, for the better and not for the worse.

As to my own proceedings here, they amount to almost nothing, except the slow but determined progress my poor Book is making. I *cannot* write it fast; I could write it fast enough, if I would write it ill: but that I have determined not to do—wilfully. It will be bad enough *against* one's will. O that I were done with it! But Patience! Patience! One must *go on*,—as we did at the Cressfield shearing: were it but a sheaf cut, it will not "*loup in again*." Hurry after all is of no use; one does nothing of any weight by *hurrying*. Many a time I think of my good Father's method of working, how he went on "without haste, without rest;" and did in that way the very most, I must believe, that he *could* do. I am not so wise in my trade; which, indeed, is more difficult to manage wisely.

However, you are not to suppose that I work myself into ill health. No; I really am not under my usual condition in that particular; rather above, I should say; for I take *no* drugs now; and, for example, yesterday I walked up-

wards of eight miles (to and from the Bullers' old house; they are in a new one now, a mile and half nearer us) before dinner, and was not a whit exhausted. I am still in a *new* sort of health, not as I used to be; nay I sometimes think, I shall get heartily healthy once more, and be a young brisk man—turned of forty! In my mind, I feel quite young yet; and *growing*, as when I was eighteen: this is the greatest blessing. As to my outlooks here, and indeed as to the world and the ways of it, and *its* usage of me better or worse, I cannot say that my heart is distressed, or will distress itself about it: it is God's world, and I am God's worker in it; well for me if I can *be* that! I seem to see better and better that I have not wholly mistaken my calling, in that point of view; and as to the rest—*Good* is our Maker; He will give us strength according to our burden.—Hitherto the look of Literature as a trade is full of the wretchedest contradictions; nor do I see how any man that has more than meat to look for, and would *keep*, not a carriage, but a conscience, can do much good in it as a getter of money. I have not found it very blessed in the way of *ease* either as I worked at it: on the whole, if it do not show a fairer side, I will fling it from me, and seek bread *otherwise*: there is bread to be had elsewhere; and I will think my thought, and write it down (as the Heavens enable me), and ask only Heaven's permission to do that. Accordingly, I question if there is any man in London with as small a "fixed

capital," who carries his head as free, and will take fewer *dunts* from man or thing than "one Carlyle<sup>1</sup> of Craigenputtock," worthy man,—one of whose *toes* is sore at this moment; which is his grand grievance. The truth is, dear Mother, I am *full* of my task, and see it getting on; and think that is more than perhaps His Majesty can say: for me it ought to be enough. The Book will probably bring me no money; but I can do without that; and were it done and my hands free, I can write an "Article" or two again. They say it is going to be a tolerable enough Book; a queer Book, yes, a *very* queer Book. — Jane's foot is quite whole, and her health, I think, as good as it has been for long. We go on very quietly here: "indulge" in a cup of hot coffee at eight o'clock by way of breakfast: she then goes downstairs, and leaves me the room to scribble in till one or two; then I walk or dig till four: dinner next of simple mutton chop and '*tatie*'; a little music, reading, or by a time some solid friendly visitor (no *quack* is at the pains to come so far), and so at ten our porridge comes in, and "all is by" in a very innocent manner. . . .

Now, when is the ruled sheet to come? I long to know all about you, how you are, what you are doing. . . . O what a blessing that you are still able to go on so well. That you have a reasonable, acquiescing, hoping spirit! I thank you, dear Mother, a thousand times for the lessons you and my Father taught me; they

<sup>1</sup> Carlyle objected to this pronunciation of his name. — M. C.



are more precious than fine gold. . . . Jane's love to you all. Good-night, dear Mother.  
—Ever your affectionate, T. CARLYLE.

The *Examiner* comes irregularly to poor Hunt; sometimes (as last week) not at all: *that* is the reason, and not my neglect. Almost always you will get something on Sabbath; and sometimes on another day too. They can ask when they are at the village. All are talking politics here; not I: it is *nothing* to me.

CXXXIX.—To ALEXANDER CARLYLE, Catlinns,  
Lockerbie.

CHELSEA, 27th February 1835.

. . . The Proverb says, 'Better a finger off than ay' wagging.' I will not regret that you are done with that *glarry*<sup>1</sup> business of Catlinns; that now all the world is all before you where to choose. There is a probability that farm-stock will not be much *lower*, at any rate, about Whitsunday; so your calculation, favourable for the present, may be found to hold good then: and thus with "private capital" rather increased, with health, and a free heart and conscience, you can *take the bent*<sup>2</sup> again. I wish I knew what were really wisest for you. For a *wisest* thing there indubitably is; only we with our poor eyes cannot always discern it. I, in particular, so far off, so inexperienced in the whole

<sup>1</sup> Miry, muddy.

<sup>2</sup> Take the open field, set out on new adventures.

matter, can give you no counsel that has more to recommend it than best intention. You do well to ask counsel of the Heavens, and man's Great Guide there. New enterprises are always best entered on in that solemn feeling of dependence: in various senses that I can see, it is truly written, "He that seeketh *findeth*."—On the whole, however, you are not to take *gloomy* views, for there is nothing to mourn at, to despair at: a serious cheerfulness; that is the right mood in this as in all cases.

It is my impression that you ought not to meddle again with farms, at least not this year, when the season is spent, and so much is discouraging in that direction. In fact, I rather still incline to conjecture that Farming is henceforth no good trade in Scotland or Britain; not a better trade than others; a worse than several. We have often talked over that matter: high rents, low prices; a hungry set of Landlords (for I believe they too are sunk in debt), a population which, whatever Newspaper "Prosperities of trade" and so forth may say, is (and ever must be) struggling deeper and deeper into destitution, and inability to purchase anything but Potatoes;—these, with the enormous competition, are fatal circumstances for farming. Farming in America were something,—on your own land! For the sky is bounteous there as here, and the sky's bounty is not there whisked away, as by art magic, into hands that have not toiled for it. At the worst I always look to

America. Perhaps, as to Scottish farming, it is well that you are rid of that.

Nothing else suggests itself to me as so likely for you as going down to Annan. There is always, and must always be, a good deal of trading in grain and farm-produce; in the management of which, a man that *can* manage it with discretion, punctuality, energy, must find some sort of reward. What degree of reward it is at present, I know not at all, but you do or can learn; and as for your fitness to work in that way, I have always understood it to be very considerable, and that, if you would improve more and more in *Punctuality* (which is the soul of all commerce) it might decidedly become superior, and I know not how much so. But the danger all over Annandale (perhaps less in Annan than elsewhere) is that miserable habit of *maffling*,<sup>1</sup> in all senses of the word: you must guard sternly and continually against that. I have also noticed that you are too sanguine or vehement (which is also a fault of my own), and take in more work than you can accomplish: this is a great enemy to Punctuality (one so often fails, and gets into the habit of failing), an "enemy to veritas" in general. Lastly the whole breed of us have "a dibble of a temper." These, my dear Brother, are the things to be striven with, to be better and better subdued: it is really my opinion that you were then *well qualified* for that kind of industry, and might find yourself more at home thereby in Annan than anywhere you

<sup>1</sup> Trifling.

<sup>2</sup> Virtue.

have yet been. There are really some trustworthy and regular-working substantial characters there; with whom by degrees you would get into the proper footing, and find it profitable every way. I think they are the best people I know about in our county. The loose, the vague, the irregular that have no rule or plan of conducting themselves (of whom also there are plenty), you will naturally shun: there may be profit away from such; *with* such it is not possible that profit can be.—Think therefore what you might earn by trading in (say) corn and meal, no farther than you already see and understand such trade. If it would suffice to support you, I think you might go with no hesitation, with alacrity. A house and park (cow's grass, at any rate) cannot cost very much; and with no servant, and a wife faithfully disposed to do the best, and who will learn better and better to do it, you can be far more comfortable than heretofore (with such a set of *gillenyers*);<sup>1</sup> you may live there in a still but assiduously industrious way, putting your hand no farther than the sleeve will let: I think there is a fair prospect, that *fitness* for your employment would really bring recompense in it; better and better recompense as you grew fitter.—You see I have it all cut and dry for you, as if I knew it all. But you will not forget that I properly know nothing of it, as it practically, at the moment *is*: you will correct my

<sup>1</sup> Great, lazy gluttons (this is the meaning attached to the word in Annandale).—M. C.



theory when you find it and the reality part company. . . .

I may say truly, Clow of Land's<sup>1</sup> liking to *Teufelsdrückh* is a real satisfaction to me; among the more genuine I have had from that Book. That it comes home to an earnest mind, so far away from it in every sense, is proof that there is earnest stuff in it; and should and does please me much more than any flimsy Review-praise it could have got from any Critic now going. I unluckily have not one other copy, or the worthy neighbour should have it: perhaps it may be reprinted as a Book one day, and then (if it be in our time) we may have another chance. I feel pretty much inclined to believe that had it been published in that fashion at first, it might actually have *done*. Several persons do more than like it. My last Copy was solicited from me (through the Bullers) very lately by a Sir W. Molesworth, a young Squire, of Radical-Utilitarian temper, but solid English material; much to my surprise; for of *his* whole Philosophy *it* is subversive. He is the man who has given, to Mill's charge, £2000 (for he is rich enough) to set agoing that *Review* of theirs. The first number of it is coming out soon. As for the *French Revolution*, the worst fault of it is, it gets on so dreadfully *slowly*. I think otherwise it is better than anything I have done; for it rests upon a *truth*, upon truths; and if I had done *my best* with it, I will very cheerfully tumble it forth to let the world do *its*

<sup>1</sup> Clow, Alick's brother-in-law.

best or its worst : Fraser has it advertised as "getting ready" in his next *Magazine* number.

The party we had at the Taylors' was most brisk, and the cleverest (best gifted) I have been at for years : Mill, Charles Buller (one of the gayest, lightly-sparkling, lovable souls in the world), *Repository* Fox (who *hotches*<sup>1</sup> and laughs at least), Fonblanque, the *Examiner* Editor,—were the main men. It does one good ; though I buy it dear, dining so late : towards eight o'clock !—I have also seen Southey the Poet (at another Taylor's, where is one of the finest old women ever discovered : a Miss Fenwick from Northumberland) :<sup>2</sup> Southey is lean as a harrow ; *dun* as a tobacco-*spluchan* ;<sup>3</sup> *no* chin (I mean the smallest), *snubbed* Roman nose, vehement brown eyes, huge *white* head of hair ; when he rises, —all legs together. We had considerable talk together : he is a man positive in his own Tory Church of England way ; well informed, rational ; a good man : but perhaps so striking for nothing as for his excitability and irritability, which I should judge to be pre-eminent even among Poets. We parted kindly ; and might be ready to meet again. He lives at Keswick (in Cumberland there) ; thinks the world is sinking to ruin, and writes diligently. There are few sensible mortals anywhere : I suppose the best stock of them might be looked for here. We do not see many people ; yet enough

<sup>1</sup> Fidgets.

<sup>2</sup> For an account of this lady, see *Autobiography of Henry Taylor*, i. 52 *et al.*

<sup>3</sup> Tobacco-pouch.

for our purposes; and could see more. The Bullers are very agreeable; *old* Charles was down yesterday, and played a game at chess with Jane: I like him ever the better were he not so *deaf*. But, on the whole, there is nothing I find more profitable than to be left alone with my *French Revolution*. "They can da' tha naither ill na' guid!" You can fancy me sitting there in the old scribbling way, as you have seen me at Puttock; except that the *outrake*<sup>1</sup> is so inexpressibly different and cheerfuller here: into the very throng of the sons of Adam and the business they have. The *noise* long since has become indifferent to me: *here* at any rate we have no noise; but at night are as still as you. . . . Good night, my dear Brother! may God guide you and bless you! My love to little mute Tom, to talking Jane, and to the Mother who lovingly watches them,—and shall make tea for me yet.—I remain, ever your affectionate Brother,

T. CARLYLE.

CXL.—To Dr. CARLYLE, Rome.<sup>2</sup>

CHEYNE ROW, CHELSEA, LONDON,  
23d March 1835.

MY DEAR BROTHER—Your Letter came in this morning (after sixteen days from Rome); and, to-morrow being post-day, I have shoved

<sup>1</sup> Airing, walk.

<sup>2</sup> Two short extracts from this letter are printed in Froude's *Carlyle's Life in London*, i. 30, 31.

my writing-table into the corner, and sit (with my back to the fire and Jane, who is busy sewing at my old jupe of a Dressing-gown), forthwith making answer. It was somewhat longed for; yet I felt, in other respects, that it was better you had not written sooner; for I had a thing to dilate upon, of a most ravelled character, that was better to be knit up a little first. You shall hear. But do not be alarmed; for it is "neither death nor men's lives": we are all well, and I heard out of Annandale within these three weeks, nay, Jane's Newspaper came with the customary "two strokes," only five days ago. I meant to write to our Mother last night; but shall now do it to-morrow.

Mill had borrowed that first Volume of my poor *French Revolution* (pieces of it more than *once*) that he might have it all before him, and write down some observations on it, which perhaps I might print as Notes. I was busy meanwhile with Volume Second; toiling along like a *Nigger*, but with the heart of a free Roman: indeed, I know not how it was, I had not felt so clear and independent, sure of myself and of my task for many long years. Well, one night about three weeks ago, we sat at tea, and Mill's short rap was heard at the door: Jane rose to welcome him; but he stood there unresponsive, pale, the very picture of despair; said, half-articulately gasping, that she must go down and speak to "Mrs. Taylor." . . . After some considerable additional gasping, I learned from Mill this fact: that my poor Manuscript,



all except some four tattered leaves, was *annihilated* ! He had left it out (too carelessly) ; it had been taken for waste-paper : and so five months of as tough labour as I could remember of, were as good as vanished, gone like a whiff of smoke.—There never in my life had come upon me any other *accident* of much moment ; but this I could not but feel to be a sore one. The thing was *lost*, and perhaps worse ; for I had not only forgotten all the structure of it, but the spirit it was written with was past ; only the general impression seemed to remain, and the recollection that I was on the whole well satisfied with that, and could now hardly hope to equal it. Mill whom I had to comfort and speak peace to remained injudiciously enough till almost midnight, and my poor Dame and I had to sit talking of indifferent matters ; and could not till then get our lament freely uttered. *She* was very good to me ; and the thing did not beat us. I felt in general that I was as a little Schoolboy, who had laboriously written out his *Copy* as he could, and was showing it not without satisfaction to the Master : but lo ! the Master had suddenly torn it, saying : “ No, boy, thou must go and write it *better*.” What could I do but sorrowing go and try to obey. That night was a hard one ; something from time to time tying me tight as it were all round the region of the heart, and strange dreams haunting me : however, I was not without good thoughts too that came like healing life into me ; and I got it somewhat reasonably crushed

down, not abolished, yet subjected to me with the resolution and prophecy of abolishing. Next morning accordingly I wrote to Fraser (who had *advertised* the Book as "preparing for publication") that it was all gone back; that he must not *speak of it* to any one (till it was made good again); finally that he must send me some *better paper*, and also a *Biographie Universelle*, for I was determined to risk ten pounds more upon it. Poor Fraser was very assiduous: I got Bookshelves put up (for the whole House was *flowing* with Books), where the *Biographie* (not Fraser's, however, which was countermanded, but Mill's), with much else stands all ready, much readier than before: and so, having first finished out the Piece I was actually upon, I began *again* at the beginning. Early the day after to-morrow (after a hard and quite novel kind of battle) I count on having the First Chapter on paper a second time, no worse than it was, though considerably different. The bitterness of the business is past therefore; and you must conceive me toiling along in that new way for many weeks to come. As for Mill I must yet tell you the best side of him. Next day after the accident he writes me a passionate Letter requesting with boundless earnestness to be allowed to make the loss good as far as *money* was concerned in it. I answered: Yes, since he so desired it; for in our circumstances it was not unreasonable: in about a week he accordingly transmits me a draft for £200; I had computed that my five months' housekeep-

ing, etc., had cost me £100; which sum therefore and not two hundred was the one, I told him, I could take. He has been here since then; but has not sent the £100, though I suppose he will soon do it, and so the thing will end,—more handsomely than one could have expected. I ought to draw from it various practical “uses of improvement” (among others not to lend manuscripts again); and above all things try to do the work *better* than it was; in which case I shall never grudge the labour, but reckon it a goodhap.—It really seemed to me a Book of considerable significance; and not unlikely even to be of some interest at present: but that latter, and indeed all economical and other the like considerations had become profoundly indifferent to me; I felt that I was honestly writing down and delineating a World-Fact (which the Almighty had brought to pass in the world); that it was an *honest* work for me, and all men might do and say of it simply what seemed good to *them*.—Nay I have got back my spirits again (after this first Chapter), and hope I shall go on tolerably. I will struggle assiduously to be done with it by the time you are to be looked for (which meeting may God bring happily to pass); and in that case I will cheerfully throw the business down a while, and walk off with you to Scotland; hoping to be ready for the *next* publishing season.—This is my ravelled concern, dear Jack; which you see is in the way to knit itself up again, before I am called to tell you of it.

And now for something else. I was for writing to you of it next day after it happened: but Jane suggested, it would only grieve you, till I could say it was in the way towards adjustment; which counsel I saw to be right. Let us hope assuredly that the whole will be for *good*.

I told you there had been a Letter from Dumfriesshire. Mrs. Welsh writes to us oftener, with full news of everything (our Mother *was* at Templand, did I tell you?): but she is still in Edinburgh, though soon returning now. Alick on this occasion was the correspondent: I had written to him just three days before, so that his Letter would be put into the Post-office and mine taken *out* by the same messenger; I wrote again very soon after. He has actually done with Catlinns. It was let by auction on the day advertised; to somebody for £12 less than his rent: that somebody I suppose is *glarring* and ploughing over it (poor fellow) in these very days; and Alick marches at Whitsunday *first*. He wanted much to have counsel: I could give him little except in general; farming seemed to me also a thing he was probably as well done with; Annan and some kind of grain-dealing there looked the likeliest. It seems to me not improbable that he will try himself there: he was to see Ben Nelson about it, he said; his tone of temper was good; cheerful, and *determined* to have another fly at it. He will perhaps find himself much better situated in that way of life; there is better society to be had there; more of



interest ; a freer field in several respects. He seemed very grateful for your Letter ; charged me to send you his thanks over and over again. I hope we shall see him in Summer, doing better.—Our good Mother added a little post-script ; in the same meek cheery temper they are all in : Jean was to get her some ruled paper at Dumfries ; with the aid of which she might really write a very reasonable Letter.—I get a daily *Globe* Newspaper from Mill (he leaves it in masses, every two or three days, at a shop in Knightsbridge) : copies of this I circulate among them far and wide : one or two weekly to my Mother ; who also pretty regularly gets the *Examiner*, furnished me by Hunt (whom for the rest I do not *see* once in the month), though I myself sometimes *omit* to read it. The aspect of Politics seems to me the wretchedest ; and happily there are several people here who never open their mouths on that subject. I have sent a Newspaper or two to poor Johnstone at Haddington ; to Arbuckle,<sup>1</sup> to Glen, etc. etc. There is little other good in them : only we felt rather ashamed that Whiggism was all out a week before we knew it, down here in our village stillness!—Peel apparently will be out soon too : and then ? *Des Sottises !*

Your practice at Rome is literally of the profitableness that all good work is of : for this world, Nothing. Never mind, my boy ; take more of it if it offer. . . . I believe Doctor-

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Robert Arbuckle, a friend of Dr. Carlyle.—M. C.

ship here to be at as miserable a pass as well could be: "Homœopathy" the ready road to fortune in it; *quackery* as from of old abounding. There are two grand Homœopathists I find: Doctor Quin, and Doctor Bel'uomo (Beautiful Man!) an Italian. Mrs. Buller has taken into it: finds the most *astonishing* relief, etc. etc.: Austin has paid off Quin. *I* could interpret all Mrs. Buller's wondrous cases-in-point: the old story of imagination and nerves, *Fantasiestücke!* Dow of Irongray<sup>1</sup> worked a *miracle* even: it is the *food* of quacks.—This, however, I fancy is the thing to be striven against everywhere by the true man of every craft. I trust (if God will) we shall meet "before June be done": I with my Volume finished, you with your Travel; and then we shall do our very best to decide on something wise. A journey to Scotland among the first things,—on foot! . . .

Our visitors and visitings are what I cannot give you account of this time: not that they are many; but that the sheet is so near full. One Taylor (Henry Taylor, who has written a *Philip van Artevelde*, a good man, whose *laugh* reminds me of poor Irving's) invited me to meet Southey some weeks ago. I went and met Southey. A man of clear brown complexion, large nose, *no* chin, or next to none; care-lined and thought-lined brow, vehement hazel eyes; huge mass of white hair surmounting it: a strait-laced, limited.

<sup>1</sup> Minister of Irongray.

well-instructed, well-conditioned, excessively sensitive even irritable-looking man. His irritability I think is his grand spiritual feature; as his grand bodily is perhaps leanness and long legs: a nervous female might shriek when he rises for the first time, and stretches to such unexpected length—like a lean pair of tongs! We parted good friends; and may meet again, or not meet, as Destiny orders. At the same house, since that, Jane and I went to meet Wordsworth. I did not expect much; but got mostly what I expected. The old man has a fine shrewdness and naturalness in his expression of face (a long Cumberland figure); one finds also a kind of *sincerity* in his speech: but for prolixity, thinness, endless dilution it excels all the other speech I had heard from mortal. A genuine man (which is much), but also essentially a *small* genuine man: nothing perhaps is sadder (of the glad kind) than the *unbounded* laudation of such a man; sad proof of the *rarity* of such. I fancy, however, he has fallen into the garrulity of age, and is not what he was: also that his environment (and rural Prophet-hood) has hurt him much. He seems impatient that even Shakespear should be admired: "so much out of my own pocket"! The shake of hand he gives you is feckless, egoistical; I rather fancy he *loves* nothing in the world so much as one could wish. When I compare that man with a great man,—alas, he is like dwindling into a contemptibility. Jean Paul (for example), neither was he *great*, could have

worn him as a finger-ring. However when "I go to Cumberland," Wordsworth will still be a glad sight.—I have not been fortunate in my Pen to-night; indeed for the last page I have been writing with the back of it. This and my speed will account for the confusion. Porridge has just come in. I will to bed without writing more; and finish to-morrow. Good night, dear Brother!—Ever yours!

*Tuesday, 3 o'clock.*—My dear Jack, I have not gone out, being so busy with this First Chapter: congratulate me, I am *done* with it already! I will now walk with this up to Charing Cross after dinner; which will still do. Jane has been out all morning, and could not write a postscript: she is in now, and sends you her sisterly affection,—would like heartily, I do know, to read *Manzoni* with you again.— . . . Mill also has written this morning to say that he cannot think of so little as £100: we must abide by that nevertheless, I fancy. . . . Lord Jeffrey, most likely, is in Town at present: he will probably call here, but *not*, surely, with much rapidity. He has my true wishes; and I (theoretically) have his: but we *cannot* help one another. Our Mother has never said anything of Teufelsdröckh; but I learn from Alick that Clow of Land is *very* fond of him! A certain Sir W. Molesworth (a Radical Utilitarian M.P.) also "sent for a copy." Oh that I had more paper! But we shall *meet* if Heaven please. . . . Adieu, dear Jack! finis here.



Will you and Dr. Brunn<sup>1</sup> walk to *Pasquin* (do actually) and make my compliments to him.

CXLI.—To his MOTHER, Scotsbrig.

CHELSEA, 25th March 1835.

MY DEAR MOTHER—I purposed writing to you two nights ago, as you might perhaps notice on the Newspaper; but a little man came in, and occupied the whole evening I designed for you. It turned out, however, to be "probably just as well": for next day there arrived Jack's Roman Letter; which now can go along with mine to make the bargain better. We are, as Jack says, very lucky; and should be thankful that we hear from one another so regularly. I will only wish now, since *you* have delayed so long, that our Letters may not again *run into one another's mouth*: however, in that case too, I will send you an answer the sooner, and make matters straight again.

Jack, as you will see, has nothing but good news for us: the best is that he is (we can hope) on the way to see us all again, "by the end of June." I answered him last night; and could not but, among other things, agree with him that it were as well if his Travels ceased after that: he will have funds for attempting a settlement somewhere; and, if he see any feasibility, ought to do it. The money he speaks of will be sent forward as the last was; I will give you notice of it, and you will have to go to

<sup>1</sup> Of Coethen, an intimate friend of Dr. Carlyle.

Dumfries ; which, if Harry be in any condition, will perhaps do you no harm. As for that question about whether you got the *annual* (or interest) regularly, I could make no answer ; but hope you do. If you do not, pray apply, and make the people pay up. I never learned either whether the houses at Ecclefechan were got satisfactorily repaired, or how the rents come in : you complain of nothing ;—but have doubtless complaints that you *might* make ; and which I ought to know of. In the meanwhile, dear Mother, what a satisfaction for me is it to know that you are one of these that look not either to Houses in Ecclefechan, or any House or Possession on this poor Earth for your comfort and stronghold ! I know well that there is nothing but *such* a faith that can render this Earth and her stinted allowances endurable, nay matters of thankfulness for one. The cheerful wise way in which you adjust yourself to so many vicissitudes, and are always seen to be yourself in the midst of them, should be a lesson to me and all of us.

I had some occasion lately for a portion of your faith ; in a most unexpected *accident* (what we call *accident*) that befel me ; of which I delayed writing till I could not only say that I *would* get over it, but that I had got over it. Be of good cheer, therefore, as to that : it is all right (and for the best, I am persuaded) ; and you shall now hear about it fully. To sum up all in a word : the *First Volume* of my poor Book is utterly destroyed ! Mill, to whom I

had lent it to read, and write Notes on (for he is skilled in that subject), and who was full of admiration for the bit of work, had left it carelessly out in his house: some of the people saw it lying; tore it up as waste paper; and when he noticed it, there were only some three or four fractions of leaves remaining. He came hither to me, in a state looking not unlike insanity; and gasped out (for he could hardly speak) his Job's news. I am very glad that I got it borne so well; for it was a hard thing. It never got the better of me; and by next morning the bitterness of it was all over; and I had determined that there must be a finger of Providence in it; that it meant simply I was to write the thing over again *truer* than it was. My little Dame stood faithfully by me too, and was very good and brave. Having finished out the new Chapter I was upon therefore, I resolutely turned back to the beginning again; and have this day finished the First Chapter of all a second time, certainly no *worse* than it was; a thing that gives me great comfort, for I now find that I *can* do it; of which, before trial (so *irksome* was the business), I had no certainty, except in the determination to "*gar* myself do it." "Dinna tine<sup>1</sup> heart, therefore; it thou tine heart, thou tines a'!" I do really believe the Book will be the better for it, and we shall all be the better.—I must not forget to say that poor Mill next day sent a passionate entreaty to be allowed to pay me, what money

<sup>1</sup> Lose.

could pay; to which I, as to a reasonable thing, acceded; and so he sent me soon after a Draught for £200,—which however I returned that same day saying it was just *twice* the sum due. I have seen Mill since, and we talked of it; he this day sends me another Letter still wishing I would stand by the original sum, or some intermediate one: but I had explained to him that £100 was fully my expenses during the time of writing the thing; and so I fancy we will still adhere to that computation; for if any one had asked me to throw the writing into the fire, and said, What would I take? I could have given him no definite answer—except that I would be *ill, ill indeed* to deal with. In this rather handsome way, has the matter been brought to a bearing. One other thing I proposed that it should never *be spoken of* (except to you and Jack and the kindred) till it was all made good again.

So that you see, dear Mother, I have no chance to *earn* my Dressing-gown this summer: but you will give it me on trust I daresay? My whole object now is to get the lost part made up again by the time Jack may be expected: I will then throw it by for a while, and take it up afterwards; perhaps write some part of it beside *you*. It really was going to be what I reckoned a reasonably good Book (and a Part of it I still have); neither will it, one may think, the *rebellious heart* being once subdued to work quietly at it, be *worse* than it was; but *better*, for I know it better. You cannot think what a



comfort the feeling that I am doing an honest work in God's creation, whether I be ever paid for it or not, gives me: I have not been as contented for many years. The great uproar of London is a great beautiful moving Picture for me: I say to it, with the greatest good-nature, "Go thou thy way, I am going mine." There is no blessedness in the world equal to that.

Besides, I ought to say, we are not ill off, or ill-used in any way, but really *well*. I suppose we have a little circle of society here, considerably better than His Majesty's, or his Grace of Wellington's; for it consists of really superior honest-minded men and women (most rare, as the world goes); and the respect we are held in there could *not* be procured by running the brightest Gig in nature, or spending daily "a Mill and a Mains."<sup>1</sup> One ought to be really glad of *this*;—but glad above all things that one *could do without it too*. "Mind thy own trade!" That is the great secret: the others can "*da' tha naither ill na guid*."—When we meet (as I trust the good Providence will permit) I will tell you all about our people: we have made acquaintance with a very excellent woman, since I wrote; a Miss Fenwick (from the North Country, Durham or Northumberland originally); an oldish woman, with a deformity in the spine, but otherwise really rather good-looking; I often say that she is the wisest person, male or female, I have fallen in with in

<sup>1</sup> "A Mill and a Mains" = a small estate.

London : I am very sorry that she is but a kind of visitor here (in the house of one Henry Taylor, also a very worthy person), and is going off to Devonshire or some whither in April. At that house, Jane and I lately saw Wordsworth ; reputed the greatest Literary character at present in England : a good kind of man ; but "alas, gude wife, nothing *but a fluff o' feathers*"<sup>1</sup>—when you come to *weigh* him ! We were very glad however, if not to see him, yet to *have seen* him ; and so returned content. — But in truth, we have *not* much society ; very nearly I think what is about the right stock. Night after night we can sit here, quite still, over our Books or Papers, and find it a not unprofitable night ; and then when a rap comes, one can with the better conscience prepare to welcome it. Besides at any time one can *go* out and see somebody. It is very different from Puttock ; which indeed I never think of without feeling that we did well to leave it.—For the rest, you must not think, dear Mother, that I am overworking myself : I assure you, no ; I walk as regularly as possible, disregarding the foul weather, and all the rest of it : the birds are singing in the Parks, or I have people to call on ; it is all very pleasant even if one do nothing but look at it. My health is surely not worse than it was but better.

This afternoon I went to Charing-Cross Post-office (which keeps longer open) with

<sup>1</sup> An eccentric old minister in Dumfries, buying a live fowl, weighed it in his hand, and used this expression.—M. C.

Jack's Letter: whom should I meet tripping along in Pall Mall? My Lord Jeffrey; just arrived two hours ago! I was heartily glad to see the little man; gladder, I think, than he to see me (for that Astronomy Professorship sticks with *him*, not me): however, he got my card, and will be down before returning Northward to his Judgeship again. He was looking gray and dusty: "ye may depend on't," as an old Roxburghshire woman said, "forty years maks a great odds of a *girl*,"—or boy either.—Another still queerer fellow I saw not long ago in Hyde Park. It was a bright day, and the quality were all out driving and coursing; as I came down through the thing, one figure struck me: a lean rib of a creature, buttoned in white greatcoat, his head and even his hat *lost* within the collar of it (which stood out a foot or more from his neck); eyes winking, under-jaw projected, whole face puckered into wrinkles; the whole going on at a kind of ineffectual high-trot; it was "our ain Hoddam, Sir;"<sup>1</sup> General Sharpe, member for those Burghs! I actually burst into laughing, though grave enough before.

Alas, my dear Mother, the Paper is done and this wretched Pen has been so thriftless!—I wrote to Alick; Jamie would get a Note, and

<sup>1</sup> The minister of Hoddam, out catechising, asked a boy "Who was the first man?" and received an unhesitating reply, "Our ain *Hoddam*, Sir!" (meaning the Laird of Hoddam, General Sharpe. He was elder brother of Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, antiquarian and friend of Sir Walter Scott).—M. C.

for you only a piece of paper. I long to hear what Alick is deciding on. Tell him to keep up his heart; for better days are coming: also to write to me by his earliest convenience (whether he have decided or not). My love to Jean, Mary, to Jenny whom I fancy still with you. Have you got the ruled paper? I did expect a Letter; and of course now do more than ever. Tell me all that you are doing: how you stand this wild spring weather. I have nothing for it but to believe in Jean's *two strokes*; which are most welcome weekly. If your weather is no better than ours, the ploughers must be at a bad pass: everything is drenched here (only our subsoil is all *sand*); and March *dust* is none, only March *glar*, what you like. It is among the rainiest springs I remember. Do you care about the *Globes*? I can easily send you a better share of them; but I doubt whether you would get them oftener than weekly, and then they are so old. Charlie Buller often writes the *big print* part: all that has any *fun* in it is by him. It is thought these poor Ministers will soon be thrown out; a thing which I for one neither pray much for nor against. They are [a] set of poor shambling individuals, they and their opponents; and nothing but "*Lonsdale coming*" to "*sittle them aw*"<sup>1</sup> is to be looked for.—Jane is up to bed; or her *expressed* affection would have been sent to you all. She is livelier and better than formerly; has *been mending my old dressing-*

<sup>1</sup> See *supra*, p. 346.



*gown*!—Now, do write to me soon, and tell me *how* you really are, and so much, much that I want to know. Good night, my dear Mother. God be with you!—Your affectionate,

T. CARLYLE.

CXLII.—To Mrs. AITKEN, Dumfries.

5 CHEYNE ROW, CHELSEA, 9th April 1835.

MY DEAR JEAN—Your Letter arrived the day before yesterday ; and to-day comes the Newspaper, with James's *two strokes*, always welcome. There is a frank going off to Mrs. Welsh, which will carry so light a sheet as this : so I, having *slurred-over* rather than done my day's task, will answer you ; preferring that to my due daily walk ;—for indeed I have to walk some five miles into the Town, to Tea this evening at any rate ; and that ought to suffice. You shall hear what I on the spur of the moment can tell you ; and in the first place that all goes in the old way "tolerably well," which we ought rather to account "very well," as the world wags now.

There is none of my Scotch Correspondents that gives me so authentic a picture of things as you do ; wherein I can see the *wrong-side* too, with its seams and thrums (as every earthly thing has a wrong-side), and know that it is all authentic. If you wrote a smaller hand and wrote oftener, I should have no quarrel with you. Our dear Mother seems to be going on in moderate health at least, and moderately

well every way : I hope [to] see more minutely *how*, in the course of this present Summer. What Jenny and she *do*, or how they get along in that new Scotsbrig world, I still very imperfectly make out. The "new relations," poor little things, are right welcome into this evil Earth : may they find it a place if not to be at ease in, to be busy in *wisely* ! That is always possible for all men. I can see "James of Scotsbrig" tolerably from what you say ; and reckon that the opposite Parties are arranged there on the *proper* footing. So Alick has about engaged with the Howes ! I do fancy it may be the best thing he could do. He must write to me soon, and tell me how it is arranged. Say to him from me that all will yet be well ; that the faithful man was *never* yet beaten ; if he stand to himself the Heavens stand by him ; the troubles they afflict him with are actually but *trials*, to try what stuff is in him, and bring it out.

Of James and you nothing but good accounts come to me. Know this always, my dear friends, for a very truth, even as it stands written in your Bible : "The *fear of God* is the beginning of wisdom." Let a man reverence that Unseen Highest ; feel that "he is ever in the eye of his Great Taskmaster," and it shall be well with him.—You are perhaps no worse for the present that you have little society ; unless your neighbours can teach you something, or strengthen you or be strengthened by you in some useful way, you are as

well to let them go their *gates*, with your good wishes. Have *nothing* to do at any time with malicious, false, idle, or God-forgetting people! Good is the company of four bare walls compared with that of these. By degrees, however, you will find more or less of real worth in several that you must be thrown in contact with. One never gets much good of society, or even much favour from it, I think, till once one have learned how easily it can be *done without*: as for him that *leans* any of his weight on it, he leans on a broken reed. Mind thy work, honest man; and let the world mind *its*,—or neglect it.—I suppose you go into that new house at Whitsunday: I shall fancy you as more comfortably situated there. Be “busy,” whether “bare”<sup>1</sup> or not; and there is no fear of you.

Did you send out my Mother the “ruled sheets”? I rather fancy not; for she has never filled one of them yet. But indeed perhaps she still expects some notice about Jack's money; of which I have still none to send: so soon as I get any, I will put the matter under way, and send word; you will likely get your Visitor then. In the meantime send word that you have heard from me, that we are all well. I fear my Mother is too much vexed about that Manuscript mischance. Tell her, the thing shall be for good: I will actually make it better than it was, if I can; nay I think it *will* be better, though I get along very

<sup>1</sup> Proverbial: “bare and busy.”

toilsomely. Do not speak of it to anybody till I am fairly done; then we will speak. I hope Jack will come safe, in good time, and that I shall be *done* when he comes. I never had as long a spell of writing; and could like well enough to take my ease a while: but alas, bairn, I have "the Bastille to take" a *second* time, so unlucky am I! For the rest, my health, etc. is not to be despised. . . .

There were great quantities of things to write about, tea-parties, and societies and people; but the sheet is so near done! A small circle of good people seems to be gathering about us here: we might have a much wider one, if we wanted to get *people* merely. We are to lose Mrs. Austin: her husband is in perpetual ill-health and depression here; so determines to go to Boulogne in France, where he was once better, and leave all: employment, society, and what not. I feel she will be a loss to us: for herself perhaps it may turn out a gain; she had got to be that unfortunatest thing in nature, a "London distinguished female," and this is the handsomest chance she could ever have of walking *out* of such froth-element; which otherwise would have *cast* her out, when her day came. She is a good woman; and will be far better when she becomes *undistinguished* again.—My little Lord Jeffrey interrupted me since I began this Letter; coming down to inquire if we were "happy." He is here for some weeks, enjoying his vacation: a nimble little individual, whom I wish heartily well to,



but have no farther trade with, I apprehend, except in the "Fine-day, Sir" manner. His ladies are with him; but their way is not our way.—Allan Cunningham's Brother was here last night: he wrote a Book about New South Wales; is a most modest, intelligent man, with much simplicity and a kind of *blateness*;<sup>1</sup> we give him a bowl of porridge and friendly greeting, and he goes his peaceful way. I have had much "going out" with other people for the last fortnight; but am as good as determined not to go out again for six weeks; but stand by my work, which is the only thing that turns to aught.—"Sandy Donaldson" is here from Haddington; but I was out when he called yesterday: Jane is going to dine at his Brother's some day; I "decline from *eet*."—Of public news I suppose you get enough from M'Diarmid. The Peel ministry are all out since yesterday; what will next be done, his Majesty is revolving in that wise head of his. To walk over to Hanover and leave them to *seek* a king, were for him the wisest thing.—Did I forget the two strokes on the *Globe*? Or rather was it not sealed with some *internal* wafer; the sign that it contained writing; which you did not find, *so* cunning was I? I will not forget again, I hope; while the *liberty* to do it is continued one.—Will you send our kind love to Mary, our hope that her little Mag is better? I sometimes send her a *Globe* too, and would do it oftener: but that I think it costs

<sup>1</sup> Bashfulness.

her a halfpenny, which perhaps it is scarcely worth.—I had a Letter from Burnswark lately, which I was very glad of, and mean to answer soon.

Jane comes up to say that it is far more than time I were off! For it is after dinner now (so long did his Lordship detain me); also I have smashed asunder an old Dumfries Barrel (which came with furniture, and has stood with lumber) since that. Our piece of garden is all dug, and has wall-flower blossoms, plum-tree blossoms, vines budding, and much *spear-mint*. It is bright beautiful weather; I have sat for a week without fires; wind is west, and we are clear as azure.—God bless you, my dear Sister; you and your Husband and Child! —Ever your affectionate Brother.

T. CARLYLE.

CXLIII.—To his MOTHER, Scotsbrig.

CHEYNE ROW, CHELSEA, 20th April 1835.

MY DEAR MOTHER— . . . I am struggling along with my second-edition Manuscript, in the best spirit I can. The second Chapter is done again; after a really tough battle; and the Third goes along much more sweetly. I was seized with some kind of bilious humour, which exhibited itself mainly in the shape of *Stupidity*, the most inconvenient shape of all for me; so that I had my own *ados*; and would have run over into Annandale (and given it up for a while),—had I been near

enough! There came further a most extraordinary succession of *Parties*, which with the talk and tea of them wore me quite down; till at last I stuck up, and refused to go out *anywhere*, even to the simplest cup of tea; and lay at home, resting in the evenings, with the full conviction that to get on with my work was the only good for me, and better than tea-ing with Queen Adelaide. . . . So I got through the business; and am now afloat again, and going on, as I said, far more prosperously. It requires really great Christian virtue to hold patiently by this sad work: but I shall get through it before long, and be all the better for such trial of my patience. Sometimes I think it will be better (as surely on the whole it must be); but sometimes too I think it *worse*: and then what a thought is that! Every one of us is buckled into his harness, and *must* on, be the road smooth or rough. You need not, my dear Mother, let it "come into your mind like fire" that I am working too hard! I assure you, no; I take it very deliberately; even on a principle of *thrift*; for always *Too-much* to-day produces an overbalancing *Too-little* to-morrow. But I have stood long to it, and shall be glad enough to have a little rest in Annandale. . . .

It is getting close upon supper-time, and I am weary of stooping and driving this assiduous Pen. How much more convenient were it, had we word of mouth! But we should be right grateful for the Pen too.—I will give it

up for this night, while the play is good, I think. Except supper *starken*<sup>1</sup> me a little, and I be tempted to resume. Good-night, my dear Mother; may all that is Good be round you always. . . . —Your ever affectionate,

T. CARLYLE.

CXLIV.—To his MOTHER, Scotsbrig.

CHELSEA, Tuesday, 12th May 1835.

MY DEAR MOTHER—You will learn without regret that I am *idling*, or nearly so, for these last two days. My poor Work, the dreariest of its sort I ever undertook, was getting more and more untoward on me; I began to feel that toil and effort not only did not perceptibly advance it, but was even, by disheartening and disgusting me, retarding it. I gathered my papers together, therefore; sealed them up, and locked them in a drawer, with the determination not to touch *them* again for one week from that date. I flatter myself it was a very meritorious determination. A man must not only be able to work, but to give over working. I have many times stood doggedly to work; but this is the first time I ever deliberately laid it down without finishing it. In fact, it is the strangest thing I ever tried that of re-writing my first Volume; one must vary his methods according to the task he has: take it gently, take it fiercely; you cannot tickle trouts in the way you spear whales. On the whole, it has given

<sup>1</sup> Strengthen.



me very great trouble this poor Book, and Providence (in the shape of human Mismanagement) sent me the severest check of all: however, I still trust to get it written sufficiently: and if thou even *canst* not write it (as I have said to myself in late days), why then be content with that too: God's Creation will get along, exactly as it should do, *without* the writing of it. At all events, my head shall settle itself, and my face clear itself in the pure May air of these days: I shall then be readier for this work, or for whatever else. There are other proposals hovering about me; but not worth speaking of yet. The "Literary World" here is a thing which I have had no other course left but to *defy*—in the Name of God! Man's imagination can fancy few things madder; but me (if God will) it shall not madden. I will take a *knapping*-hammer<sup>1</sup> first.

Meantime see what cheer comes to me from over the water! This is another Letter of the American's;<sup>2</sup> introducing a Friend; whom we expect this night at tea. The good Yankees seem smit with some strange fatuity about me; which will abate in good time. Fraser, whom I saw yesterday, has no hope that an Edition of the Book<sup>3</sup> would sell here: so they must just provide *themselves* with copies, these worthy souls. Nothing gives me such in-

<sup>1</sup> A hammer for breaking stones used in mending roads.

<sup>2</sup> From Emerson, dated 12th March, introducing Mr. Henry Barnard.—See *Correspondence of Carlyle and Emerson*, i. 47.

<sup>3</sup> *Sartor Resartus*.

dubitable satisfaction about any of my Books as one fact always: That *I* have done with them. That blessing was nearly all I expected from this poor *Revolution*; and, alas, that is not so near as I expected. However, we will have patience. You can read this good Emerson's Letter, and put it by the other; and tell nobody of it: to you it will give real pleasure, and that perhaps is the chief good of it.

Everything is confused here with the everlasting jabber of Politics; in which I struggle altogether to hold my peace. The Radicals have made an enormous *advance* by this little Tory interregnum; it is not unlikely the Tories will try it one other time; they would even *fight* if they had anybody to fight for them: meanwhile these poor Melbourne people will be obliged to walk on at a much *quicker* pace than formerly (considerably against their will, I believe), with the Radical bayonets pricking them behind; and so whether the Tories stay out, or whether they try to come in again, it will all be for the advance of Radicalism; which means revolt against innumerable things, and (as I construe it) Dissolution and Confusion, at no great distance, and a Darkness which no man can see through. Let them take it, and the thickest skin hold longest out! Everybody, Radical and other, *every* body here tells me that the condition of the Poor people is—improving! My astonishment was great at first, but I now look for nothing else than this: "improving daily." "Well, gentlemen," I answered once,

"the Poor, I think, will get up some day, and *tell* you how improved their condition is." It seems to me the vainest jangling, this of the Peels and Russells, that ever the peaceful air was beaten into *dispeace* by. But we are used to it from of old. Leave it alone, permit it, while God permits it. And so for work and hope—else whither!<sup>1</sup>

CXLV.—To his MOTHER, Scotsbrig.

CHELSEA, Thursday, 4th June 1835.

MY DEAR MOTHER—As I shall probably have a chance for a frank to-night, and am not likely to do much good at working for the present, I propose paying off some epistolary debts, and send you in the first place a little hint of our welfare, and way of procedure. Alick has written us a Letter, which came yesterday; assuring us of your continuance in moderate health, which was the best news we could get out of Scotland. They are all flitting and bestirring themselves, jumping hither and thither; it is now just about a year since we were at the same work: people have many *fitches*<sup>2</sup> (as I once told Jemmy Bretton) "before they get to the *crown-head*!" Let us all be grateful that we have still some strength to carry us on, and are not deserted of Hope, and even of Guidance, if we will ask it well.

Last time I wrote, you heard that I had

<sup>1</sup> A portion of this letter is given in Froude's *Curlye's Life in London*, i. 37.

<sup>2</sup> *Moves* at the game of Draughts.

laid by my work for two weeks : I have taken it out again since that, but have been making (at least so far as *black on white* goes) very small way in it. I have had such a long spell at the business, and then was so tumbled over head in that sorrowful loss of the Manuscript, I feel as if there were nothing more profitable for me than to rest a while, and gather new *smeddum*<sup>1</sup> for assaulting it again under better omens. Not much will be done, I think, till after I have seen you in Annandale. I have great doubts about many things connected with this Book of mine, and Books in general ; for all is in the uttermost confusion in that line of business here : but, God be thanked, I have *no* doubts about my course of duty in the world ; or that if I am driven back at one door, I must go on trying at another. There are some two or even three outlooks opening on me, unconnected with Books, about which I cannot write to you yet with any distinctness : one of these regards the business of National Education, which the Parliament is now busy upon, in which I mean to try all my strength to get something to do (for my conscience greatly approves of the work as useful) ; whether I shall succeed herein or not I cannot with the smallest accuracy guess as yet. Another outlook invites my consideration from America : I have another long Letter from Emerson,<sup>2</sup> and

<sup>1</sup> Force.

<sup>2</sup> Of 30th April 1835.—See *Correspondence of Carlyle and Emerson*, i. 52.



plenty of Yankee good-wishes, and a project chalked out for passing a winter over the water, and *lecturing* there! Something or other we shall devise: in the meantime I let it all lie round me shaping itself; and shall probably have fixed on nothing till after we meet, and have a *smoke* together, and get the thing all *summered and wintered* talking together freely once more. It is an awful Distraction this huge Babylon of a City; and yet there are many kind persons and circumstances in it; and I do not doubt I have gained much instruction, correction and profit in it, during this twelvemonth; and behold still, thy servant is *here*, ready and disposed to do the best he can.

Mrs. Austin, who went away some two months ago, writes to us yesterday in very bad spirits, that her Husband, poor man, is no better, is even sicker for the time. We are very sorry for her, very sorry for *him*,—who is one of the faithfullest men living, but driven almost desperate by the *lying* dishonest world he has had to live in. One *should* not be driven desperate (for this is the place of *hope*); yet a man may easily be excused sometimes for going that way.

A new young figure, and with him a new family of acquaintances have risen on us: the young man is very clever, and true and kind-hearted; his name is John Sterling: he has written a very superior Book<sup>1</sup> (some years ago);

<sup>1</sup> In 1833 Sterling had published *Arthur Coningsby*, a

and strangest of all, is a Clergyman of the English Church. His Mother and Jane are about "swearing an eternal friendship." John himself sent me the other day three full sheets and a cover, of criticism on *Teufelsdröckh*; expressing amazement, admiration, horror—all in sufficient quantity. I really like the youth rather; and shall rejoice when he comes to London permanently (for as yet he resides in the country and only his people are here). . . .

To-night we are invited to see the great Agitator O'Connell! Unless it be wet, we intend to go: it is at Mrs. Buller's; one of the meetings called a *rout*, or huge multitude of people all elbowing one another. You shall hear of it on the cover, dear Mother; for I hope to send you a few finishing words to-morrow. My blessings till then! T. C.

CXLVI.—To Miss JANET CARLYLE, Scotsbrig.

CHELSEA, 4th June 1835.

MY DEAR JENNY—Alick, writing to me yesterday, mentions among other things, that you are *shorted*<sup>1</sup> (as he phrases it) because I have not written. Can it be possible your good little heart has got so far out of its right movement as to be *angry at me*? I do not believe a word of it. The utmost is (and this

novel in three volumes, indicating "ambitious aims in literature."—See *Life of Sterling*, part i. chap. ix.

<sup>1</sup> Grown short of temper.

I had overlooked), you feel that your sisterly love was clear and active towards me; that I, by not writing expressly on the matter, have as good as slighted it as of no account. Dear little Jenny! it is not unnatural, but perfectly erroneous. Young woman was never farther *wrong*. As you would *know*, were you here with your own eyes to see. My dear Sister, let no such notion now or henceforth enter your kind little heart. Depend upon it, such come of the Devil (though in a disguised shape), and ought to [be] dismissed back to *him*.

I have a kind of headache, and cannot write further to you to-day. It would give me very great satisfaction indeed to know accurately what you are about, and how you go on. I hope to see farther and clearer into it all, when I come back; which, though the Doctor has not written yet, I trust will not be distant now. Alick says you are going to the Dumfries Schools again over Summer; a step he seems not to be very sure of. Certainly, if you hope to *learn* something that will be profitable, there is nothing more advisable than to go. Nothing that a human creature can do is at all times so inevitably right as to *learn something*. Therefore go, my dear Jenny, if it so seem to thee. . . .—Remember me to Jean and James when you see them: I trust I am not in their debt as to Letters; at all events, tell them that if they *shorten* upon me, it will be the greatest injustice ever done to any man. And do not you *shorten*, my dear little Bairn; but *lengthen*,

and know that if you take anything amiss, it is for mere want of seeing how it really was ; that of all delusions Satan could tempt you with, that of wanting my brotherly affection, now and always while we inhabit the Earth together, is the most delusive. Oh that is *not* true, and never can be.— Finally, my dear Jenny, I must for this brief time be going. Keep diligent, cheerful ; ready to improve the passing hour, and make the most and best of it. Jane sends you her true love. May all Good be with you always!—Your affectionate Brother,  
T. CARLYLE.

CXLVII.—To Dr. CARLYLE, Paris.

CHELSEA, 15th June 1835.

MY DEAR BROTHER— . . . I must tell you something about some of our new *people*. Did I ever mention the name of the Sterlings to you? John Sterling, a man about your own age, remembers you once at Shooter's Hill : he has written Novels since that (one Novel rather, by which I came to knowledge of him at Craigenputtock) ; has taken up a Coleridgean Christianity, for better or worse, and even gone into orders, become an actual preacher ; and, what in these circumstances may astonish, takes greatly to me! A whole retinue of curious persons belong to him : in his hand a glass which shows us many more. His Father is Irish ; the redoubted Sterling of the *Times* Newspaper, really a very notable man ; who



flies greatly about this place—for the time. Finally one "Mr. Dunn," an Irish Clergyman, "who refused a Bishoprick" (for Athanasius' sake), one of the *best* men I ever looked on; whom I hope to show you. . . . How I saw O'Connell one night (at Mrs. Buller's rout) and Peninsular Napier and multitudes of notable men and women; and said almost nothing, and thought very little: all this with much like it I must leave (till meeting!), for my paper wanes.—Let me mention only that Sterling has sent me (from near Hastings, where he resides as yet) a vituperative expostulatory criticism on *Teufelsdröckh* of *thirteen pages*; that the Americans have sent an order for "fifty or a hundred copies" of the same poor Book, and could only get three (and threaten to reprint it); finally that these surprising Yankees invite me in really pressing terms to come over to them this very winter, and "lecture" on *any* subject, with assurance of success! As the Book-trade seems to me utterly over here, I have really been meditating that proposal; but I will decide on nothing till *we* have compared Notes. There is also a thing started here, about "National Education," and a Parliament Commission, for which I will try and am trying; however, it is distant yet. You have now enough on our posture and speculation and non-action here: Oh when will you *look* at it *selbst*!

As to Paris commissions, I now find, considering it close at hand, that there are almost

none, or altogether none. If you could get me a good *cheap* map of France, to be pasted on a wall here, I would take it; also a map of the old Isle de France or modern Departement de Seine (in which Paris stands), I would welcome: but I think D'Eichthal tried once before, and could not. Take you therefore no special trouble with it. A pianoforte score of *Ça-ira* I want rather more: the *Marseillaise* we have got here but not the other: ask a little after it. Tell D'Eichthal that his two Quartos on the *Collier* (Diamond Necklace) are here; and a thing written from them, as will be seen one day. . . .

Will you go to the Rue du Faubourg Saint-Antoine, and see if you can discover a certain Tree there; an Elm, planted (as Tree of Liberty) in the Federation of 1790? I am told, *it* is still growing, though few know it now: I feel a real interest in it.—Will you inquire if there is *any* Book on *Danton* worth reading, new or old? I heard of one last year (a Novel), but concluded it was nothing.—Were you ever out at Versailles? I had laboriously to get an idea of it. Go to the Hôtel de Ville and look at the *Lanterne* (corner of the Place de Grève): I am told it is still there. . . .

And so finally, my dear Boy, send us news that you are safe in Paris; that you are coming home to us! We shall sit on the watch for you: at the latest hour of the night, how welcome will your knock be, how glad we,

looking over the window, to find that it is Doil! May the good God grant us this blessing. Come and let us front the world together, Boy, some way or other. I begin to as good as despise the world, and will like it all the better for that: it has *terrified* me long enough; and shall not again. What is *it*? *Schall und Rauch*: the Reality is *under* it, and beyond it. Adieu, dear Brother. Our prayers are with you, always: come soon and safe.—Ever your affectionate,

T. CARLYLE.

CXLVIII.—TO ALEXANDER CARLYLE, Annan.

CHELSEA, 1st July 1835.

. . . I wish I had any good word that I could write for you here, my Boy, to encourage you in your new struggle, which I often picture to myself with interest and anxiety. There is little good going I think for many an industrious man as times are. It is a sore struggle, and poor wages; with little outlook of its mending, in our thank.<sup>1</sup> . . .

To me, I confess, when looking at this country and the perverse state it is in, one of the best refuges, though somewhat of a stern one to take, is the one you alluded to in your Letter: America, and "over the water" to—food for one's toil! It is really a great blessing of Heaven that there *is* land under the Sun where the husbandman's hand will bring him corn for his ploughing; a country which God's sky

<sup>1</sup> As we think.

stretches over, even as here, and where man's perversion has not stept in to say "Thou that tillest, let another reap"! You remember in old years I used always to dissuade from America; neither am I yet any adviser of it, where extremity has not arrived: but the longer I look and live the less questionable does it seem,—I might say, the more inevitable for thousands and millions of European men. But in the meantime you must play "hoolly";<sup>1</sup> be *canny* and patient till you see well what Annan will do for you. There must be many kinds of business going on there, at one season of the year or another; and strange will it be if you are the unfittest of all for all of them! Keep clear-headed, clear-hearted; be as *cheerful* as is possible for you: meeting all men with the look of peace, tolerance, and even trust: whatsoever is to *be* seen will show itself, and you will clutch at it deftly enough if it look suitable. And so God speed you, my dear Alick! Take a pen and write to me what you are about: the mere telling of it over to me will make it plainer to yourself. . . .

CXLIX—To his MOTHER, Scotsbrig.

CHelsea, 19<sup>th</sup> July 1835.

MY DEAR MOTHER—As the last Letter must have brought you little but unpleasant news,<sup>2</sup> I had it in contemplation, of late days, to write to

<sup>1</sup> Softly, gently.

<sup>2</sup> Namely, that Dr. Carlyle's return was indefinitely postponed.



you again, that if my news were not of the best, they might be more frequent ; for I know well it makes you happier to hear from me when my news are not positively *bad*. Luckily yesterday there came this Letter from our Doctor ; which will make my sheet better worth its carriage. Jane is gone out to " a Music Party " with the Sterlings (whom I think I mentioned to you ; very kind people, who come out to us often of late) : she will not be home till late ; I have sent the woman to bed, and have the house to myself. I thought once of getting on a little with my Book-writing (on your old principle, which I always remember, " that it will not *loup in again* " ) ; but a better thought suggests itself that I shall do more good writing for Scotsbrig than for the world at this late hour ; the rather, as I *did* my bit of task to-day, in some manner, and have little force in me to resume it. You shall have therefore what is going ; till " the Wife " come home, and send me to sleep.—I regret greatly that my Letters to you have not been so deliberate, radical and complete as they should have been : but you will fancy all manner of excuses for me ; which indeed I am not without right to ; such " driving from post to pillar," and unsatisfactory hoping and being disappointed, working and being idle, have I had for a good while now. The burning of that Manuscript has proved hitherto about the very ugliest job I ever had to deal with, in innocency : but I shall get through it too, and without *doubt* (if I be wise)

it will prove for good, and not evil. I am at work again, as you will guess; and more at ease with myself.

Jack has hardly much news from Munich, except the assurance that he is well and thinking of us: which is always welcome intelligence. . . . Before I forget, let me tell you about that money, which he wants sent to you. It will be too late the first Wednesday; but on Wednesday next after that, which I think is the 29th day of the month, you will find it waiting for you. Ask for "one hundred and forty pounds" payable to yourself "Mrs. Margaret Carlyle." James Aitken will go with you, and manage it exactly as the last was done: enter it on their receipt-books in the name of Dr. Carlyle, Rome, with interest payable to *you*. James can clap a "*right*" somewhere on the next Newspaper, and I shall be satisfied. The interest will "keep you in tobacco"; which is better than doing nothing at all here.

I fancy you may possibly be up in that side of the country then, at any rate. Mrs. Welsh informs us she has sent for you to Templand, which I hope you resolved to go and visit again. She was for you "a couple of weeks" with her; but that can be as the spirit moves yourself and her when there. At all events, however, I hope you will go. She is to come up hither, and will bring us news of you. Tell her if she still hesitate, that she *must* come; there is no other resource for it. Jane is quite off the thought of coming this year; and as

Mrs. Welsh proposes visiting London some time at any rate, there is surely no time so suitable as this. She must bundle, therefore, and get under way.

How long is it, dear Mother, since I now had a scrape of a pen from you? Not one of them has written to me; were it not for the two scratches of Jean's hand weekly, I could not know what evil might not have befallen one or all of you. I will not blame *you*; for I know it is the ability not the will that fails: nevertheless do set about it, with your own hand, you there; it is only difficult not impossible. I want greatly to know how you get on in your two Scotsbrig Rooms; how your health is; what you are employed with,—whether my winter coat is spun; and a thousand things. You must really write.—M'Diarmid says there is very bad hay-weather; so I must imagine James and men weltering occasionally, not in the best humour, among wet swathes. Let him be patient and canny; it might have been worse.— . . .

You have heard that I am working again. I prosper considerably better than formerly; and see the weary *day'rk*<sup>1</sup> growing gradually a little less. By Heaven's favour, I shall *be* through it; and surely not forget it for a long while! Nay, if I can have it done, as I first proposed, before coming off to Scotland, that will really be far better. I

<sup>1</sup> Task, literally day's work (oftenest used in the form of "darg").

go jogging on, at any rate, according to ability; and no man should ask more of me. —My health is decidedly better than it was. Indeed, this Summer, which has been so unthrifty for your fields, has answered me and our streets much better than last did: there is always wind blowing, breath to be had; the pavements seldom get *burning* hot; one can quite readily endure it. The Summer has been changeable; but we have evidently a third less of *rainy* weather than you. Sometimes I do not go out at all till the evening; and then a *long* roam over "the Parks"; a beautiful region, one of the main "temporal blessings" of these parts. Hyde Park itself is a fine expanse of smooth sward, with noble clumps of oaks and other towering wood; I should think nearly *three times* as big as all Scotsbrig farm. You can think what a comfort that is, close upon the dusty streets. Wellington's House is at the corner of it, two miles from this. We went into it (having got an "order," by favour of the Sterlings) to see the furnishing out of the Tables for his grand Waterloo Dinner, which he gives yearly: it was the richest thing to be seen anywhere; more gold-plate, vases and splendours than I shall ever have occasion for. The Duke himself was visible for a moment; a tough-looking old steel-grey figure; really "one of the tightest old quarry-boys in the whole Howerrigg." Since that, I saw a grand Review in Hyde Park, where the veteran was again. The people ran round him (when it was all done)



huzzaing ; at which he seemed to me not unlike *greeting*;<sup>1</sup> he lifted his hand refusingly from time to time ; was *chewing* with his toothless lips ; nostrils inflated, colour going and coming : I felt kindly drawn towards the old man. He is honest I do think, in his fashion ; he had fought his way round half the terrestrial Globe, and was got *that* length ; and at no great distance (from him and me) lay—Eternity too ! —The old King came driving to the ground, near where I was standing : he was in regimentals with a most copious plume of feathers, so that while he sat all shrunk together in the open carriage, you saw little else but a lock of feathers, and might have taken our Defender of the Faith for some singular species of *Clocker*<sup>2</sup> coming thither. On dismounting, he showed an innocent respectable old face ; straddled out his legs greatly (which seemed weak), rested on his heels, *stiddering*<sup>3</sup> himself, and looked round with much simplicity what they wanted next with him. The Review itself was a wheeling and marching of foot and horse, several thousands ; a flaring and a blaring from trumpet and drum, with artillery-vollies, sham-charges, and then a continued explosion of musketry and cannon from the whole posse of them, like a long explosion of Mount Ætna : all very grand.

And so enough of clatter ! Jane should be here now very soon, or should already have been here : at all events I am tired. I declare

<sup>1</sup> Weeping.

<sup>2</sup> Clucking hen.

<sup>3</sup> Steadying.

there she *is*! Exactly at the right moment! Down to open!—(The Sterlings sent their coach, and I heard wheels).

20th July.—MY DEAR MOTHER—There is little to be added to-day, after the copious details of last night, cut short in that way, in the nick of time. I meant to write a fraction of a Note to Jean at Dumfries: tell her so, and to take the will for the deed. I cannot do it to-day; my work is all lying about me, not progressing in the best way, and I must go out with this to have it franked, and also for the sake of a walk. Tell her further that I know not whether she is in my debt or I in hers; but I *desire* her to write to me, and *soon*. Remember us kindly to Mary; say that I hope to breakfast with her yet this year, and eat of her *banna*'.<sup>1</sup> What is Jenny doing? Is she at Dumfries?—Have you ever been at the Seabathing yet? You are more convenient now than ever; I am persuaded it will do you good.—If you see Graham tell him that I meditate writing, and regret that *writing* is the only way of communicating between us.—Now write, dear Mother! Take care of yourself; keep up your heart, and I will not *tine* mine. God be with you, my dear Mother!—Jane sends her loving regards to all of you.—I am ever, your affectionate,

T. CARLYLE.

<sup>1</sup> *Bannock*, cake.

CL.—To Dr. CARLYLE, Geneva.

CHELSEA, 10th August 1835.

MY DEAR BROTHER— . . . The news you send us are as satisfactory as we could hope. *Your* resolution is taken ; wisely, as I think : other persons, and other things, will resolve themselves as they can. My prediction again begins to be that your next route will be *home-wards*. Heaven send it, safe and soon ! It is quite right what you determine about going idle. Nothing can reward a man for doing nothing ! The significance of life is a doing *something*. One gets food and lodging, and is found *living* this way or that, with what *That-kraft* one has realised, with what *deeds* one has done therewith. I feel more and more of a settled humour in that particular. Much I can even *thank* that it has been so kind as grow the worst possible ; it will take its way, and I shall know what is mine. There seems to me not a "chance," but a perennial behest and invitation for such workman as you, in this place : if the place do little for you, you shall do much for the place. Men are sick and distracted, bewildered, bequacked, bedevilled : come and help them if you can ! All men's works are as *nothing* (the very *Iliad* and Gospel of Saint Matthew will one day *not be*) ; and yet, in *all* true work, there is such an *everlasting something*. Let the vanity be killed out of us, were it with whatever pain ; let us go on working, in patience, in the name of God.—These things we shall

yet peaceably speak of and *do*, if it be God's will. . . .

Since the day your Letter last but one came, I have sat by this desk (with a holiday on ending a Chapter, or so); struggling at that unspeakable Task. I trust, I shall never in Time have such another. Occasionally it has been disagreeable beyond speech. The best of it is, however, that except one (longish) chapter and some two days of another, it is *done*! The thing is worse, not very much worse, than it was; but anyway it will stand again on paper, and I shall *crow* *day*; relieved from the unspeakablest load. At the time of your return to us (would we saw that!) I hope to have finished; to be ready to rejoice in all points! There is then a period of recreation and vacation; afterwards, a steady spell (of work that I *know* the nature of); and so the Book is off *my* hands,—and *on* the hands of whosoever has business with it. Sometimes I think it possible the world may take notice of the Book; sometimes, no notice: either way, my contentment is great, had I it but *done*. Literature, after that, must go its way for a while: I, expecting simple Nothing of it, shall not be disappointed. *Hoffentlich* there are other ways of living; other way of dying there at lowest is. *Es geh' wie es gehen will*! . . .

I had a Letter from Boston in America, with the signature "George Ripley";<sup>1</sup> full of

<sup>1</sup> The founder of the Brook Farm establishment, one of the characteristic outgrowths of New England Transcendentalism,



the most enthusiastic estimation ; really a good feeling ill-expressed, struggling for expression : *Teufelsdröckh* he calls " a crying out of the heart and the flesh for the living God " ; one of the chief Signs of the Era, etc. etc. ; and withal bids me by the name of Brother, go on in God's name, and falter for no man. Ripley seems to be a Clergyman of some Church (I think Emerson mentioned him to me) : his Letter gave me no comfort at the time, it seemed so overdone ; but it does now occasionally some, when I think of it. There was a pamphlet (of his writing) sent too : but it has not come to hand ; W. Hamilton is getting it for me, from " the St. Katherine Docks " and Packet ships there.—I have sent my other Americans, Germans, etc., almost all on their travels : your Elliot never came or sent sign.—We had a visit from the good Mr. Dunn (Irish Clergyman, *Nolo-Episcopari*, whom I spoke of) : you are pretty sure to like him, and he you. John Sterling has taken a house in Bayswater ; is to be here very soon. That also, I imagine, is a future friend for you : there never came athwart me a man of a finer, open, guileless, all-hoping, lymphatic-sanguineous temper ; one fears only that his Church-profession may prove questionable in these times ; that his very life (he so headlong, excitable, his element so confused) may not hold out with him. . . . Henry Taylor

which served Hawthorne for the groundwork of *The Blythedale Romance*. Mr. Ripley became afterwards well known as the literary critic of the *New York Tribune*.

we still see occasionally ; a wholesome Northman, full of stubborn English stuff, of the slow, quiet, almost dull sort, yet which is not dull. I read his " Poem " ; feeling that the *man*, though he could write no poem, would not have written *Nothing* : as it proved. Allan Cunningham has not come across me for some weeks, but is well : his Brother the Doctor was with us the other night (the Sterlings, who came also, admired his *talent pour le silence*) ; a simple, quiet man ; Nithsdale mainly, though he has been four times round the world. Hunt sits near us, radiating good wishes ; seldom comes, for reasons known to himself. He is one of the cleverest men I ever spoke with : but unfortunately *Cockney-bred* ; let him *gelten in seiner Stelle*.—Here is a *rap* at the door ! I suppose I must leave you.—It was only worthy Mr. Dunn and his Wife come to ask us to Tea on Friday night : Jane was out ; and they went in a minute. I finish my pellmell rubbish-cart of news, by telling you more specially whither Jane is gone. To Marlborough Street, to the Bolognese Contessa's (*degli Antoni* whom I told you once of), for an Italian Lesson ! She volunteered to teach the poor Countess and Chauntress (and even Enchantress, for she is that too) a mouthful of English ; but the *degli Antoni* insisted on *first* teaching *her* Italian (a most necessary preliminary) ; and so they go, Jane learning with amazing rapidity, but still in *una confusione siccome nella Torre di Babele* ! That *Torre di Babele*, enounced with the right

musical accentuation (for I too heard it), still sings in my ears, and has made me laugh a score of times.

I shall not succeed in gathering up this poor straggle of a letter now. I am in haste; and the day is hot, hot. We have suffered abundantly from heat and drought, these late weeks. The Parks are brown, bare as an old scratch-wig; give dust if you stamp on them; are rent into cracks. Our springs have not failed; but they say it is not so, in the South, where the people (as in Picardy, Normandy too) are ill off that way. Many a day, I do not go out at all till sunset: this day I have fled into the back-room; a bed-room (intended to be yours!); I look out on trees, grown dingy, but still trees; the sun, roasting, gives me a headache on the other side of the house. In Scotland they complained of *wet* not long ago, and did not know their mercies. . . .

I fear Jane will not be home in time to give you any postscript: her love you may authentically regard as sent. She is ill off at present about servants: the one we had (who suited very well) had to go off to Deptford, to wait on a sick mother, and is not like to come back. Jane has written to Miss Donaldson to get her an East Lothian one, and ship her hither. They are a miserable set of persons here: I often say (in my haste) "I would rather be my own servant once for all, and have done with them,"—living Diogenically. It is really *true*; but not quite convenient at present.—I like very

well the temper you are in towards your Lady and all that *Umgebung*. It were sad to part otherwise than in friendliness and handsomely at lowest. Take patience where you are: it will soon be done. You are not to go by Paris? If you did go, would you inquire among Printsellers for Vernet's *Caricatures* (I cannot tell you *which* Vernet;<sup>1</sup> but they are all during the Revolution; of dresses, etc.: referred to often by Mercier): I have searched here on all sides, but none knows anything. If there is such a *Collection* of Caricatures, I would give say £2 for it, poor as I am. If not *collected*, stray ones might perhaps be got. I find the whole French Revolution *new* to me in a manner, when I bring it actually *home*. The Thing *happened*, was visible of one form or the other: he who paints a Fact and Truth, paints something.—But now, my dear Jack, I must be off: my very head is getting sore; dinner is near ready, and the paper done. You can get no margins this time. God be with you, my dear Brother! Come safe home to us, and soon!—Your affectionate, T. CARLYLE.

CLI.—To Dr. CARLYLE, Munich.

CHELSEA, 23d September 1835.

You are doubtless longing, my dear Brother,

<sup>1</sup> Charles Vernet issued, under the Directory, a long series of studies of contemporary costume and character, among them *Les Merveilleuses*, and *Les Incroyables*, which illustrate vividly the strange dress and style of the revolutionary time.



to have another Letter from me; and will open this at Munich, I hope, safe and sound, with considerable impatience. I have not delayed wilfully; but only till I could send you decisive news. This is literally the first day, in which I could have specified my future whereabouts in Time and Space, for the nearest Future, with any kind of completeness.

Though you are a sharp-tempered man, Jack, like the rest of us; yet I know you certainly for the placablest of *all* men: so I doubt not whatsoever of natural wrath you felt went fairly up the chimney with that sacrificed Letter, and there was again peace between us, nay better peace than before. Well when a small holocaust of that kind will do the business!—I did not write in irritation against Her Ladyship or indeed anybody so far as I remember; but expressed in such words as came readiest the deliberate permanent opinion I had been led to form of her from such imperfect data as I had. If my reading was wrong, I recant it not only willingly but joyfully. To you at any rate such defence of your rather skittish and peculiar co-partner in this wayward business is very creditable: continue forever to take the *best* view of all mortals which your understanding will admit; nay it is often also *truer* than the surly one. But, for myself, all buckram grows more and more a kind of weariness to me: there perhaps has not been these two thousand years or thereby any mortal to whom man stood more completely

as an *unclothed animal* than he (unluckily and luckily) does to me. It makes a strange world of it for one; and gives and will give one work enough; for often the buckram *crackles* amazingly when you treat it like mere cloth.—However let me tell you my history.

<sup>1</sup> First then, by the real blessing and favour of Heaven, I got *done* with that unutterable Manuscript, on Monday last. . . . The work does not seem to myself to be *very* much worse than it was; it is worse in the style of expression, but better compacted in the thought: as it goes through the Press I may help it somewhat. On the whole I feel like a man that had "nearly killed himself accomplishing *zero*." But *zero* or not *zero*, what a deliverance! I shall never without a kind of sacred shudder look back at the detestable state of enchantment I have worked in for these six months, and am now blessedly delivered from. The rest of the Book shall go on quite like child's play in comparison: also I do think it will be a *queer* Book; one of the *queerest* published in this century, and *can*, though it cannot be popular, be better than that. My Teufelsdröckh humour, no *voluntary* one, of looking "through the clothes" finds singular scope in this subject. Remarkable also is the "still death-defiance" I have settled into; equivalent to the most absolute sovereignty conceivable by the mind. I say "still death-defiance;" yet it is not unblended with a Greek-

<sup>1</sup> This paragraph is printed in Froude's *Carlyle's Life in London*, i. 55.

fire of Hope, *unquenchable*, which glows up silent, steady, brighter and brighter. My one thought is to be done with this Book. Innumerable things point all that way : my whole destiny seems as if it lost itself in chaos there (for my money also gets done then, etc. etc.); *in chaos, which I am to re-create*, or to perish miserably, — an arrangement which I really regard as blessed comparatively. So I sit here and write, composed in mood ; responsible to no man or to no thing ; only to God and my own conscience : with publishers, reviewers, hawkers, bill-stickers, indeed, on the Earth round me ; but with the stars and the azure Eternities above me in the Heaven. Let us be thankful!—On the whole, I am rather stupid ; or rather I am not stupid (for I feel a fierce glare of insight in me into many things) ; not stupid,—but I have *no sleight of hand*. A raw untrained savage ; for every trained civilised man *has* that sleight, and is a bred workman by having it : the bricklayer with his trowel, the painter with his brush, the writer with his pen. The result of the whole is : “one must just do the best he can for a living, Boy.” Or in my Mother’s phrase, never “tine heart,”—or even *get* provoked heart, which likewise is a danger.

But am I coming to Munich ? Dear Jack, I have meditated considerably on that ; and have figured out all your brotherly love and sorrow ; but after all I find, things being accurately weighed, my spirits, our cash, it is *better* for me and a kind of duty, to go to Scotland rather.

Our poor Mother has had a most disappointed summer ; I promised to go and see her yearly while I could : God knows whether it may be *long* possible : I feel that I must to Scotland, and leave you far away. Besides I say to myself, If you are coming home in November (in a month !), what good were it ? On the other hand, if by any unforeseen chance, poor Jack should *not* get home as he expects, I hereby engage that after this Book is done, I will cheerfully set out to see him, towards any point of Europe ! I give you that promise ; and mean, if needful which I hope it will not be, to keep it to the letter. The Book might be done in March : alas, it is not likely *so* ; but we will hope and try.

My arrangement then is this. I went yesterday into the city to inquire for Scotch conveyances ; I found there were smacks to Leith every Thursday and Sunday, a steamboat to Newcastle every Tuesday : I have as good as resolved in favour of the next Sunday smack ; it is cheapest (the whole charge only £2) ; the accommodation *best*, as all agree and my own experience agrees ; the sea-air promises blessed freshness to me ; I will smoke and sleep for the four or five days we sail ;—and finally there is the Mail to Dumfries that very night you arrive in Edinburgh. I write to my Mother announcing this, to-night or to-morrow. I feel as if I could fling my trunks on board, and then fling down myself, and *sleep*. I will have a dip in the Solway yet ; *see* what they are all



doing; and return a newmade man to my winter's work before November set in. To give you a better notion of it, you are to understand that Mrs. Welsh is here: so that Jane, whom it otherwise would not suit to travel at this season, can still have the best company in my absence. Mrs. Welsh has been here some three weeks, and spoke of returning in November. She does not take very much to London or its ways; but seems happy enough to be beside her Child again. She has told me much about my Mother and Jenny, whom she had up at Templand before her departure: they were the happiest party; jaunting, cuddycarts, Mrs. Glendinning, etc. etc. — Poor Jane has been very unwell; especially ever since her Mother came, when she seemed as it were to give way; and broke down into the most violent series of headaches (with colic too) she has had for long. The hot weather had withered us all up: I never lived-through (*erlebte*) such a two-months for weather; the stew and smoulder was as the breath of kiln-drying, choking and palsying: one felt as a certain Irishman told us he did at Munich, one summer, "as if the spine were all gone; as if one were a serpent trying to *stand* on its tail." That is happily all over now, and we have even wet weather (still most grateful, by contrast); the Parks are springing up again like leek-beds: the little Dame will do well enough now. Especially, she says, as the Manuscript is over too! We have moreover

had trouble on trouble with servants: two Irishwomen in succession, each half-distracted, though in different styles of distraction, filled up the series; the latter of whom, jingling down plates on the tea-table (for she had gone, an ugly woman too, with the face of a Polar Bear all week), and shattering the female and even the male nerves by it, had the luck to *explode* me upon her (just last night) at that fatal instant, and in two instants more was packing up her duds for march,—being desired “in God’s name and even in the Devil’s name” either to do that, or conduct herself like a rational creature, and preferring the former alternative. She is gone, I lit the fire this morning, our two Mistresses became their own housemaid; and we have perfectly a Heaven-on-Earth since. Shifty Jane has already found a *little* girl of suitable promise, who will come at four o’clock; and I am to try my whole industry, and bring some kind of damsel from Scotland with me. Nothing was ever more miserable than the arrangement of that universal relation, Master and Servant, here at this time. *Society*, of all kinds, in fact seems rapidly rushing towards unknown changes and consummations. We, meanwhile, have got a quiet house; and I have declared, what I deliberately feel, that I will rather get some small apartment, and sweep it out and arrange it for myself with my own hands (as my brave Uncle Tom did) than be bedevilled with *such* a set of unfortunates any more.—I have said nothing about

our society etc.; which, however, you [can] fancy much as it was, only thinned somewhat by desertions to the country. The only new man I have seen is one Craik from Fife who "desired my acquaintance," and has made it, through Miss — . . . whom Jane had brought over from Edmonton to spend a few days with us. Craik is a solid fellow; edits "the Printing Machine," and otherwise bakes bricks for the Diffusion Society, with an honest oxlike strength and steadiness, not unworthy of praise. . . . Dunn the Clergyman sees us more and more, and loves us, himself loved: you will call him one of the best men you ever met with. They have all great favour for me, and tolerance really wonderful. Lastly *il Conte Pepoli* comes hither every Wednesday night, with Italian for Jane; with *Babelic* speculation, reading of Dante and so forth for me: a really superior sort of foreign product; vivacity, decision, grace, even harmony (for I have read some of his verses); a very entertaining man. We had a great burst of bravura together, over that class of Damned Souls in Dante, *A Dio spiacenti ed a' nemici sui*,<sup>1</sup> precisely "the respectable people" of this present generation of the world! Dante says, *non hanno speranza di morte*, they have not the hope to die! A grand old Puritan this Dante; depth and ferocity without limit; implacable, composed; as if *covered* with winter and ice, and like Hecla, his interior is molten fire!—Of Mill,

<sup>1</sup> Hateful to God and to His enemies.

Sterling, and others—nothing. Mill's Review is called the *London Review*, makes no figure or way, and will in all human probability, *trake*<sup>1</sup> by and by. . . . Now write you, my Boy, the instant you get this; to Scotsbrig: there will still be time, though we are farther apart now. I hope and indeed believe there is nothing wrong in *this* address. I shall delight to fancy you a free man, were it in your "own hired dog-hutch"—like Jean Paul. Do not regret me, my dear Brother; we shall meet when the time is, and be the gladder to meet.—My health, for I had forgot it, is really not at all bad; I have appetite, strength; want sleep a very little (fail of it I mean), am sensitive, irritable; I have often been far worse after work. Annandale will make me new again. God bless you, dear Jack! *Auf ewig!*

T. CARLYLE.

. . . You can tell Herr Schelling when you see him that he has more friends here than he wots of; that the thing *he* has thought in his solitary soul has passed or is ready to pass into many souls, of British speech, and do its work there. "*Not* like water spilt on the ground"!—You would hear of Dr. M'Crie's<sup>2</sup> death? *Ein Tüchtiger ist hingegangen.*—It seems to me always you ought to meet Teufelsdröckh in some of the Coffee-houses of Munich!

<sup>1</sup> Perish.

<sup>2</sup> Rev. Dr. M'Crie, author of the *Life of Knox*, etc.



Do they meet at *that* one yet,<sup>1</sup> and drink beer?—O'Connell is the *dining* man of this recess, as Brougham of last. He *schmaust und plaudert*—through the world.

[Postscript in Mrs. Carlyle's hand.]

DEAR JOHN—Headachy and without Domestic you may figure I am not in a promising frame for writing even so much as a postscript; but I can at least give you my kind love, and my Mother's best remembrances, under my own hand. God bless you. I hope to be well now that the weather is cooled and the accursed disaster repaired.—Your affectionate,

[J. W. C.]

CLII.—To his WIFE, Chelsea.

HOWES, ANNAN, Tuesday, 6th October 1835.

MY DEAR LITTLE WIFIE—There has been a longer delay in writing this time than I anticipated; and now at last if I would not again disappoint thee, I must write without deliberation, with the smallest possible convenience: I expected to be back at Scotsbrig last night, and to write there (as indicated in the Newspaper) with all fit means and appliances; but the weather, as it usually does in these weeks, proved rainy; I stayed with Alick, and must

<sup>1</sup> Carlyle said that the *Grüne Gans*, as well as Teufelsdröckh's lodging and watchtower in the *Wahngasse* (see *Sartor*, book I. chap. iii.) were places at Munich which his Brother John, after his former stay there, had described to him.—M. C.

write here at his desk, or be too late for the post. You know what sort of thing writing here is! This Pen, for example, *marks*; but if it do not mark there is no tool other than an old razor for mending it: *Sic de cæteris*. However, I have a room to myself, a good fire and a locked door, kinder welcome never met man than that which meets unworthy me: so with or without much coherence, in the middle of the squealing of contented or discontented children, and the moist blustering of October winds, in view of the old steeple of Annan, with trees, grass and *mugworts* (that would delight Leigh Hunt) more immediately at hand, I dash you off some fractions of Autobiography as I can.

The journey to Liverpool I shall retain for long winter evenings. Garnier I fancy would call and say he saw me safe in the Coach: you can fancy that I lumbered along, much-enduring, and got to port some time within the twenty-four hours. Literally *to port*: for our so-called "Liverpool Mail" proved to be properly the "Chester Mail," and took us some twenty miles of roundabout; landing us at last in the surly *gloaming* (for the day had been wet) on the bare stones of the Dock; out of a steamboat namely! There is no end to the deceptions of men and coach-keepers! However, the grand question was now, What to do? I was dusty, unslept, sulphurous; Maryland Street as I calculated would be just at dinner; we were far from it; far from the Carlisle Steamer, the times or seasons of which no man

there could tell me of. With Porter shouldering my luggage, I wandered to Steam-Offices ; to a wrong Inn ; finally to the right one (in Dale Street), learned that the Boat would verily sail at three in the morning ; got hot water and a bedroom ; intent to brush myself there, and, spending the evening with Uncle, sail, asleep or awake, at the given hour. I was *wae* exceedingly to open thy little red poke<sup>1</sup> with shaving tools, and find it all so right and orderly ; Mother and thou sitting probably at tea 200 miles from me. Bagmen surveyed me as I ate my beefsteak and drank my thimbleful of brandy ; I set out forthwith for Rodney Street and Maryland Street. A long way ; and a dim one, compared with the London ways. In a dingy street an elephantine figure stalked athwart me ; I said, " Dr. Carson !" it grunted affirmation ; told me in a grunting somnolent tone what turns I had to Rodney Street ; then lumbered on along its way without other salutation or good-night. Heavy Bull of Bashan, thought I, retire to thy crib, and proper sliced turnips with chaff await thee there !—At last behold me in Maryland Street ; the goodman welcoming me in his own open-hearted brotherly way, the good lady making me tea with toast and " Irish honey," little Johnnie surveying Aunt Grizzie's<sup>2</sup> present ; all hands blithe to see me ; all things attainable there ; only not the one thing needful, rest. Tower-of-Babel Johnstone and his Daughter

<sup>1</sup> Bag.<sup>2</sup> *I.e.* Mrs. Welsh's.

came directly, or were already there : Dr. Arbuckle was soon sent for, and came. The good Doctor told me he was just leaving Liverpool and Europe : his romantic, mysterious source of supply (which he now made no mystery of) had dried up ; and invitation to Maragnan (near Pernambuco, a Cotton-station in South America) had been sent him, to practise among the English and Portuguese there ; which invitation he had accepted ; he was to sail in a week ! I could not blame him ; but that too was a *wæ* feature of the night. The young Ladies sang and played ; the old gentlemen and young drank red wine, ate shrimps and other supper, and all laughed as I talked : at length, after midnight, I arose and said to Arbuckle that he positively must then and there take charge of me, get me stuck in some lockfast place ; or should he even tie a shot to my feet and fling me into the Mersey brine : for one way or the other *sleep* was grown utterly indispensable to me. You may fancy the friendly obtestations, outcries and preventives, all which I had resolutely and with brevity to wave aside. Arbuckle led me through streets and confusions, I got bills settled, got porters, passed through mountains of cotton-bags with sleepless watchmen on the top of them ; on through Dock police, etc. etc. to the Carlisle Steamer ; and there under the void night with a heartfelt invocation to God to bless him, I took leave of the good Arbuckle, —probably forever in this world. We were



sad enough both; but so the Powers would have it. Sleep, after some jerkings and startings, rushed down on me; drowned all snorings, etc. etc.; I awoke at my old hour of six; reeling in my drawer-bed, with the glad feeling that we were at sea, and must either get home soon or be drowned. I fasted; for we were all sick; the weather (for some hours) wet and gusty; finally after adventures and *misshanters*<sup>1</sup> (for I had fallen asleep, and they sailed *past* Annanfoot with me, etc.) I got safe to poor Mary's in the suburbs of Annan at nine in the evening. It was Roodfair day; all were at Dumfries, and she was alone: the kindest of little women. In spite of rains next day, Alick and I got to Scotsbrig at the hour of sleep; they put me into a dry snug bed; I ailed nothing but headache and *sniffling*; and, next morning, having "indulged in a cup of *castor*" I began rapidly to recover. I have done literally nothing since but go on with that; and so here I am, not at all entitled to complain much.

To tell you what they are all about would take long space. My Mother is well and cheerful beyond what I could have fancied. They have converted those two upper rooms into a really comfortable, quite brisk-looking apartment, *far* better than we ever saw them: Jenny is the most assiduous little handmaid and all goes along as smooth as oil. I have heard much about Templand, Hugh and the Cuddy. I had much to answer about you and Mother.

<sup>1</sup> Misadventures.

Jamie's Wife seems a fine *sonsy*<sup>1</sup> natural lass, with good sense; whom any one can easily live with: there is a rocking of cradles, a quackling and lullabying in all these houses: one generation passeth away and another cometh! Jamie lost "half his harvest" last year by bad weather; has much in jeopardy at this moment: but holds on without complaining. Austin is the most diligent pacific of men, but can hardly, if at all, gain a subsistence in this Burgh, so wretched are the times. The result of Alick's jobbing is a *loss* of something near £20; neither does any prospect open on him: he seems clear and considerate, however; and looks I think mainly towards Upper Canada for next spring. A resolution of painful character, yet which I cannot dissuade. Austin also inclines that way, though Mary is still very averse. They should both go I do think, and together. God guide them! The feet of men are sore shackled in this pilgrimage. — The playthings and presents were all joyfully welcomed; the young brood may now again point to this and the other novelty, and say again, "It was my Aunt's, the Leddy's at Lun'in:" they are a thriving brood, and will be *wealth* in America. I have seen Ben Nelson (last night), grown very hoary, and his Boy more taciturn than ever; also Waugh, writing "New Theory of Medicine," "Commentary on the Revelation;" rusty, dusty, confused of utterance; apparently in decided state of insanity. All

<sup>1</sup> Comely.

is so sad, *spectral* here : yet it falls on me like healing oil to be *let alone*, to see greenness round me, to hear neither "shrim-m-mps" sung out, nor wheels grating base thunder, nor Cads quacking "*Bennk ! Bennk !*"—I have written to Nanny Macqueen for my saddle ; Harry is in stout muscularity and can go, though lazily : to-morrow we should be in Dumfries, if the weather will. I have also seen Cousin Tom (Frank's Tom) a *nice* youth really.

But now, dearest Bairn, how art thou thyself ? Many a time I fancy ; but could not hope to know till after I had written. Your Newspaper came, welcome : you would get one from me the same Saturday, then another you will get, then this. O I do hope you are a little quieter, stronger. I do hope that wretched pilgarlick *peesweep* "*Sereetha*"<sup>1</sup> is off, and something a shade better in her stead ! Know at any rate for some comfort that I have (which was my errand hither yesterday) all but hired you a Scotch Servant, to come home *with* me. Do you remember the Toll-woman near Grange, whom we had no penny for ? I am nearly sure this "*Marion Hay*" is her daughter. My Mother and they all think *she* will answer, if any will : her people are douce good people : she has lived two years as Cook (I think) with Mrs. Tom M'Turk, also about the same space with Little of Cressfield, they want her at Gillen

<sup>1</sup> "*Sarah Heather*" (the little serving girl mentioned before), who so pronounced her own name.—M. C.

bie ; she prefers London, at least London *wages*. I came yesterday as I said, and saw the *cratur* : she is keeping house for her Brother, a Baker here ; Mary had found her out,—almost against hope, for Betty's Daughter *could* not come, though leaving Moffat. Well ; the lass is of slight nimble figure, with a rustic simplicity of intelligence and good humour in face ; *can* and will wash, sweep, scour, cook, and do *all* things : I must carry her to London (she has a Brother there, a shopman) : that will cost £2 : 10s. : her wages must be £5 the half-year without perquisites ; if we or if she want to be off at the end of the first half-year, she returns *half* of the £2 : 10s., and goes her ways. I will inquire of Miss Little of Cressfield to-day ; meet the girl again on Thursday, and hire her if it seem good. My own private notion is that she is no first-rate servant, more like M'Turkdom than Chelsea ; yet it is indubitable that Cressfield and others have wanted her back again : her goodness of character and temper (or rather I should say *nature*, for there may be quickness of *temper*, in that face) seems well proved : she wants no tea-money, beer-money, carpets, etc. etc. ; and the chance is that as compared with any we have had, she may be a very jewel. I endeavoured to make all plain to her ; especially to an elder *gled*<sup>1</sup> of a sister that had come with her : the creature looked innocently in my face, with a kind of trustfulness : for a year I do incline to suppose she may do. Shall I take her then ?

<sup>1</sup> Kite.



I see no other that I can do. She seems some twenty-four years of age; an attachable creature; may be handy, orderly (the probabilities are that way) is certainly submissive, lively and modest: better than most women. What can I do (let Miss Little testify or not) but take her, and be thankful? *Nicht wahr?*

This business of the Lass then being in a fair train, I must speak to you of *Harry*. Harry ran away, and flung off my Mother (*not* blamably), he has performed other beautiful feats (they are really wise and laughable): my Mother will take him again from Alick, who has been feeding him on bought hay all this time: but the result of the whole is, he is not of use to any of them here. Now an ancient Blacksmith near this house, a man I remember of old, has seen him, and fallen in love with him; a man "extremely kind to horses": he will give the value for him, and keep him hopping about in the easiest kind of employment in his old days; therefore, I ask, were it not well to sell him to the ancient Blacksmith? Say Yes, and it shall be done: say No, and I will try to do some other way. The result in money can be but some £5: but perhaps there were no smoother old age to be provided for the poor beast, than even this same, which offers itself. Write: about this; and O about so many other things! *without* delay. O Jeannie! My fingers are all as black as a crow (for our inkbottle is a phial), and my head itself is not of the clearest, and I had so many hun-

dred things to speak about ; and to think about unspoken ! Keep thy heart up, my brave Lassie : it shall be well !

Probably you see John Sterling ; to whom remember me *brüderlich* . . . kindly to Mill, and to Pepoli, if they come, as I hope they do.

Many true wishes were to go from *these* regions to Jane ; but I have my door locked. Their love to us is all they have ; but they give that freely. Kiss your Mother, and say that means my love. Love me, my dear Lassie, and fear God ; and I swear by Him there shall nothing go ill with us. God bless thee ever, my Dearest.—Thy own, T. C.<sup>1</sup>

CLIII.—To Mr. HENRY INGLIS, Edinburgh.

SCOTSBRIG, ECCLEFECHAN, 21st October 1835.

MY DEAR INGLIS—No Letter that can come from me in my present mood and position, will be worth the reading, much less the paying for ; nevertheless I had long ago determined to write to you when I should arrive here ; and now something almost like a call of business (though, alas, on my part only begging business) impels me to do it. In the dullest of all humours, soliciting from the Heavens and the Earth no higher blessedness than to be let alone, I accordingly stir myself up, as it were in spite of the Devil and the Flesh. The probability, or even the certainty is, I shall profit by it myself :

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Carlyle's reply to this letter is in *Letters and Memorials*, i. 33.

if you suffer, pray bear it like a Martyr, as you and all men are, or ought to be. . . .

I have fled hither some three weeks ago out of Din and Confusion grown insupportable; to rest me a little here; to look once again, were it only with the feeling of a *revenant* (all too ghost-like verily) on the scenes one inhabited when alive. In that Brick Babel, where all goes with such breakneck speed, *all* from the Cab-driving on the streets to the way of thinking, of existing within doors and within hearts, you grow after a certain length of time to feel as one whirled with inconceivable velocity on an immeasurable whirligig, for what purpose you cannot so well see; whereby you in a fit of desperation (as some I have known *do*) at length go and fling yourself into the River; or else, which is the milder and surely preferable method, retire for few weeks into the country; as I have done now. My wife has her mother with her; and with more or less patience waits my return. Did you notice on a newspaper that I hoped "to see you soon"? The truth is, I did calculate on going by sea and Edinburgh, to wait, with you mainly, there one night: but smacks and steamboats proved all ineligible; so I fled by Liverpool rather. Literally a flight; for no sleep rested on my eyes; and I felt as if retreating from the *höllische Jagd*, as properly it was. In another fortnight I must be back.

I have been exceedingly busied and hustled in that Babel: apparently to little end. A task

I had set myself of writing on the "French Revolution," would not prosper much, met the sorrowfullest mischances, and is yet far from done. A first volume, the fruit of five months' hard toil, was lent to a friend, and by him too carelessly, *sent up the chimney*, as kindling for fires! This is literally *true*. The task of *re-writing* it lasted six months; and was the ugliest I ever had in life, or expect ever to have. It is done, however; and if the Heavens keep me alive six months longer, the rest of the Book shall be done; after which my outlook into the future, as it were, *terminates*. Literature in London is madder than Bedlam; nevertheless true it remains, that God made this Universe and not the Devil; wherefore a man ought to possess his soul in peace if he means peacefully; and hold himself ready for turning to the right hand if his way on the left hand prove all too foul. Pray only that I may be able by and by to send you a copy of the Book! Who knows but it may prove almost a *unique* in Edinburgh. It seems more and more as if there were no one but yourself with whom I had any sympathy there, any call for sympathy. One should love his brothers; but finds it easier at some seasons to do it in the *cryptophilous* way, giving or receiving no sign. In London there is much to *overlook* (if you would keep your temper), but also somewhat to *look* at and dwell on: in regard to companionship and social position among my fellow men, I was never elsewhere so well



situated, indeed never elsewhere *situated* at all. We must take the evil with the good.

But amid these generalities, let me not forget the speciality, "call almost of business," which brings you in contact with them to-day. The question is, Do you fortunately want a Law Clerk? Do you know any reputable Law-practitioner that does? There is a young Cousin of mine, of my own name, who longs greatly for such a situation; who, I imagine, might really fill it well. He was in an "office" in these parts, but the Attorney died; and Tom is now in the Sheriff's Establishment at Dumfries, working without wages, for improvement merely. Improvement he does want (being still only nineteen or twenty), but also some frugal means of living. A place in some Edinburgh Lawyer's office, if not a W.S.<sup>1</sup> then some inferior kind of man, would meet all his wishes for a year or two. He is actually a modest, intelligent, very well-conditioned youth this Cousin of mine; of industrious, methodic habits; clear, even penetrating, for his years; likely one might say to make a superior kind of clerk; and, if he live, a superior kind of man. For the rest, owing to circumstances it seems to me as if a more than usual charge of him were laid in *my* hands; father and mother are gone; he is, apart from his qualities, one of the loneliest young creatures now living. Alas! I fear you can do nothing in this kind for him; yet it seems my duty to *try*; if you *can*, nothing

<sup>1</sup> Writer to the Signet.

is surer for me than that you will with true readiness. I remain here till the beginning of November (first *week* probably); after that the address is the old one, which you know.

As it is dubious whether you can even make out the handwriting of this, I will not soil more of the white paper with such work; but let you go. May good be with you and not evil, my Friend! Forget me not while we both pilgrim on this side the Moon. It is a solitary kind of world; yet it is a world; and I imagine had a Maker;—as the other also, and all others, will probably be found to have.

Farewell, and love me, T. CARLYLE.

CLIV.—To Mrs. AITKEN, Dumfries.

CHELSEA, 4th December 1835.

. . . As to myself I have really been but in a feckless sort of state these last two or three weeks; sitting at my desk once more, but with a degree of helpless ineffectuality that might surprise one. The *liver* is not right within, nor the heart; nor is the world right without. Little would tempt me to fling that thrice unfortunate Book of mine, even at this advanced stage of it, *cleverly* into the fire, and *so* have done with it. However I do *not* take that rash method; I, as you have heard, *take a blue pill* rather, and wait for better days. Like the man I one night heard on Leith Walk: a drunken individual whom he met growled out indignantly, "*Go to H—, sir!*" To which

the other, in a frank historical tone, replied, "G—, I'm gaun to *Leith*;"—and have not convenience for the expedition just now! Let not me be less judicious. In fact, I have scrawled and *glarred* some portion of my poor Book but brought nothing whatever out in a clean shape yet. It is what James would call "laying it," perhaps the other finer parts of the process will follow in due course. I must be quiet, quiet: it is a *canny* way of working, not the right-forward main-force way, that will serve me in this case. The Book, be it worth nothing or worth something, shall, if Heaven please, be finished. After which it seems possible a radical reform, at any rate a radical change, in my figure of life may follow. I am grown or fast growing entirely wearied of much; especially of this perpetual pining in sickness, in the mean painful enchantment (for it is very much that) of nameless woe and dispiritment. Nameless and needless; for I am not bound to it: one can live otherwise than by ink (and *poison* as it proves); otherwise, were it even by breaking stones on the highway. I believe myself to have at bottom a very *healthy* frame of body, for one so sensitive; and soon surely, or never, I ought to think of getting in possession of that. Let the whole world sing or say what it will, the course that has led a man into continual *ill*-health is a *wrong* course, and Nature herself surely warns him aloud to quit it. The only thing to be prayed for however, in this matter, is that you *keep your temper*,

cheerful heart, and such clearness of eye as there is! If one gets *enraged*, he flings all topsy-turvy; and *is*, and produces round him, a mere "Tchaw-os."<sup>1</sup> . . .

CLV.—To Miss JANET CARLYLE, Scotsbrig.

CHELSEA, 23d December 1835.

MY DEAR JENNY—No letter could be welcomer than yours, bringing favourable tidings as it did, at the time when we were apprehensive that something was wrong with you. It is the first letter you have sent us; but must be the beginning of many. Do not spare us with letters: it will improve your handwriting, and be every way a good exercise for yourself, were there nothing more; and to us always, the smallest contribution of news will be welcome as flowers in May. Just do as you have begun doing: write down whatsoever comes readiest to hand; not minding whether it be well-worded or ill-worded; understanding only, with clear assurance, that the minutest piece of intelligence you convey from those two upper rooms, in *any* kind of words whatsoever, will be welcomer than all rhetoric could make anything else. . . .

As for me the principal news is that I have got another Chapter of that weary Book finished, better or worse. I felt rather feckless, dispirited, confused: but the thing went off when I roused

<sup>1</sup> Chaos, so pronounced by a schoolmaster near Dumfries.  
—M. C.



myself; I found with joy that I could still go along writing as of old. A long task is still to do; but it is all natural work now; no writing of *burnt* stuff, which latter surely is the miserablest of all human trades, enough to break the heart of a man. I am in better health than I was; and will go on "*cannily*," well remembering John Ritchie's admonition: "The *slower* thou rides," etc.<sup>1</sup> It is in my favour too this fine hard weather we have; a ringing black frost all round; I saw the people to-day skating on the pond of St. James's Park, the noses of all persons *blue*; gardeners, etc., thrown out of work will soon be begging, "Pity the poor *froze-out* Gardenas!" It is winter fairly. People are to eat "Christmas Dinners": there are *walls* of beef, that might be built into *beef-stacks*, and such multitudes of dead turkeys, etc. etc., as fill one with amazement. . . . The paper is done, dear Jenny; and makes but a poor return for your full sheet. You will have more elsewhere, if not as mistress, then as bidden guest; for Jane is busy on my Mother's behoof at this moment. Take care of yourself, my little Bairn; take care of our dear Mother, who is near you, more dependent on you than on any of us. "Do not shorten but lengthen;" and believe me always—Your affectionate Brother,  
T. CARLYLE.

<sup>1</sup> "Thou may depend on't, the *slower* thou rides the *quicker* thou'll get to thy journey's end" (this to a man riding a mere skeleton of a horse, likely to die if urged on).—M. C.

CLVI.—To his MOTHER, Scotsbrig.

CHELSEA, 24th December 1835.

MY DEAR MOTHER—I walked over to Charles Buller to-day, and got this frank, which will be lying ready for you on Saturday, or whensoever, after that, you call. It was my promise that I would drop you a word so soon as anything *clean* came upon the sheets of the Book; and a little chapter being got into that state, I keep my word. John's Letter, spick-and-span new the other day, and full of nothing but welcome tidings, is so much *beyond* bargain. You will find him very well; better off, I think, than any other of us whatsoever at this date; and fixed there till April, when we may again cherish the hope of seeing him, should all go well. He has even Practice, it would seem, and has made 420 *francs* (or Ten-pences) by that, about £20, better very considerably than making nothing. I *had* written to him; and my Letter would be in his hands some two days after his own came off. I think I shall wait now, having nothing that presses to tell him, till I hear again.

I got your three words, my dear Mother; and was right glad of them, in the absence of more. I assure you I will be "canny"; nay I must, for a little overwork hurts me, and is found on the very morrow to be quite the contrary of *gain*. I have many a rebellious troublesome thought in me (proceeding not a

little from ill-health of body); but I deal with them, as I best can, and get them kicked out. Pride! Pride! as I often say. It lies deep in me; deep, deep, and *must* be beaten out, were it with many stripes. If this Book were done, I feel all but quite clear for giving up Literature as a trade, *whatsoever* other I fall to. But for the present all this is neither one thing nor another to me. On, on with thy work! that is the one commandment; sufficient for the day!—I see many good people here; and have indeed many a blessing, were I in the mood to make right use of them. The young Clergyman John Sterling comes very much about me; and proves by far the loveablest man I have met for many a year. His speech always enlivens me; shortens the long walks we sometimes take. There is no day almost but I walk: the streets, even when there is none with me, are amusing to look on, one does not readily weary.—I do not go much “out”; never to dinner when I can help it. Tea, again, suits me well enough: you take *your tea at home*, then fare out about seven or eight o’clock, drink one other cup of *jute*,<sup>1</sup> have some talk, often very rational and pleasant, and come home unharmed. I saw the Bullers that way one night; also Mill lately (who has been ill of some kind of fever); John Sterling with whom I saw that Evangelist the good Mr. Dunn; etc. etc. So passes the day in labour, the evening in some sort of amusement or light employment.—There is a Paper

<sup>1</sup> Weak tea.

in the last *North American Review*, headed "Thomas Carlyle"; which treats of *Teufelsdröckh*: it is extracts mostly; good-natured, rather stupid: you will see it by and by. The man says, if I will come to America, I shall be sure of a welcome, etc.: America we will leave as the *last* shift; so long as the bowls will roll here at all in a tolerable way, I will keep on this side the water. It is a queer thing Writing, in these days: you send a written sheet away from Craigenputtock, and the answer to it comes back by and by over the Atlantic Ocean. They seem very good sort of people these Yankees,—at least to me.

Dear Mother, how do you *fend* in this hard weather, these short days? Do you keep a rousing fire from the new coal-box? Mrs. Welsh has the Book for you. The days will always be growing longer after *this*;—and times generally, never doubt it, will alter and even mend! We have the whole world to turn ourselves in; and it is the Almighty's world.—It will be another new year before you hear from me again. May the worst of our years be over! Good be with you and all of us, through this coming year,—through the endless Eternity which it brings us a step nearer.—You must very kindly remember me to Graham when you meet him, and say I will write, were I farther on, a little. My respects to that speechless Infant, brotherly wishes to his father and mother. Jenny is charged with my messages to Alick. Do not forget Mary and her household: she can also



tell Ann Cook's<sup>1</sup> people that the lassie is well ; hardy as a Highlander, full of assiduity, good-nature, and wild Annandale savagery, which causes the Cockney mind here to pause astonished. Broader Scotch was never spoken or thought by any mortal in this metropolitan city. Adieu, dear Mother.—Yours wholly, T. C.

CLVII.—To ALEXANDER CARLYLE, Annan.

5 CHEYNE ROW, CHELSEA,  
18th February 1836.

MY DEAR BROTHER—I was much shocked to-day on opening the Newspaper to find in it a brief announcement that your little Margaret had been taken from you last Saturday. Apparently the call had been very sudden ; for Jean, writing to me the week before, said nothing of any illness.—I remember the gleg-looking little creature in its Mother's arms ; and feel sorrow for you all. It was not to know the good and evil of Life, poor little child ; but to be called hence and cut off, while yet but looking into the world ! The course of human destiny is "fearful and wonderful" ever as of old. Alas, one can say nothing, *nothing* ;—except, if it so might be, what the wise have submissively said before us : "The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away ; blessed be the name of the Lord !"

I trust neither you nor Jenny will give yourselves up to unavailing distress, or lament be-

<sup>1</sup> Ann Cook, the maid at Chelsea.—M. C.

yond measure. Some natural tears are due and unavoidable; the innocent ways of such a being, briefly lent us, will plead painfully in the parent's bosom: but what then? Is not *all* Human Life a shadow; and whatever lives fast going down to Death? We shall *all* be gathered thither ere long: "we shall go to them, they will not return to us."—My dear Brother, I feel how vain all words are; whatsoever I could write would fall useless, where the stroke has fallen. It will show only that I grieve in your grief, and feel as a Brother for what befalls you; which is the little all that man can do for man.

I had thoughts of writing to you these several days; but this sad occurrence hastens me: though I have no time or composure to write anything, I send you this Note of Remembrance; with Jack's Letter, it will not be worthless to you.

. . . I think in general we have "a wide world," though full of impediments, and must set our face handsomely to it. For myself I cannot be said to fear anything, or almost to hope anything from this old country of ours. Things have grown so utterly contradictory and impracticable round me that I have, as it were, retired within my own citadel, and very quietly bid them welter their way, and do, in short, whatsoever it is their pleasure to do. By the grace of Heaven, I mean to keep my own senses clear, my own heart free and ready; and innumerable cobwebs shall be nothing but

cobweb to me. But on the whole surely my position here is a very strange one,—as indeed is usually appointed for the like of me. Many men honour me, some even seem to love me; and withal in a given space of time I shall have no bread left here. So we must go and seek it elsewhere then? Clearly go, were it to Jerusalem (as our brave Father used to say); and seek cheerfully—whatsoever is allotted us. All things are tolerable, all losses but the loss of *oneself*; which latter is *not* entailed on us.

But after all there is a brighter side of possibilities; and much may be better than we think. For this also we shall hope to be ready, to be thankful; and to do wisely with this too. . . .

Jane is sitting by me, rather better than she has been of late. She has been plagued with colds, etc., all through winter; never very ill, yet never well. She bids me send you and Jenny her affectionate remembrances and sympathies. I expect you will write soon. God bless you and yours, dear Brother!

T. CARLYLE.

CLVIII.—To Dr. CARLYLE, Munich.

CHELSEA, 23d February 1836.

MY DEAR BROTHER— . . . There is no bad news anywhere, except one article which will be less so to you than it was to me, who knew the little subject of it. Alick's youngest child,

a fine gleg-looking little creature, named after our Mother, is dead ; of measles ; rather suddenly, I think : but the news is quite laconic as yet, only marked on a Newspaper. Poor people : sorrow never fails long. I sent Alick your last Letter in a frank, with some words of sympathy ; all I had to give. — There was shortly before that a Letter from Jean, testifying to our Mother's continued health, and the general welfare : Alick's trade, it was guessed, would prove unexpectedly successful : they were all well then, and stirring. I added a Note for my Mother ; whom I fancy on good grounds to have one bright hope, that of seeing the Dr. soon. — Jean hinted in a kind of ambiguous way that Jenny was likely to be wedded "in two months." . . . And so our Mother will be left solitary ; and rapid Time will have brought another change. But fear not : our brave Mother will take it well ; and with the heart she has never be left desolate. Jemmy's Wife and she seemed to do very handsomely, and she has the rest about her. Her Houses too, on which her income depends, were like to get into a better train : Baker Park, a very 'sponsible man, was about bargaining for the large House next year, and perhaps even taking the whole set of them under his own charge. That Village of Ecclefechan, which I passed through, once or twice, gave me the strangest unearthly feeling ; very sad, very ugly, yet not without a grandeur even a sacredness in the middle of such squalor. What is Eternal Rome. Jeru-



saalem, or Nazareth itself, but a *temporary* set of huts and habitations, where Being begins, and is, and then is not — under God's *un*-changing Heaven? Alas, I often feel as if Hades itself were slight change to me, from this fearful and wonderful mystery of a World; surely no greater Miracle it were,—past finding out. Let us bow down in the dust; and in silence (since for the present one has no *words*) feel with the old wise, “though HE slay me, yet will I trust in him.” *Hier steh' ich; kann nichts anders; Gott hilf mir!*—On the whole, I often meditate on Christian things; but find as good as no profit in talking of them here. Most so-called Christians (I believe I should except the worthy Mr. Dunn) treat me instead with jargon of metaphysic formulas, or perhaps shovel-hatted Coleridgean moonshine. I admire greatly that of old Marquis Mirabeau (though he means it not for admiration): *Il a HUMÉ toutes les formules!* A man should “swallow” innumerable “formulas” in these days; and endeavour above all things to look with eyes.—But whither this all? Unfortunately, almost nowhither.

If I tell you that my poor scribble, after above a week of rest, is again under way, and doing what it can, you must not grow weary of me and it: I have next to nothing else at present that seems to belong to me in this world. Whether the Book be good or be bad, it will to me be blessed in that one point,—in its end. Yet after all, it is only my impatient temper

that makes me so speak : for the poor thing, full of faults as it can be crammed, will have a thought or two, a genuine picture or two ; and so *not* be worthless : what more would I ? The best news is that I hope to have the Second Volume fairly off at the time you appoint for returning : could all answer, how joyfully would I take my interregnum of vacation with Doil ! We would walk together, to Hampstead, to Dulwich, to all places ; and be happy in the spring sunshine. Let us wait, and hope.—Mill's new Review making small way, they have purchased the old *Westminster*, and will join that with it ; on which occasion Mill, though he does not like to speak urgently, wishes very greatly that I would give him "a few Articles." I will think seriously of it : a hundred pounds of money might be earned ; my Third Volume waiting, not the worse for waiting. On the other hand,—but indeed I have no "other *hand*," or economic guidance of any kind here ; and go along, through boundless "quackery and triviality," in the peaceablest armed - neutrality *without* any. We shall see, we shall see. Dr. Bowring wrote to the tyrannous French Minister : "Sir, I am calm, but energetic."—Good-night, my dear Jack : the supper came (two lines ago) ; Jane wearied is off to bed ; I too am drooping with long day's work. Adieu. . . .

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of London : cannot remember that I have heard one sentence with true meaning in it uttered since I came hither ; not so comfortable a roomy life as at Puttock, 345-358. Letter dated from Templand : visits Scotsbrig ; *Diderot* printed ; *Cagliostro*, one of the most distorted bad things (not to be false) I ever wrote : payment of these two, near £100, my present disposable capital ; hopes *Sartor*, cut into slips for *Fraser*, will bring about £200 ; have much reading and much thinking, and prospects of more society : so we shall wait in a kind of rest, 358-362 ; returns to Craigenputtock, Jane glad like me to be back ; grieved to find a plantation burnt ; Jane very feeble, has no nurse but myself ; poor lassie, she is in bed, 362, 363. Dr. Carlyle returns from abroad, 368 *note* : a letter to him after his visit ; leaves Scotsbrig and walks across the moors from Catlinns to meet his wife at Templand ; hears an unedifying sermon at Closeburn ; returns to Craigenputtock—feels so *harried* and so bereaved ; piano has been re-tuned, new arrangement of furniture in the rooms. Visit from Emerson, "the most amiable creature in the world" ; your earnest counsels for Tolerance will not fail of their effect on me ; shooting let for £5 given to the Dame for pin-money, the *first* help this place ever brought us, 368-372. To Dr. Carlyle : augurs well of his company at Milan ; visits Templand with Graham of Burnswark ; Jane at Moffat ten days with her

mother ; alone in the most perfect seclusion any European was suffering or enjoying, "was glad enough to seek my little companion home again from Templand" ; sympathy in the troubles of the Glens. Looking back over seven years, wonder at myself ; looking forward, but for a fund of tragical indifference, I could lose head ; going to write on the *Diamond Necklace* and the *St. Simonians* ; books enough ; have already read what Mill sent me, and have access to Barjarg Library. Tell us the biographic doings of your party dramatically, especially lyrically, these touches will bring us nearer than general views ; above all be autobiographical, as you see I am. Jane says nothing can be added to this so minute letter but her sisterly love, 372-379 ; drove to Dumfries to fetch up our mother ; Jamie's marriage fixed upon : she to continue at Scotsbrig, a *bad best* arrangement : proposes to build a house here for her ; Glen now a near neighbour : going to smoke a pipe with him : his mental condition ; deep tragedy of Badams's death, enquiries about those that were dear to him ; Jane sends a message, 379-383. To his sister Jane : lends books ; going to set off for London ; Craigenputtock advertised to be let : buried alive here and must try to rise of ourselves ; must go and tell our mother, you shall see me on the road, 383-385. To Dr. Carlyle : each day here the express image of the last ; went to Scots-

brig, glad, almost surprised to find there was still a living world; visits Alick at Catlinns; hears of poor old Aunt Fanny's death: the strange manner of it; kind words about his mother; no tenant for Craigenputtock; a servant found for London; to go thither palpably necessary, yet seems almost like a rising from the grave; trimming the flower borders though I shall not see them blow. Farewell, and love me and come back safe to me! 385-391. Pray for me only, that I do not become a scoundrel, in the highest garret I have no other prayer, 393. Sets out alone to seek a house in London, journey thither described; in wide quest of houses: Leigh Hunt accompanies; chance meeting with Irving, pathos of his Annandale laugh, 395-399. His mother's visit to Craigenputtock and farewell: hums the tune she has sung to him, on the coach roof; minute Annandale news; Mrs. Welsh's farewell visit. Dreary outlook as to employment; finds kind friends; doubtless there *is* a way of bringing a professed teacher and innumerable Ignorants together, 401-408. To his wife: it is long since I have been so happy as when I found your letter: fancy you, with one sure hope in your heart, all too overclouded otherwise, God bless you for it, and bring you safe: take my thanks for your cleverness, adroitness, and despatch. Is Chico actually with you? Thou little fool! yet dear even thy follies. Thousand thanks for your kind sentiment of *staying*

*at home*: that *is* it, my little brave one, 408-410. Description of Chelsea and Cheyne Row: taking possession, furnishing, all things painted here in the colours of Hope, no doubt we shall have them painted in the dingier colours of Reality, 411-422; economics and commissariat department; will begin a book on the French Revolution, Periodical Authorship seems *done*; "Fanny Wright" goes lecturing, and I will engage to lecture twice as well; funds here already to keep us going above a year, 422-424; cost of living, 432; the Streets one of the strangest *news-paper columns* the eye ever opened upon, 428, 429, 511; London "amusements," 429. Preliminary perplexities as to writing *The French Revolution*, 442, 462: finds it a tough struggle; going to be a very queer book, 483-495: MS. of first volume destroyed, 498-509: is re-writing, 500-511, 542: completes it, 548. Delighted by a letter from his mother, 447, 450. *Sartor* has met with no recognition in these parts, but Emerson sends me the most cheering letter of thanks, 434; Hunt spends evenings with; Chelsea College; London street tumult a kind of marching music to me; company not deficient; Allan Cunningham, Hunt, Mill; London-born men seem fractions of a man; I sometimes long greatly for the old Irving of fifteen years ago, nay, the poor actual gift-of-tongues Irving has seemed desirable to me, 435-439; dines with Mr. and Mrs.

Taylor; no hope in the Socinians; reads in Mill's face that he has given the editorship of the *London Review* to Fox; Mill offers to print the *Diamond Necklace*; disappointment on disappointment simplifies one's course; Heraud, too, has a periodical; heartily obliged to Emerson and to Father O'Shea; *tout va bien ici, le pain manque*; utter poverty should it even come has no terrors for me; admitted to see poor Irving, too likely he will die; Jane takes well with Chelsea, 439-446; Hunt a very boy for clear innocence, 452; sees the burning of the Houses of Parliament; nothing can exceed the obligingness of Mill, 455-458. "Friends of the species" and their singular creed; sees Allan Cunningham and his wife, George Rennie, Eastlake, Cockerell, the Austins, and Hayward; "the happiness of commonplace," 464-466; I shall swim in the water, did I once know the currents, 472. To his mother: Jane introduced to Mrs. Somerville; description of Buller's "Radical meeting"; my *French Revolution* will keep me all winter, but if the people read it, or it be worth reading, we won't complain: I see you at Scotsbrig, with kind thoughts to your children, and assurance that they send you the like, 469-472; a new hat and a "*rifle-green*" coat; my poor Dame has a burnt foot and sits prisoner, but is getting better, 474; so motionless over the task-sheet the world is almost foreign to me,

487; homœopathy a delusion, 488, 504; in a *new* sort of health; in my mind, feel quite young yet and *growing* as when I was eighteen; daily life, 489-491; in America the sky's bounty is not whisked away as by art magic into hands that have not toiled for it; meets Southey; Henry Taylor's laugh reminds me of poor Irving; meeting with Wordsworth, 496-512; the *Globe*, all that has any fun in it is by Buller, 514; the "Literary World" defied—in the name of God; forwards "this good Emerson's letter"; "the Poor, I think, will get up and tell you how improved their condition is"; doubts of his own book, and books in general; will try to get something to do in the "National Education" which the Parliament is busy upon; invitation to lecture in America; illness of Charles Austin, 523-527; John Sterling, a new young figure risen on us: a whole retinue of curious persons belong to him; the elder Sterling; "Mr. Dunn, who refused a bishopric"; meets O'Connell; the Americans order "50 or 100 copies" of *Sartor*, only three to be had; commissions to Dr. Carlyle in Paris: maps, Vernet's *Caricatures*, *Ça ira* for the piano, etc., 527-546; his mother visits Mrs. Welsh, 536, 551; sees the King in Hyde Park, 539; a letter from George Ripley; Jane getting Italian lessons; ill-off about servants, 542-552. No trip to Munich, having promised to see my mother yearly, must to Scotland, 549;

Mrs. Welsh here, happy enough to be beside her child again; hot weather has withered us all up; Jane broke down into the most violent series of headaches; different forms of distraction amongst servants; better to have a small apartment and sweep and arrange it for myself; miserable arrangement as to master and servant, 551, 552. To his wife (from Annan, 1835): present had equipment for writing, and reasons for delay; describes journey and visit to her uncle at Liverpool; my mother well and cheerful; have heard much about Templand; a rocking of cradles and a quackling and lullalying in all these houses; the presents and playthings joyfully welcomed; approves of Alick's resolve to emigrate; all so sad, *spectral* here, yet like healing oil to be *let alone*, and see greenness round me. I do hope you are a little quieter, stronger; know at any rate for some comfort that I have all but hired you a servant. Is Harry (her pony) to be sold? Kiss your mother, and say that means my love. Love me, my dear lassie, and fear God, and I swear by Him there shall nothing go ill with us, 555-564. Asks Harry Inglis's help for a young orphan cousin, 567. Sterling proves by far the loveablest man I have met for many a year; article on, in the *North American Review*, 573, 574; death of Alick's child Margaret, 575. That village of Ecclefechan gave me the strangest unearthly feeling, Hades itself were slight change

to me from this fearful and wonderful mystery of a world; admires old Mirabeau's saying, "*Il a HUME toutes les formules*"; am calm but energetic, 578-580

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